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THE MUCKER POSE

BY JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

THIS borrowed title expresses better than any I have been able to devise for myself a problem which has recently been put to me by several of my American friends, men who on account of both their profession and positions are familiar with the more cultured portion of the American scene. The question which they put is one that I have been hesitatingly asking myself as I contrast that scene on successive returns from abroad with the one very obviously to be observed in this respect in France or England. "Why," they ask, "is it that a gentleman in America nowadays seems afraid to appear as such; that even university men try to appear uncultured; and that the pose of a gentleman and a scholar is that of the man in the street?" A few nights ago another friend of mine, a literary editor of some importance in New York, complained in the course of the evening's talk that the verbal criticism of many of the writers whom he knew had descended to the moronic classifications of "hot stuff," "bully," "rot," and so on. These writers, often meticulous in the artistry of their own work and thoroughly competent to criticize acutely and intelligently that of others, appeared afraid to do so lest they be considered as literary poseurs. The real pose in their cases was in talking like news-agents on a railroad train; but that appeared to them to be safe, whereas vague danger lurked in conversing as would any intelligent French or English critic.

The mucker-poseurs do not content themselves with talking like uneducated half-wits. They also emulate the language and manners of the bargee and the longshoreman, although where the profanity of the latter is apt to have at least the virtue of picturesqueness, the swearing of the mucker-poseur is apt to be merely coarse. A member of a most distinguished family and a young graduate of one of our best known Eastern universities was overheard the other day in his university club in New York describing his new position in the banking world. The nearest to analysis or description of his work that this young scion of American aristocracy with every social and

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educational advantage could reach was to tell his friends that it was "the God damnedest most interesting job in the world." Both among men and women of the supposedly cultivated classes such profanity is much on the increase. I know of a man who has recently declined to take foreign visitors to his club for luncheon or dinner any longer on account of the unfortunate impression which would be made upon them by the hard swearing of the American gentlemen, mucker-poseurs, at the surrounding tables. One of the finest scholars in the country, a man who once had distinguished manners, has not only become extremely profane but exceedingly addicted to smutty stories, both, apparently, in the effort to make himself considered a good mixer and as a bid for popularity. If one wishes to acquire an extensive and varied vocabulary of the most modern sort, one has merely to watch the young ladies of the mucker-poseur type playing tennis at Southampton or Newport.

Again, the mucker-poseur aims to act like the lowest of muckers when he—and frequently she—gets drunk. Drinking in this country has ceased to add any charm or grace to social life. On a recent sailing from New York on the *Aquitania* at midnight I counted twelve women first-cabin passengers brought on board, all so drunk that they could not get up the gangway without help. Many years ago, when I was a small boy of twelve, I attended "Field Day" at one of the most exclusive private boarding schools in the East. In the course of the day an address was made by an old graduate on the subject of alcohol. To the surprise and horror of the clerical head of the school, the good-natured but somewhat inebriated speaker said nothing to condemn drinking but he threw out the comment, which is all I can now recall of his speech, that "when you boys do drink, remember always to get drunk like gentlemen." That is something which our present generation of drinkers have completely forgotten. They act in country clubs in a way which would have been considered a disgrace to the patrons and patronized in a disorderly house of a generation ago. It is not a question of a mere decline in manners but of consciously striven-for pose.

In the case of the young this is more understandable, just as it is more international. I am not here concerned, however, with (or at) the vagaries of the younger and, in so many respects, admirable generation. I am concerned with their elders, men who have lived long enough to have developed personalities of their own, men who appreciate the value of cultivating both mind and manners. Why should they be afraid to appear as cultured gentlemen and assume as a protective coloration the manners and level of thought of those who are beneath them?

The question would be a futile one unless we believed that manners and culture possess genuine significance, a significance for society as a whole as well as for the individual. It is all too evident that a large proportion of the dwellers in our United States do not believe so, but there is a large minority which does. Not to do so argues a failure to think things through and ignorance of history and human nature. This article deals with the contemporary attitude of many believers, and we can but glance briefly, before passing to them, at the non-believers.

II

One of the most suggestive methods of modern study has been the comparative. By the use of none other, however, are the unwary and the untrained so likely to come to logical grief over a *non sequitur*. The comparative study of habits and customs has revealed that both moral and social conventions have varied from age to age, from place to place, and from race to race. Immediately the unwary and untrained jump to the conclusion that

because there appear to be no eternal or universal standards of morals and manners there is, therefore, no value in a local, temporary, and but slowly changing one—a conclusion by no logical possibility to be drawn from the premises. The result of this particular and, at the moment, very popular *non sequitur* has been to cause in many persons a headlong jettisoning of their whole cargo of morals, manners, and conventions, and the bringing about of a muckerly chaos which arouses mirth or terror according to the temperament of the social observer.

It would seem as though no sane person with a knowledge of the past of his own species and any adequate insight into human nature could fail to believe in the absolute need of *some* standards, *some* established values to save us from a derelict wallowing about in the welter of sensations, impulses, attractions, and repulsions which form so much of this strange dream we call life. The standards, the values, will undoubtedly alter from time to time and from place to place; but that does not invalidate the need of having some of them at any one given time and place. Even the now much scorned minor conventions have their effective influence upon conduct, remote or proximate. A story is told of an English gentleman who was sent out as governor of an island where the entire population save for his sole self was black and savage. He dressed for his solitary dinner every night as carefully as though he were about to take a taxi to the smartest residence in Park Lane. He did so not from habit but from a knowledge of human nature. "If," he said, "I should drop this convention of civilized society, I should find myself some day having dropped one and another of the more important conventions, social and moral, and lower myself to the level of the blacks whom I govern. Evening clothes are far more important here than they ever were in London."

As for the second point, lack of culture, it is most evident in the extreme slovenliness in America in the use of the English language. There is, of course, some slang which is not slovenly but which has been born in some flash of genuine insight; and the language is always being enriched by absorbing many such words from below, much as the English aristocracy is by marrying or admitting commoners. But this is not true of the vast mass of slang words and cheap and easy expressions which are intellectually slovenly and nothing else; and anyone habitually using them impairs the keenness of his mind as much as he would the strength of his body by lolling in a hammock all his life. There is no question but that the use of slang, hackneyed phrases, and clichés worn smooth make for intellectual laziness, and if constantly used blur the sense of discrimination. The very first step toward a cultivated mind is the development of the ability rationally to discriminate, to distinguish between varying values and qualities. It is not easy, and most of us Americans rarely achieve it in the cultural field. I have often been struck by the different replies one receives from an American and a Frenchman if you ask them what sort of person so-and-so is. The American will usually find himself helpless and toss off a mere "good scout," "a great guy," "a good egg," whereas the Frenchman, with a moment's reflection, will give you in half a dozen sentences a sharply etched sketch of the man's distinctive characteristics, or what he believes to be such, and classify him accurately as to type. To describe anything accurately —book, picture, man or woman—so as to bring out their unique individual qualities, calls for mental exercise of no mean order. One has to train one's self to do it and keep in training; yet the ability to distinguish, if one of the first steps toward culture, is also, in its higher forms, one of its most perfect fruits. If one dodges every call for discrimination, if one gets no farther in

describing a book than "hot stuff," one loses the power after a while even if one ever possessed it. Slovenly language corrodes the mind.

These few observations as to manners and culture are well enough understood by any cultivated person who has had social and intellectual training and who has thought things through. He knows that there are both values and dangers in life, that some things are more valuable than others, and that if he has achieved any such social and intellectual training he cannot lower himself to the general level again without risk. If manners and culture have no value, there is no question involved, but if they have—and we shall now assume that they have—the man who possesses them is above, in those respects at least, the vast mass of men who do not possess them. Why then should he pretend not to, and assume the manners and mental lazzaronism of the crowd? It may be that there is no answer to the question, but as I find those better qualified than myself asking it, it is worth pondering over, and I have come to think that there may be three fundamental influences at work in America which will help us to solve it. One is democracy as we have it, another is business, and the third is the extreme mobility of American life.

III

In civilization no man can live wholly to or for himself, and whoever would achieve power, influence, or success must cater to the tastes and whims of those who have the granting of these things in their hands. In a democracy, speaking broadly, those who have the power to grant are the whole people; and the minds and manners of the people as a whole are of necessity below those of the chosen few who have risen above the average level by gifts of nature or happy opportunity. Every social class everywhere has always had its own standards of morals, manners, and culture. When such classes are separated by wide social or economic chasms, the only influences they exert upon one another are apt to be negative. Each lives in a world of its own, supported by the only public opinion for which it cares, that of its own class. Each also tends to react against the manners or morals of the other. The aristocrats of an earlier day looked down upon the common people and were more than ever satisfied with their own codes. The common people, in turn, feeling themselves despised, bolstered up their egos by despising the manners and morals of the class which looked down upon them. Much of the Puritan movement in England and elsewhere has here its roots. By no possibility could an ordinary laborer attain to the manners, social ease, or knowledge of the world of a duke. Ergo, the laborer by unconscious mental processes well understood by modern psychology, asserted his own worth by denying worth to the qualities of the classes above him. He could not have the manners of a duke, therefore, those manners were undesirable anyway. He could not travel and he could not gain the most valuable sort of education, that of association with great or cultivated men, therefore, such things were of no importance. So long as the classes remain separated, as I said above, their influence upon one another is largely negative, but when class distinctions disappear in a democracy the mutual influences of members of those former classes or their vestiges in later generations become as complex in their action as the currents where tide and river meet.

The effects of democracy in America have been emphasized by three factors not present in any of the great democracies of Europe. In the first place, the Americans started almost wholly fresh. Here were no thousand-year-old institutions and forms of government and society to be reckoned with as impediments. America was a clean slate. The settlers did indeed bring with them habits, information, and memories gained

in the old world, but they brought them to a wilderness.

In the second place, America has been built up exclusively by the middle and lower classes, from which practically all of us have descended. Scarcely a man has ever come and settled here who did not belong to one or the other; and the most distinguished American families form no exceptions. Every class in history has had its good and bad attributes which have varied with class, country, and period. The English middle class, upper and lower, from which the character of America, with some modifications, has essentially been built up, had admirable qualities but it lacked some of those enjoyed by the aristocracy. For our purpose here we need mention only one. The genuine aristocrat insists upon being himself and is disdainful of public opinion. The middle class, on the other hand, has always been notoriously timid socially. It rests in terror not only of public but even of village opinion. If the religious refugees of New England be held an exception, it may be noted that the genuine ones were far fewer than used to be supposed, and that as a whole the New England immigration may be considered as part of the great economic exodus from England which took thirty thousand Englishmen to Barbados and little St. Kitts while only twelve thousand were settling Massachusetts. Religious refugees have formed an infinitesimal part of American immigration as compared with the economic ones.

The third great influence upon American democracy has been the frontier, whose line was lapped by the waves of the Atlantic in 1640 and after retreating three thousand miles to the Pacific was declared officially closed only in 1890. In the hard rough life of the frontier manners and culture find no home. As Pastorius, the most learned man who came to America before 1700, said, "never have metaphysics or Aristotelian logic earned a loaf of bread." When one is busy killing Indians, clearing the forest, and trekking farther westward every decade, a strong arm, an axe, and a rifle are worth more than all the culture of all the ages. Not only has the frontiersman no leisure or opportunity to acquire manners and culture but, because of their apparent uselessness, and in true class spirit, he comes to despise them. They are effete, effeminate, whereas he and his fellows are the "real men." The well-dressed, cultivated gentleman becomes the "dude," object of derision, who, so far from exerting any ameliorating social or intellectual influence, is heartily looked down upon; and culture itself is relegated to idle women as something with which no real man would concern himself.

These are some of the special attributes of American democracy, and of any democracy in a new land, which it shows in addition to those it would show in any case merely as democracy. In America it was slow in gathering into its hands the reins of power. For many generations the English aristocratic tradition in part survived, and it may be recalled that we were a part of the British Empire for a longer period than we have been independent. In general, the "appeal to the people" throughout the colonial period and the years of the early republic was an appeal to "the best people" only. The first two presidents, Washington and Adams, were as little democratic in doctrine as they were by nature. Jefferson's doctrinal democracy was largely offset in practice by his being an aristocrat to his finger tips by nature, and it was not until Andrew Jackson that "the people" in the democratic sense came into their own. At his inaugural reception in the White House his followers climbed upon the silken chairs in their muddy boots to get a look at him, rushed the waiters to grab champagne, broke the glasses, and in the joy of victory gave a number of ladies bloody noses, and even the President himself had to be rescued from

his admirers and hurried out through a back door. This historic episode may be taken to mark the turning-point in American manners. These people had made a president. Thereafter their tastes would form one of the national influences.

IV

It is this new democracy, a hundred times richer and a shade less raw, which is in the saddle to-day. What has it done in the way of influencing manners and thought? Leaving all else aside, even at the risk of drawing a false picture, we shall consider only those points which may help to answer our first question. For one thing, then, it has knocked the dignity of its elected officials into a cocked hat. Leaving out of the scene many of its chosen, such as the mayor of Chicago or its favorite, Bryan, it forces men to play the mountebank and, whatever the character of the man himself, to appear as one of "the people." Washington was a very human man but he never forgot that he was a gentleman. He was adored by his soldiers, but he won their deep affection without ever for a moment losing the dignity of his character and manner. One has only to imagine what would have happened had a group of his men shouted "Atta Boy, Georgie!" to realize the gulf between his day and ours. When John Quincy Adams was president, he declined to attend a county fair in Maryland, remarking privately that he did not intend that the president of the United States should be made a side-show at a cattle fair. To-day, the people insist that the president be a side-show; and Roosevelt, with amused understanding, in his cowboy suit and his rough-rider uniform, used his "properties" as does an actor. Even the supremely conventional Coolidge had to dress up in a ten-gallon hat and chaps, although utterly out of character, and looking so. Just as I write these lines, my attention is called to an announcement in large type in this morning's *New York Times* that it will publish next Sunday "photographs of Herbert Hoover in workaday clothes and a panorama of his ranch." So he, too, is cast for the comedy. Democracy cracks the whip, and even the most conservative of candidates and officials must dance. In the campaign of 1916 it is said that Hughes was politely asked to shave his beard to suit the people. He balked and consented only so far as to trim it. But then, he lost the election.

The people want officials in their own image. Such men as Elihu Root, Joseph Choate, or John Hay are rarely elected, only appointed. To get anywhere in elective politics one must be a "good mixer," and to be a good mixer one must shed a good part of one's culture and a good part of one's manners. Dignity to a considerable degree must be discarded. One must conceal one's knowledge of English and learn the vernacular, except for "orations." Henry Adams, when he became a newspaper correspondent in Washington, said that he had to "learn to talk to Western congressmen, and to hide his own antecedents." It is what every gentleman who desires to take part in elective public life on a large or small stage in the country to-day has to do to some extent except for happy accidents.

Our democracy has fostered education, at least to the extent of almost fabulously increasing the numbers of the reading public. What has been, for the purpose of the present argument, the effect of that? There has been one effect, at least, germane to this discussion. It has greatly lowered the tone of our public press. Such newspaper men as I know agree with me that there has been a most marked decline even in the last twenty years, and they agree with me as to the cause. In the old days a newspaper was largely a personal organ, and what appeared in it reflected for good or ill upon the editor who was known by name to all its readers. In New York the *Sun* was Charles A. Dana. The *Tribune* was Horace Greeley. To-day

we know no editors, only owners. The newspaper of to-day aims only at circulation, and with every increase in circulation the quality has to be lowered. The case is well known of the purchaser a few years ago of what had been one of the country's most distinguished journals, who told his staff that thereafter they would have to "cut the highbrow" and write down to the level of the increased public he intended to go after. First the "yellow press," then the tabloids, taught the older newspapers what fortunes awaited those who would stoop to pick them up by catering to the masses. One of the worst tabloids has a circulation of a million copies a day. A newspaper depends on its advertising for its profits. Advertising quantity and rates depend on circulation. Increased circulation spells decreased quality. There is the vicious circle which has been drawn for us by the huge mob which has become literate but not educated.

The discovery of the possibilities of mass circulation has caused the advertisers to raise their demands. Some will not advertise at all in journals with a circulation of less than half a million. Advertising is withdrawn from those journals which heroically venture to maintain their quality at the expense of not increasing their circulation. Financial ruin usually results. The people are evidently getting the kind of papers they want but in doing so they are depriving the cultured class of the sort *they* want, and used to get before America became so "educated." We get foreign cables about the Prince of Wales dancing with Judy O'Grady, or the doings of sex perverts in Berlin, and the treatment of our domestic news is beneath contempt. The other night I examined what used to be one of the leading papers not only in New York but in the whole country and I found no headline on three consecutive pages which did not refer to scandal or to crime. It has been said that the new reading public has not interfered with the old, that there are simply vast numbers of new readers of a different type who are being supplied with what they want. That is not wholly true, and the competition of the new market has had a heavily detrimental influence on the older journals. To-day if a man wishes to succeed in a journalistic career on the daily press he has to scrap even more of his qualities as a gentleman and a scholar than he has to in a career of politics.

The democratic spread of education has also had detrimental effects in other ways. The necessity of finding instruction for the enormous numbers who now go to school, high school, and college has caused a demand for teachers which has far outrun the supply of those qualified to teach. Great numbers of these teachers have even less social and cultural background than have their students. Under them the students may learn the facts of some given subject, but they gain nothing in breadth of culture or even in manners. It is an old story that Charles Eliot Norton once began a lecture at Harvard by saying, "I suppose that none of you young men has ever seen a gentleman." The remark was hyperbolic, as was intended, but it is only too likely to-day that many young men can go through some of our newer "institutions of learning" without seeing at least what used to be called a gentleman. In the professions, more particularly medicine and law, complaint is rampant that they are being swamped by young men who know only the facts of the profession (when they know those) and have no cultural, ethical, or professional standards. A few such could be ignored. When they come, as they are coming now, in shoals, they lower the tone of the whole profession and, without standards themselves, force an unfair competition upon those who try to maintain them.

V

Perhaps the greatest pressure on the individual to force him to be wary of how he appears to others is in business, for the overwhelming mass of Americans

are in the varied ranks of business of some sort or another. One who has reached the top and "made his pile" may, perhaps, do more or less as he pleases, subject only to milder forms of social pressure; but for those on the way the road is beset with pitfalls. Nearly every man wants to make himself popular with his employers, his fellow-workers, his office superiors, or his customers. These are made up of all sorts of men, but the sprinkling of gentlemen and scholars among them is so slight as to be almost negligible for the purpose of helping one's advancement. In America, to an extent known nowhere else, organization is used for every purpose. It is hardly too much to say that there can hardly be an American who is not a member of from one to a dozen organizations, ranging from Rotary, Lions, Kiwanis, Red Men, Masons, Mechanics, the Grange, and dozens more, to Bar Associations, Bankers' Clubs, and social and country clubs innumerable. Some of the larger corporations, notably the banks and trust companies in New York, now have clubs made up entirely of members of their own staffs, with obvious intent. In many lines of business the effect produced by one's personality at the annual "convention" is of prime importance. For business reasons it is essential that men should be at least moderately popular at all such organizations or meetings. On an unprecedented scale, tacitly understood but not openly acknowledged, there is competition for personal popularity. In many lines, such as stock brokerage where the service is almost wholly personal, it is needful to "play with your customers," the necessity varying not with their social congeniality but with the size of their account. In salesmanship of all sorts the results of the "personal approach" are, of course, of the first importance.

In order to gain popularity with a very large proportion of business men, many of whom have to-day risen from nothing to riches since the War, one thing is fundamentally necessary. You must never appear to be superior even if you are. Too perfect an accent in English may be almost as dangerous as a false one in Latin used to be in the House of Lords. To display a knowledge or taste in art or literature not possessed by your "prospect" may be fatal. On the whole, it is safest to plump yourself down to his level at once whatever that may be, to talk his talk, and only about what he talks. This pressure of the majority on one's personal tastes was amusingly exemplified to me the other day when I was looking for a house to rent in a pleasant Jersey suburb. In the house shown me—as is the case in all the suburbs I know—there was nothing to mark where my lawn might end and my neighbor's begin. All was as open to the public gaze as the street itself. I thought of delightful English or French gardens, surrounded by hedge or wall, screened from the public, where one could putter absurdly over one's plants, read one's book, or have one's supper as much to one's self as in the house. In fact they are out-door rooms, infinitely more attractive than the American "sun parlor." I knew well that no such attempt could be made here, but, nevertheless, I remarked to the "realtor" that it would be pleasant to have a hedge and privacy but I supposed it could not be done on account of the neighbors. "I say No," he answered with pained surprise, "if you are going to be 'high hat' you won't last long here." Just so, and so many thing in this country are "high hat" which in other lands simply make for sane and cultivated living that it is no wonder that the business man whose car and cellarette, if not bread and butter, depend so often on his popularity, has to walk warily.

Just why having a garden-wall, speaking one's native tongue correctly, or being able to discriminate in matters of art or literature should be the Gallic equivalent of "high hat" would puzzle a Frenchman, but so it often is in the land of the free. And no one knows his way about the land of the free better than

the business man. The pressure may vary with his position and the kind of business he is in, but in general he will soon discover that in any business where personal contact is a factor, the people with whom he deals and upon whose good will he has to lean will insist upon his not being too different from themselves. In Greenwich Village a man may wear a flowing tie and a Spanish hat but it would be suicidal for a bond broker. One has to conform or one is lost. Our two most successful business men are perhaps John D. Rockefeller and Henry Ford. Rockefeller says it is a "religious duty" to make as much money as you can, and Ford has informed us that "history is bunk." The one standard of success in business—and perhaps its stark and easily grasped simplicity is what attracts many Americans—is the amount of money you make from it. There are no foolish nuances. Most Americans are business men. Whatever ideals they may have had in college, and to a considerable extent whatever manners they may have inherited or acquired, they begin to shed, unless their niche is an unusually sheltered one, when the real nature of the excoriating modern business competition dawns upon them. Little by little as they "learn the game" they conform to their customers or associates.

VI

Another characteristic of American life is its extreme mobility. People move up and down in the social scale and round about the country like bubbles in a boiling kettle. Social life everywhere here is in constant flux. I left Wall Street, where I was in business, and a certain suburb where I then lived, fifteen years ago. To-day the personnel of "the Street" as I remember it is almost as completely changed as are the symbols on the ticker. In the suburb where I once knew everyone, at least by name, I know scarcely half a dozen households. People are forever making or losing money, arriving in new social sets, living in Pittsburgh or a mining camp one year and in Los Angeles or St. Paul the next. This has a marked effect on social independence. When a family has lived for many generations in the same place, or, as have many county families in England for centuries, they acquire a social position almost wholly independent of their individual members at a given time. Indeed, a member is almost an accident and may be as erratic and independent as he pleases. He still remains a so-and-so of so-and-so, known to all the countryside. An old hereditary title accomplishes the same result. Here and there in New England villages or in the South there are families who approximate this happy condition, but in the constant movement of the life of most Americans it is necessary for them to depend wholly upon the effect of their personalities and bank accounts. A man whose family has lived in the "big house" in a small Massachusetts town for a century or two is sufficiently "somebody" there almost to be independent; but should business require him to move to Kalamazoo he is nobody until he "shows them." The social reputation, immunity, and freedom which long residence in one place gives without effort or thought has to be built again from the ground up, and warily, when one moves to another town where they know not Joseph. One joins the organizations in the new town, and, again, one conforms. To begin in a new place by being "different" is dangerous; to begin by being too superior, even if actually, unconsciously, and with no wish to appear so, may be fatal. Like myself, had I gone to that Jersey suburb and made a little privacy round my garden, the newcomer might be voted "high hat" and not "last long."

In assuming the "mucker pose" the gentleman and scholar does not, of course, descend as low as the "mucker" but he does, in self-defense, for the sake of peace and quiet, for business success, and for the sake of not offending the motley crowd of all sorts whom his neighbors are apt to be in the seething,

changing society everywhere to-day, shed enough of his own personality not to offend the average. He avoids whatever others may think "high hat" in manners or culture as he would the plague. Like Henry Adams he will find himself hiding his antecedents if they happen to be better than the neighbors'.

This possible answer to my friends' question does not necessarily indict democracy and American life. Both have brought new values into the world of other sorts. I am merely pointing to one of the possible losses. For it *is* a loss when a man deliberately uses worse manners than he knows how to use, when he tries to cover up his intellectual abilities, or when he tries to be average when he is above it. A business-democracy has accomplished a great task in levelling up the material condition of its people. It may be asked, however, whether there is no danger of a levelling down of manners and culture. Perhaps the new values gained offset the old ones in some danger of being lost, but it may, even in America, be left to one to question, to ponder, and to doubt. Is the mucker pose really forced on one? People adopt it, evidently, because they think it is the thing to do and essential to make them quickly popular. It does not always work, even in business. A dignified man of science was recently explaining to an applicant for a position some new research work he had been doing. The young Ph.D. was intensely interested. When the scientist concluded he asked the flower of our highest university training what he thought of it. "Hot Dog!" was the immediate and enthusiastic answer, which, in this case, promptly blasted the young man's career in *that* laboratory. It would not have done so generally, however, and we come back to business as conducted to-day, and the character and background of our business leaders as, perhaps, the main contributing cause of forcing the mucker pose.

We can prate as we like about the idealism of America, but it is only money success which really counts. What are ideals or culture or charming manners as compared with business? What do two leaders of opinion at this moment tell us, one from the Pacific and the other from the Atlantic coast? Mr. Hoover, in his address replying to the welcome given him by the people of San Francisco, told them that the most precious possession of their great city was—what?—*their foreign trade!* In New York, the *Sun* in its editorial explaining its intention to support the Republican party, admitted that the prohibition question is "a live campaign topic," and that present conditions may be "intolerable" and "a morass of lawbreaking," but asks whether it is well to risk loss of prosperity for the possible reform of those conditions. In America to-day business life is not the basis for a rational social life but social life is manipulated as the basis for an irrational business one. One makes acquaintances and tries for popularity in order to get ahead downtown. To an unprecedented extent the people who have money in all lines of business are newcomers from far down in the social scale, men with no culture and no background, and often no manners. We may note our new class of multi-millionaire landlords who have built fortunes out of shoe-strings since the War. Two of our now greatest industries have been wholly evolved in the last two decades, and one certainly does not look for culture among the kings in the motor and moving-picture trades. The "people" who came into political power under Jackson made a huge grab at economic power under Grant, but it has been reserved for the present to "make the world safe for democracy." The old class which had inherited manners and culture as essential to an ordered life has abdicated mainly for mere lack of funds. In business for the last decade it has been for the most part the conservatives, who had much to lose, who have lost, and the reckless who have won.

Business may explain the mucker pose,

but it may be asked whether those who adopt it are not traitors to all that is best in the world and which has been so hardly built up. An impoverished aristocrat may sell his title in marriage for one generation to rehabilitate his house, but Americans who sell their culture and their breeding to truckle to the unbred in business, who shed these things of the spirit for motor cars and all the rest of the things of the body, are taking refuge in a yet more ignominious surrender. They may thus pick up some of the golden drippings from the muckers' tables, but they do not gain the respect of the muckers whom they imitate and may yet awake to the fact that they have properly forfeited even their own.

PENELOPE

BY HENRIETTE DE SAUSSURE BLANDING

I

WHITE as a gull, light as an April cloud,
Her hands rest idly at an idle loom.
The thread is slack that wove Laertes' shroud
Against the hour of spiritual doom.
Wan torches etch a black arc on these walls
Where the great bow leans to the pillared fir.
Calm now the ruinous clamor of her halls
Where the Achæans strove in suit of her.
Eurymachus lies stark as very bone,
Whiter than memory of her lovers' ghosts.
Close by the ordered hearth he sits alone
Whose spear did battle with the Trojan hosts.
Her eyes ask only if this dream be born
Of new sawn ivory or of polished horn.

II

She will await his sure necessity
As young narcissus waits the warm spring rain's
Renewal of being. Ithaca's dark sea
Strewing her desolate shore with bleached remains
Of gunwale and mast will never strike her cold
With sundered rudder that may have known his hand.
She has forgotten the pain long nights may hold
Grudging her bleak security of land.
Telemachus watches, silent, pondering
Sorrow dissolved as snows upon the tide
Of a thawing river. She marvels, wondering
If this be he who loved her, who has died,
Who is come home, home from the beakèd ships,
No shadow of Helen now between their lips.

THE MOUSE

A STORY

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

HE RETURNED very late that night—that is to say, very late at mouse-night; which, being translated into the terms of our entirely upside-down living, means very early in the morning.

His mother, always a little gaunt with her ceaseless anxiety about him, did not turn as he came in, but continued to smooth his bed and fluff the little bits of down and feathers that were his pillows.

"Why are you so late?" she said.

He threw himself down in a comfortable attitude, swung his long tail slowly and grandly around, crossed his wee legs, and drummed on the large pickle-bottle cork which he had dragged home determinedly one night and which served them for a table. There was not another like it in mousedom. Then he said, in a nonchalant manner:

"Well, you see, I was detained (Pause!)—I ate a cat."

Of course it was absurd to announce it that way. There should have been something glorious and dramatic instead, something as memorable as the announcement of Agamemnon's return from Troy—flaming beacon fires, their fiery "beards" blowing in the night wind from successive mountain-tops, and the wild goats, in wild places, staring amazedly into the light.

But, instead of anything as fitting, his mother turned on him gauntly, almost angrily, and said:

"You know I hate jokes like that. The trouble with you young people is that you haven't a particle of reverence. But you'll see some day! You'll be eaten up by a cat as sure's you're born!"

He stroked one whisker mournfully, like a very gifted person who is used to being misunderstood.

"Just because you happen never to have eaten a cat," he said slowly, "you naturally find it difficult to believe that I did. That is the trouble with older people. They have so little imagination and not enough generosity to enable them to enter into other people's experiences." He dropped his beautifully receding jaw, looked at the ceiling, and gracefully waved one paw.

These words, poured carefully into the little gray funnels of her ears, went straight, as he had meant them to, to her defensive heart. . . . Had she ever really been ungenerous? Hadn't she thought of little else but him since he was a baby! Hadn't she tried tirelessly to protect him against his poetic nature with her own common sense!—and if you think that is an easy thing to do . . . As to not entering into his experiences, hadn't she not only entered into them, but stayed in them long after he had left or forgotten them!

"You know very well," she said, and her nose, pointed at him, was well ahead of her words, "that I hate irreverence."

"I think what you really mean," he interjected, "is that you are superstitious."

"You know very well," she went on, not noticing this, "that if you really had killed a cat I should be the first—the very first . . . I'd go tearing with all

my feet to the village square! I'd shout as I ran, 'Come! All of you! My son has killed a cat!' You know I would. But you come home bragging and drunk . . ."

"I'm not bragging and I'm not drunk," he said coolly, "and I really did eat a cat."

"Killed it, you mean!" She almost screamed it.

"You amuse me," he said. "I should like to know how else I could eat it. Apparently you don't know anything about cats."

It was this, really, that broke her—that he should assume she was so much behind himself in experience and knowledge. She, mind you, who had taught him his first little foot-track letters, who had drilled him concerning the perilous hypocrisy of traps; who had first taught him to set the dread name "Cat" negatively in his prayers; who with patience had taught him the fatal succession of the litany: "From deceptive poisons, sweet to the taste; from things that appear what they are not; from wicked traps; from blindness, farmers' wives, and carving knives, and from cats . . . from cats . . . from cats . . . good Lord deliver us!"

She could still hear his first pitiful, obedient, antiphonal squeak, "We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord!" She, mind you!

"Now you look me in the eye," she said sternly. She was really quite magnificent in her way. "Now, repeat your statement if you can." She knew by all the unbroken timidity of his forefathers that he could not.

But he met her challenging gaze quite placidly.

"I will look at you as long as you like," he said. "And I will say it as often as you want me to . . . I ate a cat. I really did."

This quite finished her. The future rolled out before her like a suddenly flung scroll. For a moment she crumpled in her chair. Then, with a little choking sound, she dragged herself desperately together. This was not the moment to faint! She got up, snatched her bonnet from its peg and, putting it on and tying it as she ran, rushed out the door, headed for the public square, running with all her feet, her tail flying out behind her, and saying over to herself as she ran, what she would soon be saying to the multitude:

"Ring the bells! My son . . . my son . . . my son has eaten a cat!"

Ah, that was a grand procession, I assure you! Even the old were swept into the general enthusiasm. I have seen a good many processions, but there was something special about this one. It was not only that everyone wore his silkiest coat, and his hat tilted at such an angle; it was not only the general air of pride and rejoicing; it was the air of deliverance. Special songs had been made over night and were sung with vigor:

He ate the Cat!
Where are we at?
Where are we at?
He ate the Cat!
(*Cheers!*)

To him who his
Whole country frees
From terror of cats
We give the cheese!
(*More cheers!*)

Some nibble cheese,
Some nibble fat;
But our brave hero
Nibbled the Cat!

CHORUS:

Rah! Rah! Rah!
Cat! Cat!
Think of that!
Nibbled, nibbled,
Nibbled the Cat!

There were signs on long poles, too, at suitable intervals: "DOWN WITH FEAR! KEEP UP WITH THE TIMES!" "WE BELIEVE IN YOUTH—YOUTH HAS ATTAINED!" "NO SUCH WORD AS IMPOSSIBLE—DON'T BELIEVE YOUR DICTIONARY!" "OUR ANCESTORS WERE

SLAVES TO CATS—WE ARE FREE!" "WHO'S AFRAID? WE EAT CATS!" "DON'T LET MOSS GROW ON YOUR WHISKERS!"

When the procession was over they nimble-nambled about him and searched and smelled the very air he breathed, with a quivering of whiskers that said, "O you who have delivered us from our bondage!" "O dispeller of our dreads!"

One darling little lady-mouse pressed near to him, one hand on her wildly beating heart; with the other she touched his hand.

"Just a word!" she pleaded. "Something we can always remember!"

Of course! There must be memorable words on such an occasion. He took an appropriate attitude, looked out deeply over the concourse, to drink fully the homage of their attention and their silence, then he spoke:

"After all" (ah, the long, telling pause!) . . . "eating cats is just living life . . . just debunking everything, and looking at facts—that's all."

Heavens! how oracular! How simple he makes life! How easy! The adoring little lady-mouse seizes on this sentiment. Her lips move rapturously. She is memorizing his words. His mother in the front row closes her eyes. Her eyelids twitch. Who is she to have mothered so great a hero! The rest of the audience shout and clap and those who have canes pound them on the floor.

People are not slow in appropriating his words. No gathering of mice in best or poorest cheese-restaurants after that but he is quoted or his words amplified: "After all, living life is just absolute fearlessness. It's looking things in the eye. It's debunking the universe. It's eating the cat!"

Of course, all this hopelessly upset many traditions. Some of the older mice, who had had harrowing experiences of just escaping the swift, velvet lightning of the cat's paw, were not so easily swept off their feet. But they were promptly put in their places by the young. "Rubbish! How do you know that the cat would have killed you? Why didn't you just jump on it and eat it?"

The effect of all this was very wide. The young mice no longer went cautiously and with the sobriety befitting those who abide under imminent uncertainty and may at any minute be snatched out of life. They lolled, they cultivated a kind of insolent stare, which had the effect of breaking down and doing away with manners. Mice no longer took their hats off in mice-elevators to lady-mice, though for the matter of that, I cannot see why they ever should have; and mice in mice-street cars and other public places dropped all time-worn niceties and reticences, and simply stared at one another. This they continued to call "looking at life" or "seeing things as they are." The older mice never did acquire the true "cat" stare. A good many of them attempted it but, in spite of their resolutions, their eyelids would quiver, and their whiskers would tremble, despite all they could do.

As the young mice became more and more possessed of the idea of the vast new powers they possessed they became more and more interested in themselves. They began seriously to study their emotions and reactions, their fear or lack of it, and brought home some startling pronouncements to one another and to their elders. Their elders were informed of certain things they had never dreamed of, and in such a manner that they did nothing but dream of them after that; whereupon the young offered by a method they had newly evolved to interpret their dreams for them and, doing so, nearly frightened the wits out of them. So there were many confusions, no few hurt feelings, and arguments and misunderstandings by the thousands.

Of course, by all this one would have supposed cats would have been killed by the hundreds, and fashion would have shifted to cat-skin overcoats and neck-pieces. But not at all. Not a cat's

skin was seen. As many mice died or disappeared mysteriously as usual, and the general average of the Bureau of Lost Persons was not reduced.

But most interesting, perhaps, was the way all this played upon and affected his mother. Mothers, after all, are somewhat fundamental. She herself was; and she had a kind of fundamental longing, not to say determination, to get at the bottom of everything that concerned him. So, while the lady-mouse twittered her eyelids and followed him devotedly into the devious mazes of his theories and behaviors, his mother spent many moments staring straight ahead of her into the darkness, trying to piece this and that together.

Months went by—mouse-months, which are not long. At the end of them she found herself unbearably weary of her own uncertainties and of the assurances and flippancies of the young. It was not that she wanted the old traditions back again. It was that some of the reasoning of the young mice seemed to her to have not a grain of reason in it. She missed the fundamentals. She longed for a world where there was some logic and proportion, and at least a crumb of reverence. Her good mind told her that if her son had killed the cat then life was indeed an utterly different thing than she and her forbears had supposed it to be. When she spoke of this to her son he said oracularly:

"Of course! You are simply trying to set the clock back. You are trying to evade your destiny."

This shocked her. She trying to evade her destiny! She who so loved directness!

She tied her head up in vinegar and brown paper that night, hoping that might help clarify her thoughts. But it did no such thing. She began to feel old and outlived.

It was then, at last, that she took her bold resolution. She would investigate for herself.

It was a cold night. Her son was away, dining with his admirers in some cheese-restaurant. She crept, old and thin, along the inside of the wainscoting. Her head ached and her paws were like ice. From time to time she stopped and listened cautiously, in old-fashioned mouse-fashion; and as she went she murmured automatically the phrases of the litany, "From deceptive poisons, sweet to the taste . . . from blindness, farmers' wives, and carving knives; and from cats . . . from cats . . ."

If she could only be so bold as to penetrate and ascend so far as the second story of the house of the goddess Mullins, who could say what mystery might not be revealed to her? Here, if anywhere, she might hear the gods speak.

She searched back and forth, at last chose an upright in the wall, and climbed up it determinedly; then along unfamiliar places, always with little listening pauses, and one foot lifted attentively, ready to tear back along the way she had come. Then, on, over endless plumbing pipes, between endless rafters. On and on. Where might she not be now? In what high places might not her tiny body be hanging, in space, if suddenly the surrounding rafters were spirited away? Had her son come as far as this?

Then, like the naturally generous person she was, she began to doubt herself. How egotistical of her to try to spy upon his divine adventure. She crouched, clinging to a rafter, ready to go back all the perilous way, to confess herself to him, to tell him of her folly, and to say to him that since she was fond and foolish and old, he must forgive her and must hold nothing against her.

She even thought that after she had got his forgiveness it might be a comfort to sit quiet and unobtrusive in her armchair at home, objecting to nothing that the young people chose to say, combating nothing, accepting age quietly and meekly as her portion, and supersedence and the precedence of youth resignedly, as the inevitable.

She turned to go back, wondering if she could find her way again along the endless passages, when suddenly, suddenly the gods spoke; say, rather, they shrieked. She flattened herself, utterly terrified, sure that her end had come. These were sounds of a kind that she had never in her life either heard, dreamed, or imagined. They were, in fact, shrieks of rage emitted by a human god, who, to be exact, was just six years old.

Just as the little mouse was about to swoon away there cut in across the child's crying the voice of one of the older gods, possibly—no, probably—the goddess Mullins. And these were the godlike words she spake:

"Shut up, will you! Is it only just now you've discovered it? Well, there's no use crying over it. Crying won't bring it back!"

Then, sounding like the rage of heaven, there was another shriek from the younger god, accompanied by this Olympian statement:

"But I want it!"

The mouse quivered and clung. Why, why had she ever ventured into these divine precincts? She muttered little reverent phrases and prayers, "From farmers' wives . . ." Even as she did so there came again the voice of the goddess Mullins:

"You know perfectly well the mouse ate it. You shouldn't have been such a little fool as to leave your candy cat on the mantel!"

That was all, but its effect was electric. With a squeak and a galvanic leap in the air the mouse fell over, limp, in a complete swoon, on the ceiling plaster between the rafters.

To be in the right is sometimes one of the unpleasantest things in the world, especially if everyone else is in the wrong. It has, let me tell you, got more than one person put in chains or hanged.

Of course, now she must face her son sternly with the whole truth. And what after that would he do? Well, time must be allowed to take care of that. Better to lose all his glory and face a mocking world than to compromise with truth. Strength would be given him—and her. They would creep away humbly from what had been their fame.

She put on the teakettle wearily and sat down to wait for his step, like one who waits for the step of fate.

Among all her weary thoughts one recurred unweariedly: why, why had she been such a fool? Why had she not suspected, guessed? Strange! Strange! It could not be but she had been utterly blinded by her affection, altogether dazzled by her pride. No doubt she must secretly have wanted him to be miraculous above other mice; how, otherwise, could she have been drawn on to believe such a tale as that? If she had really been bent on the truth, he never could have convinced her that he had eaten a real live cat. Besides being a fool, she had had no sense. Fools often have a great deal of sense; but, my heavens, not she!

Then, to lower her estimate of herself still farther there came the thought of her mother. Her mother would have known better; ah, indeed she would. All these young mice who talked so falsely of realities—why, her fine old mother could have put them all in their places. Could have done it with one paw, so to speak, and would have done it, besides, with good-natured laughter.

That was the thing, to tell you the truth, that she had never fully understood concerning her mother and father—their ability, amid all the uncertainties and terrors of life, to laugh so roundly and heartily. Her father's and mother's laughter had not been like the laughter she had heard the mice of the younger generation indulge in since what they called their "emancipation." There had been nothing forced or hectic or self-assertive about it; only downright, simple gaiety and merriment, like that of innocent children who have an unfathomable wisdom of their own and a sense of the comic.

As she thought of her parents, far

doors of memory swung open for her. She was little again, and in the nest, and supposedly asleep. But asleep she was not. She could see her mother sitting by the fire, warming her father's slippers for him, and from time to time peering anxiously into the face of the clock.

At last he came. Not swaggering and nonchalant, like the present generation, but with caution and a proper soft-footedness. And with caution her mother had received him. They had spoken in appropriate whispers. Her mother needed reassuring as she hung up his hat. She paused anxiously and said, "Are you *sure*, my dear, that the YOU-KNOW-WHO is not around?"

Yes; it was in that veiled and respectful fashion that they referred to the dread and all-powerful Cat.

At this point there came to her the swift and terrifying memory of those irreverent, ribald songs the multitude had sung in her son's honor:

> Where are we at?
> He ate the . . .

She put her face in her hands. My heavens! the YOU-KNOW-WHO!

At last the other memory swam into place again—the memory of her father and mother sitting in front of the fire, hand in hand, he recounting his day's adventures.

Well, it seems they had been especially thrilling that day. He had had several very narrow escapes indeed while seeking provender for his family. And then, for a climax—ah, the delight her father and mother had taken in it!—he had by his own good and respectful wits entirely tricked and outwitted the YOU-KNOW-WHO; had kept it watchfully waiting at a certain well-known mouse-hole a half an hour, nearly; and then, by a sheer brilliancy of manœuvre, he had tiptoed across the floor, beside the wainscoting, in the very sight of that dread power, while the YOU-KNOW-WHO still absorbedly, shoulders hunched and head low, watched the mouse-hole.

It was at this point of the story that her mother had jumped up and flung her arms around her father's neck, and they both began reeling and rocking with delighted laughter. Not by any grandeur of theory or insolence of manner, but by his little but well-trained wits, he had not only outwitted the YOU-KNOW-WHO, but for good measure had succeeded in making that dread power look ridiculous.

How they did laugh! How delightedly and excessively. Nor was laughter, even of that best kind, enough. Her mother had flown, at last, to the cupboard, and had brought out a bottle of wine. And delightedly they drank it, the two of them; not with promulgation of theories, neither with self-scrutiny nor interpretation of dreams, but with a good sense of the comic and the ridiculous, under both of which, as any philosopher knows, lie an abiding sense of humility and a more or less permanent sense of proportion. So it was that they did, so to speak, in all soberness and the fear of God, nearly kill themselves laughing.

The mouse recalled how they had at last joined hands and danced around and around the lighted table, with all the gaiety in the world. Then, a little later she had seen them get down humbly on their knees, in front of their chairs, and say their prayers: "From things that appear what they are not . . . from blindness; from cats . . ." before tumbling happy and reverent, if a little tipsy, into bed.

Reality, reality! That was what her mother and father had known as reality. Beside it, how theoretical seemed the theories of the present-day young mice! It occurred to her that she had not heard a word about the "Comic Spirit" for years. She recalled hearing her mother say, years ago, that she had often heard the gods rock with laughter; and that they did well to do so, since obviously the gods must have a keen sense of humor, else things could not possibly happen as they do in the world; but that only ripe and developed and very experienced natures understood this.

She dwelt on all this with great seriousness now, trying to fathom it. But, no; try as she would, she could not see things as her father and mother had seen them. Modernism had too much touched her, too much involved her. The over-seriousness of the young had had its serious effect upon her. Their lack of humor, their lack of a sense of the relations of things, their inability to see the permanently and profoundly humorous was far nearer her own tendencies than the attitude toward life which her father and mother had held. Her father and mother seemed separated now from her by æons; mere children, they seemed, who in inconsequent gaiety had danced around a lighted table when they should have been occupied, instead, in getting at the bottom of things, studying their reactions and interpreting their dreams.

So, the flood rushed back again to the waters from which it had arisen. Was not her son of the younger generation? And was he not hers? Certainly neither he nor she would ever be so far lost to the realities of life as to see any humor in the present situation. What it was her duty to make him see was—reality. First of all, he must be got to admit that the cat he had eaten was not a real cat, but only a candy cat. After that he must be got to make a speech in which he glorified things as they are, a speech whose climax would be that in his own glorious self-dedication to truth he was ready to renounce all his fame and his false glory. After that let anybody hoot and give cat-calls who chose to! They would bear themselves nobly—even if the multitude turned abusive, and threw missiles. But how, how, how to make him see all this? He who was so sure of himself, and so proud!

Suddenly she started. Her heart stopped beating, and plunged on again. There was his step. Ah, heaven help her! What a homecoming! But she gripped the arms of her chair resolutely. Truth! Truth! Nothing but the truth!

The door banged open, as with a heavy weight. He was clinging desperately to the edge of it with one paw, and leaning his whole body against it. His head lay back against his arm. There was blood dripping from his side. With all the anxiety and terror in the world she rushed to him, put her arms about him, and helped him to a chair. As he sank into it she peered at his wound. She was, after all, an experienced person, and she knew that that long, deep gash in his side could have been made only by the claw of a cat.

She saw that a chair would not do. Using all her force, she got him to his feet and half dragged, half carried him to his bed. He sank upon it limp. His eyes closed.

She did what she could, though she knew there was little enough to do.

"I shall not recover from this," he said at last, weakly, but still rather grandly and without opening his eyes. "You must tell them that . . ."

She knew that the time had come, that she must tell him the truth, and force him to face it.

"When you ate the cat, my son," she said, "where was it?"

He opened his eyes, thinking she had in mind, as he had, his glory and the future recording of it.

"Tell them," he said, "that it was on the mantel of the dread goddess Mullins. They will wish to know every detail when I am gone."

"But, my darling," she said, bending over him tenderly, "don't you think that was a strange place for a cat to dwell? Don't you know? Can't you remember? . . . Try to remember, my darling—that real cats live on the floor, not on mantelpieces."

(So! She would break it to him gently, a little at a time, as much as he could bear.)

He turned a swiftly waning look on her that rebuked while it forgave her.

"Yes. I know. The trouble is, you do not understand. You were never very generous or able to enter into other people's experiences. You always had a

tendency to belittle. Age always has. But try not to do so now. I shan't be here very long." His breath failed a moment. She rushed for the spirits of ammonia, in terror. He waved it away. "Tell them," he said, raising himself weakly on one elbow, "tell them that it was a very remarkable cat. Not the ordinary floor kind—the more terrible kind that lives on the mantel! Do not let them forget that I saw life as it was—that I looked it in the eye! Tell them always to look life in the eye! . . . Tell them that was my last message!"

He fell back among his pillows.

She watched by him after that, without a word. She saw that he would go soon, and resolved to let him depart wrapped about by the full glory of his delusion. There was not time to get help; besides, there was no help for him, and she preferred to be alone with him.

All the days of her life and his, from the memorable day when he was born, gathered round her now, like presences, and waited silently upon her sorrow. None who would come after, to sympathize with her, would sympathize so well as they. They knew as she did, that once he was gone her own life was finished, no matter how long she might live.

She leaned over him and murmured again the fond nothings she used to murmur when he was just a tiny, before he had left the nest, "Beloved little crumb! Sweet little bit of cheese! Darling little tallow dip!"

At last she saw his eyelids open slowly across half of his eyes, bent in terror, saw there was no light under them, and knew that he was gone.

His followers gave him a great funeral. They spared nothing. They treated her with ostentatious respect because she had the honor to be his mother. And she, out of the generosity of her heart, insisted on sharing this with the little lady-mouse, who accepted it as her due, and wore heavier mourning than she did.

There was a fitting oration that gloriously recounted his exploits. But it hardly touched her, so immersed was she now in the old, familiar pity inherent in motherhood, which had come now to abide with her the rest of her days. How little he was as he lay there bereft of life, but oh, littler still in her heart, little as when he had first entered it—little and dependent—to be loved and protected as no one but she could love and protect him. None of these people really came near him, though they filed close to him and bent to look reverently in his face. It was not really there that he lay, but in her arms and in her heart.

She was glad that night to be left alone with her memories of him. And in the midst of her memories of him recurred constantly the thought of his companions and contemporaries—the thought of youth. She knew well how much they lacked, how they deluded themselves and one another, how little, if at all, they touched truth; how bereft they were of any true sense of proportion; she knew how unfit they were to judge between candy and reality; and last of all how they lacked a sense of humor. Yet her heart clung to them, nevertheless. And was not youth, after all, the treasure and the treasury of the world? Who else than they could be said to be the keepers of the hopes of the world? And yet! What about truth! . . . But no! Whatever was true of youth or not true of it, she loved it. She loved these young people. Was he not of them? Eternally, now.

So, thinking these things over and over, she grew tired and confused, and turned for comfort to her old associations. Putting out the light, she got down meekly on her rather stiff old knees, and said her prayers . . . "from things that appear what they are not . . ."

Suddenly her heart stopped against an old familiar fear in her breast. On the other side of the wainscoting her finely trained old ears could hear the almost-unhearable. She could hear—on soft-padded, velvet feet, unmistakable, unmistakable—the cat go by.

DEMOCRACY HOLDS ITS GROUND

A EUROPEAN SURVEY

BY CHARLES A. BEARD

"I SEE that the Kaiser has recently published an attack on democracy in one of our popular magazines," remarked a Princeton professor the other day to a young German scholar then engaged in surveying the institution of higher learning formerly governed by the author of the Fourteen Points.

"Yes," replied the visitor, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "poor William can sell that kind of stuff only in the United States; his home market has been ruined."

Besides revealing a state of mind common in Europe, the retort calls attention to the apparently widespread interest of the American people in horrible revelations about the "failures of democracy." The practice of criticism is general; when domestic satirists exhaust their knowledge and their vocabularies foreign assistance is summoned by way of supplement.

Now, nothing is easier than the game of attacking democracy by citing scandalous incidents, absurd episodes, and idiotic antics of some elected persons. This form of verbal exercise is very old; but it is scarcely rational. It merely turns against democracy the weapons once employed against monarchs and produces nothing more important than amusement. In the eighteenth century republican agitators thought they had made an unanswerable argument for their cause by listing authentic cases of imbecility, murder, poison, arson, adultery, bastardy, corruption, drunkenness, useless wars, and other examples of hebetudinous conduct in the history of royal families.

That, too, was easy. When to the record were added the bed-chamber stories of European courts, drawn from innumerable scurrilous chronicles, the stew was made all the more savory for those who liked it. Our library shelves bend under the weight of this stuff in many tongues. An encyclopædia could be filled with "true relations." And it is illuminating to note that scandalous and absurd doings on the part of royal persons were less criticized by their "intelligent" contemporaries than are the festivities of Great William Thompson, Lord of Chicago, by editors attached to the new American aristocracy of intellect. But on second or third thought, it must appear that calling names and citing cases in lunacy, while giving satisfaction to certain types of mind, will not advance our political understanding, will not help much in taking our present bearings and attempting to forecast the future.

II

A far better course is to recall the advice of Montesquieu, more than a hundred years in his grave; that is, to remember that the forerunners of democracy—monarchy and aristocracy—were not badges of original sin or ready-made garments which nations could buy at political tailor shops and put on or off at will. The conditions necessary for the continuance and smooth functioning of

monarchy and aristocracy are: (1) the predominance of agriculture in national economy—an agriculture carried on in the ancient manner by an uneducated peasantry, either servile or poverty-stricken; (2) a class of feudal landlords rallying around the throne and giving support to it; and (3) an authoritative clergy supreme over intellectual life. These conditions are not inherently "evil"; they may in fact represent a great moral advance over the state of affairs which preceded them.

In dealing with democracy, also, it is well to avoid the pitfalls of those superficial writers who treat it as a mere mechanical form of government, which a nation may adopt, try, and discard at pleasure without respect to the conditions surrounding the operation, or who look upon it as a cure for ancient ills or as a definite drug like cocaine or alcohol, invented by political doctors in Greece, and found wanting. In reality, democracy is a very complex array of social relationships, a system, flexible in practice, that substitutes for government by hereditary or military authority government by officials directly or indirectly chosen, from time to time, at elections in which a considerable number of the people, as people, not economic bipeds, participate. Unavoidably, therefore, it involves differences of opinion, party antagonisms, acquiescence in majority or plurality decisions, and endless delays and weaknesses. It is not a medicine; nor has it been employed on a large scale in any society previous to the modern age.

On the contrary, democracy is a state of things, and it arose first in the nineteenth century. It is an intricate collection of realities slowly evolved with the development of freehold agriculture, commerce, machinery, and science, facilitated, no doubt, by the agitations of idealists, yet moving relentlessly forward as modern economy triumphs over feudalism. It is affiliated with the printing press and the newspaper which spread ideas in spite of all censors; with schools which are indispensable to the factory system if nothing else; with railways and travel which break down the ignorance and rigidity of village life; with automobiles and flying machines which make the whole world akin; with the right of free migration which peasants and factory owners insist upon; with cities and their fermenting intellectual life; with telegraphs, cables, telephones, and radios; with mass production; with trade unions which assert the rights and power of industrial labor; with business enterprise which cannot flourish under autocratic and irresponsible government dependent upon the vagaries of personal rulers. All these things are indifferent, indeed hostile, to fixed status—the foundation of monarchies and aristocracies. Science, business, and labor ask few or no questions about birth and lineage; they seek and develop talent wherever they find it.

Moreover, there is another realistic force making for democracy in the modern world, a force to which the word "feminism" is applied. Strong men, pounding their chests, will laugh and denounce; in a recent issue of an American magazine Mussolini shows how absurd it is; but it must be amusing, at least, to these virile persons to recall that the World War, supposed to demonstrate manly valor at its highest pitch, accelerated the movement for woman suffrage. Nearly all the new states created after that conflict confer on women the right to vote; to be specific, Germany, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Esthonia, Finland, Lithuania, Poland, and Russia. About the same time England and the United States joined Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and the Netherlands in proclaiming "equal suffrage." Jugoslavia announces that the national legislature may confer it without the formality of a constitutional amendment; it is not impossible that the Moslem women of Bosnia, instructed in 1928 to take off their veils, may yet be seen going to the ballot box.

But the rejoinder may be made that

women won a high status in the later days of the Roman empire and lost it when the wars of invasion began, putting all things on their ultimate foundation, force. The analogy is alluring — and without relevance. Are the European countries that have enfranchised women likely to be invaded and conquered by armies from the more virile nations which keep women under the masculine thumb? Anyone may guess by looking at the map and calculating probabilities. Unless some masterful genius can blindfold the women, take them out of factories, offices, schools, universities, and theaters, make them illiterate once more, and back them into the kitchen and cow barn again, feminism is likely to increase rather than diminish.

With reference to any such operation, a remark might be made to the effect that the economic order of any civilized nation which attempted such a transformation would certainly fall into a crisis as a result of a general dislocation. Indeed, if women were suddenly removed from the offices of any modern government, with a view to a restoration of "the home and fireside," the confusion would be so great that the first call on the morning after would be for feminine help. Not even man's grand game, war, now that it has become chemical and mechanical, can be carried on without enrolling armies of women. No, the feminist genie is out of the bottle; it may be changed with time and circumstance; but the work of getting it back into the non-refillable container passes the imagination.

III

Now, if reference is made to those countries in which "democracy has failed" and dictatorships flourish at the present hour, it will be seen that they belong to the feudo-clerical order. Industry and science had not scratched the surface of Russia in 1917; the mass of the people were illiterate peasants governed by an autocracy, landlords, and an authoritative church. Hungary, including Croatia, was in the same general class as Russia. A large section of Poland belonged to Russia and was assimilated to Russian economy. When Mussolini seized the scepter in Italy the great majority of Italian men and women over nine years of age were employed in agriculture and related occupations; about half the people over twenty years of age could not read or write; the authoritative Roman Catholic Church, nominally at least, furnished the state religion; previous to 1920, about half the adult males had been disfranchised and had enjoyed no experience in self-government. In Spain—another classic land of dictatorships—three-fifths of the people could not read or write in 1910; five times as many people were engaged in agriculture as in manufacturing; except for about thirty thousand Protestants, Jews, and skeptics, the entire population adhered to the Roman Catholic Church.

Conversely, if reference is made to countries in which democracy flourishes or staggers along, it will be discovered that they are the countries in which freehold agriculture, science, machinery, and capitalism dominate the economic scene. Into this class fall Austria, Germany, France, the Scandinavian countries, the United States, Canada, Australia, and perhaps Japan, which has just given the vote to all adult males. Austria, even under the Hapsburgs, was moving steadily in the direction of democracy; direct manhood suffrage was established there in 1907. The revolution following the War completed the process by making suffrage universal. In Germany the evolution of popular government had been retarded by the monarchies and landed classes supported by timid bourgeois; but the new constitution of 1919 provides for "the universal, equal, direct, and secret suffrage of all men and women over twenty years of age, according to the principles of proportional representation." In the Wilhelminic era, Prussia

was a kingdom with a system of class suffrage which permitted a small number of taxpayers to elect two-thirds of the legislature; the constitution of the free state of Prussia, promulgated in 1920, proclaims a republic and confers the ballot on "all German citizens, men and women, over twenty years of age." In similar terms, the other European constitutions drafted after the World War established either manhood or universal suffrage.

Even the constitution of Soviet Russia, issued in July, 1918, spoke of the dictatorship of the proletariat as created "in view of the present transition period," and, although excluding from the suffrage certain propertied and other classes, conferred the right to vote on the broad masses of men and women. While laughing long and heartily at the whole democratic and liberal process of government, the Fascisti, in all their recent constitutional reforms, including the last adopted in May, 1928, do not plan to eliminate popular voting entirely and to vest absolute authority in the hands of Mussolini and his lawful heirs and assigns. Nor does Spain, after a season of dictatorship, stand firm on one-man autocracy; it is at this hour projecting and debating a constitution which contemplates elections, balloting, and caucusing in some form. Though Russia tried to disfranchise all persons of property, she had to relax her severe limits later, and, according to reports, neither Italy nor Spain is likely to have a restriction of voting rights to an aristocracy of high-property qualifications. Hence it appears that, even in countries "enjoying" dictatorships, what we have is, not a choice between democracy and no democracy, but a variety of selections ranging from one limit of popular participation to another.

IV

Yet it may be said, with some degree of truth, that after the close of the World War political democracy was vigorously attacked from four sides: by the dictatorship of the proletariat, by the dictatorship of the middle class, by nationalistic parties rallying around monarchs, and by revolutionaries with projects for economic parliaments. Where do we stand now?

Well, for one thing, no other nation has followed the Russian example. There has been nothing sufficiently marvelous in the achievements of Moscow to inspire the emulative enthusiasm of the proletariat in any other country. In none of the states where democracy was functioning before the War have the Bolsheviks made more than a ripple on the surface of opinion. Russia is declining, not increasing in influence; the recent communist swing in Germany may be ascribed to internal conditions, not to a flaming desire for the kind of prosperity attained by the Muscovites. England broke off relations with Russia; nothing happened. The China upheaval, according to Trotsky, was a flash in the pan; Chinese nationalists are not taking orders from the Third International. An outrageous assault was made on the Russian legation in Peking; if anybody had violated a British embassy in the same manner there would have been an abject apology or a war; but nothing happened. As of old, Russian emissaries make trouble for the British empire in Asia; that is not difficult; there is nothing new in it; to talk about applying Lenin's Taylorized Communism to semi-nomadic tribes in central Asia may be diverting but it has little to do with striking chains from the workers of the world. However that may be, it remains a fact that no other country has imitated the Bolshevik political design. What might happen in another World War ten times as great as the last is a matter of conjecture, illuminated, perhaps, by Slavic experience.

Italy stands on the same footing with Russia. With grand flourishes in the manner of the Bolsheviks, the Fascisti announce to the gaping world the dis-

covery of wonder-working political ideas and institutions and look with pitying contempt upon poor, deluded "liberals" trying to make democracy function. Fascist bands scattered from Calabria to Westchester County beat the drum and proclaim the new gospel.

But no country with a literate population imitates Italy. Since Rome does not repudiate debts or expropriate the middle class, sales agents nowhere are alarmed. The general opinion seems to be that it may be good for Italy or that if Italy is pleased with Fascism, well, that is what Italy is pleased with. As for copying the latest Machiavellian device, the "ignorant, contemptible democracies" seem hardly competent. Meanwhile German seven per cent bonds sell at a premium, while those of Italy can be bought below par.

V

Among the other specifics offered for "degenerate" political democracy was the project for an economic parliament, the substitution of direct class representation for the representation of "free and equal" heads, duly enumerated in the registration books and mathematically counted on election days. This idea, like many other world-shaking novelties, was not original. All the parliaments of the Middle Ages were class parliaments: they spoke for landed barons, clergy, country gentry, burghers, and sometimes peasants. Politicians were then economists; at least they had all the prejudices and special wisdom (if any) associated with their respective kinds of property, occupations, callings, or professions. Looking back to these old class parliaments (some of which, by the way, lived well into the twentieth century), or resorting to "natural reason," a great school of critics, weary of politics, proposed to substitute economic parliaments for democracy.

Of course, they differed among themselves, being human like the rest of mankind. Bourgeois speculators of this persuasion proposed to have merchants, manufacturers, peasants, bankers, industrial workers, lawyers, and all the other propertied and occupational interests represented; each group was to choose its own delegates. Naturally, there were immense difficulties in the way of classifying all the people neatly into economic compartments and almost infinite difficulties in the way of determining how many delegates each economic group was to elect. But as long as the scheme was merely in the air no blueprint specifications were required of its sponsors.

While bourgeois meditators of this school were planning legislatures to represent all economic interests from banking to labor, guild socialists were framing economic parliaments representing miners, engineers, longshoremen, garment workers, and all the hundred and one groups of industrial operatives. The "shifty" politician, dealing in vague phrases flattering and deluding all parties, was to be supplanted by the forthright, two-fisted, and hard-headed spokesman of the economic group engaged in realistic labor. There was something attractive and appealing about the project.

This idea of economic government was in the air when the great cataclysm of 1917 burst upon the world. It was given a practical turn by the Bolshevik revolution which rejected democracy and introduced workers' councils. It was elaborated and incorporated in Article 165 of the new German constitution. It spread to Austria, Poland, and Jugoslavia.

The German scheme was imposing in its proportions. Workers and employers were to be organized in local units, in districts, and in an Economic Council of the Reich; the local and national councils were to be so constituted that "all important economic groups shall be represented therein proportionately to their economic and social significance." The National Economic Council was given the right to initiate bills. To it the national ministry was to submit all drafts of proposed "politico-social and

politico-economic" measures. Administrative as well as legislative powers could be conferred upon economic councils, national and local. Now, it was said, with a sigh of relief, business men and working men who actually know about the realistic operations of national economy will tell the mere politicians what to do and how to do it; nay, more, will do it themselves, if necessary.

Well, what has happened? In Jugoslavia chambers of commerce, labor leaders, and ministers have been working for years over a project for an economic parliament as required by the constitution; they have not yet agreed on a plan. Austria is still governed by politicians in spite of the *Arbeiterkammer* set up in each of the states. In Germany a magnificent structure of economic councils was erected; it has functioned —in a way. But as far as the industrial workers are concerned, they still prefer to rely on their trade unions; while capitalists make use of their special organizations and chambers of commerce as of old. It is found in practice that business men and workingmen speaking for economic councils can throw some light on "politico-economic" measures. Yet as a rule, owing perhaps to the peculiarities of the German party system, these realists prove inferior in information and comprehension to the technical and economic experts actually elected to the political parliament of the nation. Economic men are not supermen.

Was this not to be expected? Does the fact that a man manufactures shoes automatically make him an infallible oracle with respect to factory legislation, tariff on leather, railway rates, or any other economic question outside the technic involved in the direction of his plant? Certainly not. Does the fact that a man is a hard-headed organizer for a miners' union automatically make him an infallible oracle with respect to the organization, ownership, taxation, or regulation of the complicated coal industry as a whole? Certainly not. The truth is that measures apparently economic in nature also involve complicated moral, æsthetic, and national questions, ending in nothing less significant than calculations relative to human destiny. A hard head is not necessarily a wise head. Economic classes may easily acquire the kind of knowledge and prejudice which lead to their mutual destruction—as Marx and Engels point out in the Communist Manifesto. Hence we are forced to the conclusion that economic governments give little promise of driving out political democracies. They are retreating rather than advancing, at all events for the present, in spite of the fact that Mussolini put one on paper in May, 1928.

VI

If political democracy as developed in countries well advanced in industry, technology, and literacy does not recede before dictatorships, proletarian and fascist, or surrender to the economic man, what of the fourth assailant, monarchy? What are the prospects of the Romanoffs, Hapsburgs, Hohenzollerns, the Petrovitches, and other deposed rulers of Europe? May they reasonably hope, like Charles II of England, to return from their "travels" to the thrones of their fathers? Historical illustrations encourage them. On a fair count, restorations have been almost as numerous as dethronings; for people love kings, gilt, and tinsel; and in every country the party of prostration is large. After a lapse of twenty-two years, the French Bourbons recovered their ancient crown in 1815 and managed to hold to it for fifteen years. In spite of many vicissitudes, the House of Bourbon still reigns in Spain—that is, to some extent. The great landlords of Hungary are keeping the throne warm for somebody, though American visitors, Gentile and Jew, are shown the empty ballroom and the family chambers in the palace at Budapest—for a small price.

Into calculations respecting the pros-

pects of monarchy many complicated factors—social, economic, and constitutional—must inevitably enter. All the old monarchies had deep historical roots. Memories of eld, mysteries, and divinity did hedge kings about; fighting feudal lords surrounded them and supported them against peasants and the bourgeois; high dignitaries of the church lent the shimmering glamour of pageantry to royal appearances while bishop and priest taught obedience to the anointed of God and prayed for triumphs in peace and war. In those countries, like Germany, where technology, science, and industry, with their inevitable satellites—skepticism, socialism, and revolution—advanced remorselessly on the agricultural order—with its kings, landlords, and priests—many bourgeois, out of vanity or fear, rallied to the throne and altar; but such recruits were not to the manner born and the corroding acid of humor and doubt ate the polish off their enthusiasm.

No, a certain intellectual and æsthetic climate is necessary for the proper functioning of hereditary monarchy. Industries, cities, newspapers, literacy, socialistic agitations, and scientific inquiry do not consort well with mysticism, piety, obeisance, solemnities, and incantations. Except in Hungary and Rumania, the feudal-landlord support for the throne has either disappeared or is being subjected to the dominion of capitalism or, as in the case of Russia, has been overrun by some equally alien force. Science and industry march inexorably. The clericals can keep only a portion of the industrial workers in their ranks by running ahead of the populace with "social politics" emblazoned on their banners. As the years fly, the aged ladies and gentlemen who knew and loved "the dear King" will pass, and a generation of irreverent youth brought up on democratic sports, business, and cinemas will take their places—a generation preferring the wide world to the shut-in palace.

More realistic yet are the economic forces with which deposed kings must reckon in making their hopeful calculations. Around and through the structure of the present political settlement are woven the strong cords of international finance. And bankers do not want to plunge into the uncertainties which would accompany the restoration of a monarch anywhere, except perhaps in Turkey or Hungary. The recent establishment of a monarchy in Albania is merely amusing, though possibly of sinister significance in the designs of Mussolini. German business, after ardent labors, is getting on an even keel again; if still monarchist in spirit, the risk of another political revolution is about the least attractive thing it can contemplate. Now that the Prussian class system of voting is abolished and the military profession is decimated, the landed aristocracy can no longer dictate to business in Berlin. Its power was waning in 1914; it is shattered now.

Moreover, the left wing of capitalism —trade unionists, socialists, and communists—is steadily increasing in proportion as against the agrarians, and it certainly has no affinity with monarchy. German socialists and communists, now numbering twelve million out of about thirty million voters, have not forgotten the Kaiser's bitter and contemptuous words. If these industrial workers are inefficient in large constructive enterprises their negative power is immense. They can stop trains, put out electric lights, cut off water supplies, shut down sewer pumps, and man machine guns; they did it with terrible effect when Herr von Kapp tried his little rebellion in 1920; they could do it again. Were the bourgeois willing to take the financial risks of a restoration they could not look without apprehension upon the sociological prospects of the operation.

Nor are the constitutional and administrative difficulties in the way of a return to monarchy to be neglected. The new German constitution has ripped up the old federal order, with its monarchies, principalities, and free cities.

Thousands of socialists and people of humble origins, who never got a chance at an administrative job in the old days, are now comfortably installed in official berths in the new system. Besides introducing revolutionary changes into the federal structure of Germany, the republican constitution establishes parliamentary government—the very institution which the directors of the old regime hated like poison. This is not the whole story. From first to last, the German constitution is a radical, democratic document. So are the fundamental laws of the several German states.

If the national constitution is to be set aside in favor of a strictly centralized monarchy, what will the states say about that? Will the other kings, princes, grand dukes, and dukes who once presided over provincial courts and exercised independent powers consent to stand aside and see the Hohenzollerns swallow the whole federation? If the restored Emperor is to be the restored King of Prussia, what will be the position of the other princes? Granting a solution of such problems, is it conceivable that the German people will allow the creation of an absolute monarchy in these times? Scarcely. Then there will be a parliament of some kind, involving the representation of the several states. Will this parliament abolish the ministerial system and permit the revival of irresponsible government, partly personal, partly political, based on backstairs negotiations and intrigues with the parties in the Reichstag? That kind of government rightly bears a good deal of blame for getting Germany into her present plight, and neither business men nor industrial workers wish to try it again.

But it may be said Germany is monarchist at heart and accepts the republic only as a temporary necessity. Indeed, since the revolution, the political parties commanding a majority of the popular votes have been monarchist in their sympathies, some ardently, some vaguely. That is not surprising. Does history show many examples of a people consciously and deliberately substituting a republic for a monarchy? Were not the American people loyal to George III until 1775 when shots at Lexington started an avalanche? If there were ten republicans in all the thirteen colonies at that time they certainly did not make themselves known. A few months before, Washington wrote, "No such thing as independence is desired by any thinking man." Did a majority of the adult males on July 4, 1776, favor a republic? They were never given a chance to say, and nobody knows—not even Mr. Bruce Barton. War and revolution made America a republic, not a solemn vote of The People.

Did the English ever want a republic? They tried one in Cromwell's day and joyfully crawled back to the throne of the Stuarts, in 1660. Did the French ever want a republic? Well, in 1802, they made Napoleon Bonaparte First Consul for life by a vote of 3,568,000 in favor to 9,000 against, and then two years later made him Emperor by a majority of more than three million, to say nothing of the two million men who died in his wars for his greater glory. There is more to tell. In 1852 that prestidigitator of comic opera, Louis Napoleon, was elevated to the high post of Emperor by popular vote: 7,824,189 ayes to 253,145 nays. Then how did the French get their republic? Largely because the Germans knocked over their Idol in the battle of Sedan. Hardly that. In fact, in the French elections of 1871, held under the terms of the armistice, the Republicans, who called for war to the hilt, polled only about one-third of the votes; the rest went to the Bonapartists, Orleanists, and Bourbons; only the divisions among the monarchists forced the inescapable republic on the French. But in time France accepted fate.

In Germany the swing in the elections is decidedly toward the republic; the campaign of this year ended in the utter rout of the extreme nationalists. If a

majority of the Germans are, as alleged, monarchist at heart, they are not unconditional monarchists. They would put a price on restoration by plebiscite. In that case, the Hohenzollerns might be reduced to the level of King George or the Prince of Wales. That would be something fearfully like democracy.

But personal elements enter into the picture. There is William II, in his prime no such a showman as the Bonapartes. The public knows more about him now than it did in 1900 or 1914. Before the world are the thousands of documents torn from the German secret archives, revealing his powers, conduct, and intelligence. Moreover, he has himself given a measure of his understanding in his actions since November 1, 1918, and in memoirs and articles, apparently written with his own hand. If others prepared these papers for him, then his choice of secretaries and publicity agents discloses his character just as effectively.

As a result of these revelations, the respectable stereotype of the former Emperor is ruinously broken. In the days of his glory "educators," iron magnates, beer kings, and sugar princes returning home from Potsdam—with pride keeping the dust on their knees—tried to create a popular picture of an august War Lord to whose ingenious ministrations Germany owed her marvellous industrial and scientific advance. According to their portrait, William was wise, humane, learned, and pacific, above all pacific; he was an adept in Egyptology, theology, and statecraft. When Roosevelt, who fished around like a lovesick boy for an invitation to Berlin, came roaring back from his lion hunt through Europe, he made flattering public statements about the Kaiser which his private letters printed after his death show to be untrue to his honest convictions.

Now the mirage of the Kaiser has disappeared. He did not will the World War; he had neither the courage, resolution, nor iron consistency required for such a terrible enterprise. During the hectic years when that mess was brewing he was tossing around in a fever, pulled first one way and then the other. His own government, theoretically responsible to him (if to anybody), was divided against itself and he was powerless to unite it on any coherent program. A large part of the foreign business was carried on behind his back, without his knowledge. He complained bitterly about this, but in vain.

While it is now clear from German documents that the famous Kruger message, which made the English government frantic, was a spiritual enterprise undertaken on his own responsibility, it cannot be said that the Kaiser enjoyed any such freedom to direct affairs in his own way after that episode. William's famous letters to the Tsar, "dearest Nicky," running from 1894 to 1914, did not originate by spontaneous combustion in his own imagination. They were outlined for him in the German Foreign Office; the drafts were approved by the Foreign Secretary and in part by the Chancellor himself; when the Kaiser had filled out his copy-book instructions in his breezy manner, frequently with proposed changes in the text, the precious papers were sent back to the Foreign Office for final sanction.

In the same class of performance seems to fall the momentous visit of the Kaiser to Tangier in 1905, breathing fire and notifying France (then engaged in grabbing everything in sight) that Germany had rights in that free country. Although the German documents do not make clear the genesis of this imperial excursion, they do show that the venture was fully prepared by the German Foreign Office and that the Kaiser, against his own wishes and contrary to his best judgment, was forced to carry out his part to assert German prestige and help sell German goods. If he had been let alone by the energetic commercial diplomats in Wilhelmstrasse, he doubtless would have preferred a game of pinochle rather than a merchandising visit to salute his great and good friend, the Sultan of Morocco. That is to his

credit, but it detracts a bit from his majesty.

While the Kaiser was on that unpleasant business undertaking the Chancellor, Graf von Buelow, telegraphed him by way of Lisbon: "As soon as Your Majesty's visit to Tangier was made known, I permitted the *Norddeutsche* to remind its readers that Your Majesty had already the year previous in Vigo declared that we seek no territorial advantage in Morocco but merely fix our attention on the matter in order that free trade may be safeguarded there." What becomes of Heroes and Hucksters now? The iron man of Potsdam did not run the ship after he dismissed the Pilot Bismarck. He was a drummer for German merchants.

But it may be said that at least he cooperated with the directors of foreign affairs. He did. Traces of his co-operation are found scattered in a thousand places on the margins of diplomatic documents referred to him for comments and suggestions. And what are these comments? "Bosh," "nonsense," "God be praised," "imbecility," "childish," "that is stupid," "it is not his business," "murderers," "rubbish." Such is the language used by William while "directing" affairs of state, according to the printed papers now available. Those who have seen the manuscripts say that occasionally, if not frequently, he dropped into the vernacular of the barnyard and barroom and used words which chaste editors will not print without asterisks.

Of course, if we may believe the Russians, George V also talked like a sword-rattling pirate in private, but that was no justification for William's conduct—except inasmuch as blood will tell. When due allowance is made for royal license, it must be confessed that William as manager of foreign affairs appears in the record as a petulant, temperamental, vacillating schoolboy. All this is well known to the German people. Even William's best friends have a hard time making a grand monarch out of him. Such is the man. Such are the circumstances. His prospect of wearing the old crown again seems slight, and is growing slighter.

VII

For the Hapsburgs the outlook is no rosier. To make matters worse for them, there is a rift in the family. Of course, the unchanging and unforgetting legitimists stand firmly by young Archduke Otto, son of the late Emperor Charles. In Austria their contentions are not disputed by any of the monarchists. But in Hungary there is another claimant, Archduke Albrecht von Hapsburg. To be sure, he belongs to a collateral line and, by the strict rules of inheritance, has no title to the throne; yet he is rich and has powerful friends who openly propose to put aside the old family and found a new dynasty in Hungary, leaving Austria to her fate. They want to keep Hungary pure, to cut loose from the bankers of Vienna, to crush the Jews, and to maintain great landlordism, an unquestioned clergy, and a subject, illiterate peasantry.

Besides fighting against machinery and finance, the supporters of Albrecht have to reckon with the young Archduke Otto who has the legitimate right, when, as, and if. No decision can be made in Hungary without a contest, and while Otto is being considered, the question of a reunion of Austria-Hungary is open. Assuming for the moment that this is the only solution for the simon-pure legitimists, then what shape can the union take? Austria and Hungary were never very happy in wedlock. A wide gulf separates the Magyars from the Germans. They were brought together by an accident of history and were held together not by affection but by fear of Turks, Slavs, and dissolution. Budapest is white; Vienna is red, nay, crimson, and the election of 1928 deepened its color. Austria is becoming industrial and looks West not East, to capitalism, science, and socialism, rather than to monarchy, feudalism, and clericalism.

If Austria is reunited with Hungary under the legitimate Hapsburg line, then Vienna, not Budapest, will be the senior partner. That means capitalism and its shadow—socialism.

Already the true-blue Hungarian monarchists accuse the mild legitimists and the present conservative government at Budapest of flirting with the bankers. Well they may. How can a class of landlords live without finance, without visiting pawnbrokers? Nothing but the entailment of estates has ever kept great landed families intact and, even with entailment, they are always head over heels in debt—with respect to their private and public finances. They may fine radicals for cheering for the Hungarian Republic (which does not exist). They may imprison communists and subject them to the third and fourth degrees. They may rally around the throne and altar. But they cannot run their government, such as it is, without money; and to get money they must go hat in hand to the bankers.

Brushing aside all these difficulties and imagining the Archduke Otto crowned in Vienna and Budapest, what then? Surely no one thinks that the old Austro-Hungarian complex can be restored—Germans, Magyars, Poles, Czechs, Ruthenians, Slovaks, Slovenes, Croats, Moslems, Serbs, Italians, and Rumanians. Can young Otto cut away part of Poland, extinguish Czechoslovakia, break up Jugoslavia, carve a big slice out of Rumania, and perform all the other surgical operations necessary to recover the inheritance of his fathers? He can hardly hope even to march into Vienna without making concessions or facing a riot, considering the red guards of that metropolis. Clericals might welcome him; but it is doubtful whether Vienna bankers, though belabored by red taxation, would like to risk any more disturbances. Things could be worse. Moreover, there are the advocates of union with Germany to be taken into account; they contend that Austria cannot live without this economic vincture. Nor is the Austrian constitution to be ignored. Otto would have to deal with a political democracy and a closely organized working class. His nights at Schoenbrunn would be full of trouble; his days would be spent making terms with parliamentary majorities. If he comes to the throne it will probably be in some kind of a crisis that would change the face of Europe, leading to unexpected things. Providence does not move in straight lines.

Of Russia, the mysterious, no one can speak with any degree of assurance. Still some facts lie on the surface of things. Nicholas II was certainly shot by Bolsheviks. As in the case of the Kaiser, the historic revelations of the past ten years tend to reduce rather than increase the mental and moral stature of the Tsar, thus diminishing popular respect for the monarchy. The machinations of his government, as exposed in the documents, have received the odium of mankind.

As for the collateral Romanoff lines, they can furnish no heroic figure to serve as a rallying point for monarchists; in skeptical Paris and amused Berlin Tsar-worship is now difficult. To make matters blacker for the legitimists, the agrarian revolution in Russia was thoroughgoing; not a single great landlord survived the holocaust with his estates intact. On the contrary, the members of the Russian nobility who are not in their graves are utterly expropriated. More than that, they are exiles scattered all the way from Belgrade to Duluth, pining and suffering in poverty, washing dishes, serving as garage mechanics, and, what is worse, entertaining the new rich.

There is no feudal aristocracy left in Russia to pry the old throne out of the mire and put a collateral Romanoff upon it. The peasants may not love the Bolsheviks, but they do not want another Little Father if he brings an army of ravenous landlords in his train. Subjected steadily to communist propaganda in the press and the moving

pictures, the working classes are not likely to throw up their hats at the sight of any Russian grand duke riding to his coronation; they are more likely to throw something else. Yearning merchants and Nepmen generally may hope for a restoration, but they are not numerous and, anyhow, the middle classes do not furnish good materials for royalist economy and pageantry. It is not easy for a banker or a green grocer to exchange his top hat and frock coat for ostrich feathers and velvet. It can be done, but the sight is not inspiring even to kings and queens. So the outlook for Romanoff autocracy is not promising in Leningrad and Moscow.

No; the great kaleidoscope of destiny has made a violent turn breaking the mold of established patterns and shaking out novel designs. Business enterprise, in seven-league boots and wearing a steel helmet wreathed in smoke, marches across the face of the earth spreading restless democracy in its train. A divine monarch, an unquestioned clergy, a ruling landed aristocracy cannot look upon the face of this iron giant and live. Blood, birth, and mundane mystery are not respected by science, invention, and capitalism. Newspapers, schools, literacy, moving pictures, radios, travel, research, discussion, and endless economic changes make a restoration of any kind of rigid order so highly improbable as to appear impossible.

Inevitably, therefore, great masses of untitled people will have a hand in government, democracy will abide and function—in a way. It will pass through dictatorships, perhaps, but dictators are not immortal and divisions will follow their departure. The world cannot go on without masses, and masses are not going on without the instruments and practices that make for democracy: a return to the economy of the hand loom and tallow dip is as unthinkable as a return to the economy of the cave man and his spouse. In spite of the cynics and philosophers who deny "time" and laugh at "progress," the future is as real as the past, will endure as long, will be different from it, promises to be more interesting, and can scarcely display less humanism or intelligence.

THE WINE PECULIAR TO CYPRUS

BY SAMUEL McCOY

Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.
—OTHELLO, Act V, Scene 2

DO YOU remember that Aphrodite, the eternally young, rising new-born from the sea-foam, was first seen by mortals as she stepped upon the shores of Cyprus?

Our ship, whom the Greeks called *Sangamon*, departed from Beirut, on the eastern shores of the Mediterranean, near midnight; and, steering northwesterly for a hundred miles or so, at dawn we reached the island of Cyprus.

I had heard that Greek legend of Aphrodite's birthplace. From the day we left Cyprus I have tried to dismiss it, as something not worth taking into account. Let her not trouble us at this moment, for it is daybreak, the sun is rising, the ship is approaching port. And now the sun is risen high. The sky is without one trace of cloud, a vault inconceivably blue. The long low range of the Karpass, the eastern horn of the island, its sharp-cut peaks pure lapis lazuli against the luminous blue above them, stretches away to the northeast.

It is enough merely to gaze from the ship's deck at this melody of blue sky, blue mountains, and blue sea: we need not waste this moment on that ancient legend of the goddess, a legend long outworn and long forgot. Let us think only of these mountains. They must be very old, older than that legend. When *they* were born, those who lived upon their slopes were pagans. Sailor, what is a pagan? "Someone who doesn't believe in God?" Nonsense! The word hasn't anything at all to do with religion. It merely means a person who knows nothing about cities. A pagan is a person country-born, and country-wise only. There are persons still living who were born far from cities and who in all their lives have seen no city; but they are not pagans, for even they, in these days, are city-wise. So there are no pagans any more. But the pagan who lived on those dark-blue mountains we see now, nearing Cyprus, knew what we do not. He knew how the surf thunders against lonely beaches, roaring in from a sea that no man has ever crossed; and he knew that at night the forests on the mountainside are too dark to penetrate. That was all. The blazing sun by day and, by night, the moon rising over the dark forest and over the dark mysterious sea meant more to him than "sun" and "moon." There are no such persons left.

He thought of the moon as a woman, a goddess, lovelier and more than mortal woman to be loved and feared. She was the woman who came secretly to him when he was alone, and with her presence drove him to joy and madness. There was no such living woman. She was something that he made for himself out of moonlight, and red clay. . . . Stop! What are you talking of? You have not so much as landed in Cyprus; you are on a ship's deck, staring at those distant mountains; and why do you talk of men and women?

But your ship has been drawing closer to Cyprus, scattering the blue water

beneath the blue sky, until now you are close to shore. She passes through the stone arms of the breakwater. She comes to rest. She floats at peace, within this stone-locked pool of azure. How clear is this sky that upholds the ship! There is a bit of tin upon the deck. Toss it overboard. Into that incredible blue beneath it falls as though it were falling upwards, into the sky. Sinking, it refuses to vanish from sight—slowly descending, into the translucent sapphire, like a silver fish turning and darting, its gleams of silver appear and reappear, at greater and greater depths. From a bath so clear as this might not a silver-shining goddess . . .

What are you thinking of? This is to-day, not yesterday! It is time to go ashore!

I refuse, I tell you, to listen to that legend that this is Aphrodite's isle. What you see before you now, as you go down the ship's ladder to the stone pier, is nothing so ancient as her legend, no, not by ten thousand years. A long low fortress wall of yellow stone is all that lies before you. It is twenty or thirty feet high and almost that broad. The great ramparts shut off your view of whatever town may lie inland behind it. There is to be seen only a narrow strip of water-front, hardly wider than a street, between your ship and this massy wall. At your left, two low round towers, medieval battlemented, swell out from, and rise a little above, the heavy bastions. At your right, another such round tower.

You go towards that squat tower on the right as though it had reached out hands and were drawing you towards it.

Sheltered by the round shoulder of the tower is the wall of the fortress, pierced by a sally port whose ponderous doors, swung back upon their centuries-rusted hinges, are twice a tall man's height. Above that grim arched gateway is set in the stone a rectangle of white marble, yellowed with age. Upon the marble is carved a tower, a great lion, and the words:

·NICOLAO · FOSCARENO · CYPRIO ·
PRAEFECTO·

And beneath the words, the date—1480. "To Nicola Foscarena, prefect of Cyprus, in the year 1480." The lion is the lion of Venice.

And Venice is merely a city, a city that lies a thousand miles to the west. But Venice held this sea-town of Cyprus once. That was long ago. The Genoese sea captain had still twelve years to wait before he might venture westward from Portugal across the unknown ocean. And in England ten times that many years will pass before that tower where we are standing now will be placed, by the power of a playwright, beyond any power of storm or earthquake or gnawing of time to destroy. It is safe now, immortally—for this is *Othello's* tower. It may crumble into nothingness, as have the stones of that fabled city of Chiethi that was built by Kittim the Phœnician upon this island of Cyprus, and still it will be remembered; for here the Moor, who, like the soldier whose name is carved upon this marble slab, was "Prefect of Cyprus," shuddered in his immortal tragedy.

Venture into the shadowed recesses of that immense and grim archway, "th' imminent deadly breach"; it was only yesterday, only six or seven hundred years ago, that men-at-arms, foot and horse, streamed through this arch on their way to the Crusades in Palestine, scarce a hundred miles away; venture into the great inner courtyard, silent and deserted now, and hear the iron heels of armored knights ring on its stone flags; there you will find, and climb, the broad ramp that leads upwards to Othello's tower itself. And suddenly, when you have gained that summit, you see all that the sea wall below you had shut off from your view — the incredible beauty of the sea again, the magic mountain ranges and, at your feet, the golden walls of crumbling Gothic churches, golden against the sky of cloudless cobalt.

What trace is there of that fabled

goddess now? Why, none at all! You may laugh at that fable, on this serene height. See, these medieval walls that lie beneath you are no more than a few hundred years old, and already their massive stones are weakened: what slightest chance is there that a pagan's dream, compounded of bodily desire and the silver moon, can outlast them? You may smile indulgently at the foolish fancy that anything so evanescent may survive.

And as you smile there flutters down to your feet, as you stand there on Othello's tower, a pair of mating doves. In the bright sun the male bird's feathers glitter with iridescent purple; he struts and preens himself before his mate, walking swiftly through the dust upon pink feet. What reason have you to look so startled? Yes, it is true, these birds are hers, they are the birds that drew her flying chariot, they are her sacred birds; but surely you do not suppose that she Herself was here just now, invisible? Too long, surely, she has been dead!

Forget her. Are you not searching for the wine peculiar to Cyprus?

Leave the tower, the seen doves and the Unseen. Go down, go again to the water-front, pass through the arch that pierces the great sea rampart, climb the green slope that leads to the little town. Will the swift-flying doves be there before you, insistent? How strange a fancy! What subtle perfume, from what subtle wine, floats in this sun-warmed air!

But first, before you reach the town, you will come to that great golden-brown church that was built more than eight hundred years ago. It was then that King Richard, the Lion-Hearted, had captured Cyprus, on his way to bring bloodier (and hence holier) war upon the Turk. Here his own mail-clad knights knelt to worship. To them he sold the island; and they in turn relinquished it to the Norman knight, Guy de Lusignan, whose holy sword in Palestine, when it had dripped enough with blood, won for him the title of King of Jerusalem; neither he nor his descendants had swords enough to hold that throne in Palestine, but for three centuries they ruled this island of Cyprus, and for three centuries each of the De Lusignan princes in turn was crowned "King of Jerusalem" in this cathedral of St. Nicholas where you are standing now. To-day the ironic Turk has transformed it into a Mohammedan mosque; and in the stone-paved courtyard where holy knights and warm-bosomed ladies, gazing at one another, fretted through the long coronation ceremonies, there stands the roofed fountain where the devout Moslem pauses to cleanse himself before entering the mosque. A great tree, silver and gray against the cloudless blue sky, grows old within the courtyard. But, though the olive branch, silvery and gray, was sacred to that vanished goddess, you will not find her here. What has she to do with who is king in Jerusalem? Her temples are older than this temple, nor are they built with hands.

The great tree spreads fan-wise, silvery gray against the cobalt sky; and beside it is a pear tree whose blossoms in March are a cloud of snow.

Fifty yards from the pear tree's blossomy lyric song is the central square of the town: the smallest public square ever seen outside of a toy shop.

Take fifty steps and you have crossed it. On one side is a low building, the open doors of two or three small shops beneath its crude portico, no one visible within the depths of the shops, the shopkeepers and their friends lounging on the shaded porch. Opposite it, across the square, a row of three shops, before which piles of bright oranges and green vegetables are heaped on stands, makes up the width of the square, completed by an arched doorway opening into a stable-yard. Camels are lying in the shade of that archway. The sun is blazing on

the whitewashed walls outside, and in the shadow the dim grotesque outlines of the camels seem those of prehistoric beasts. The third side of the little square is likewise made up of a row of three or four low shops, similarly arcaded. The fourth side opens, through a grilled gateway in its center, into a green cloister where ancient gravestones bear the arms of medieval knights. Entrance to the little square is at its corners only; and the chief street of the city, leading diagonally through the square, from one corner to another, climbs up the hill that overlooks the sleepy town and the blue sea, winding its narrow way through the close-packed little white-walled houses in whose black shadows Iago lurked one night, four hundred years ago, to stab his friend.

At this upper corner of the square is a tiny café. It is snowy white outside, and spotless within. Its single room is less than fifteen feet square, its "bar" a wooden counter in one corner, scarcely wide enough for two men to stand before it without touching shoulders. The merchant of wines, a Greek, gray-haired, deep-chested, courtly as Menelaus, is alone in the quiet room. He will pour for you a glass of the wine native to Cyprus. And to whom will you drink it? "Come, lieutenant," said Iago, at this very corner, "I have a stoop of wine; and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants, that would fain have a measure to the health of black Othello." Yes, this is the right proper and due place for such a toast. What madness has seized you then, that, instead of drinking to the tragic Moor, you must now gravely spill the first drops of that fragrant wine to her whose birthplace was this island? Do you not know that Othello is immortal, while she is only a dream?

Libation to the beautiful Troubler! Thus did many and many a man who knew—for his own eyes had seen her in the moonlight night—that she was living. But that man is dead, how many thousand years ago? Do you dream that *she* outlives him? It was here, here in this Cyprus, that she was born, you say? And if she was, tell me, where are her signs? What power has she left?

"To you, O goddess, this wine of Cyprus!"

Who taught *you* those words? Who whispered them to you? Come, you simpleton! Did you fancy that someone laid light finger-tips upon your lips? No, it is not the wine. It is the island air.

II

We ask the road to Salamis. Salamis, they tell you, is six miles away. It lies at the farther end of that lovely sickle of the sapphire bay at which you gazed from Othello's tower. Between it and this hillside town are plains, in part stony pastures, in part salt marshes. Salamis is very old. This town out of which we are now tramping is old enough, Heaven knows. And it is small enough, in all truth: it may have a few hundred of these small white-washed huts of stone, in all, but where are the men of this place? No more than fifty were lounging on the strip of waterfront, idly watching your ship as she warped in. No more than a score were to be seen along that row of buildings, just within the sea wall, which fringe one side of that open pleasantness of trees which shade that little park; no more than a hundred are lounging in the shady arcades of the town square you have just left. Their faces are bronzed olive. Their tunics are faded to a pale blue, their baggy trousers, of dark-blue cotton, are tucked into high boots of heavy black leather. Some have knotted turbans of bright cerise about their heads. A stout-bodied old man, his gray mustaches long as a pirate's but his eyes as meek as a shepherd's, moves slowly about, silently offering for sale little cakes and bright oranges, from a tray of plaited straw. His broad sash is of dark crimson. He seems unnecessarily energetic, even to move. The sun is warm and there is

drowsy silence in the little town. Port of Famagusta. . . .

And from this sleepy village you set off for Salamis. Take no one with you on the road to Salamis. On that dusty road, stretching out across the plain in the hot sun, you will surely meet three men. And when you have plodded on alone for an hour, until the little town has dropped from sight and only the expanse of plain and marsh dances in the heat before your eyes, you will see them trudging toward you from the north. They wear long robes, dusty from the road, and their sandals are worn from many miles. As they draw nearer and you recognize their faces, their names float back to you out of nineteen hundred years—Paul, and John, and Barnabas. They are tramping from Salamis to the city of Paphos, at the western end of the island, a hundred miles away. Have you a sense that the invisible goddess, whose birthplace is this lovely isle, stands watching them as curiously as you? Strange intruders on her domain, what do they portend? Will they do her harm? She laughs, she shrugs her lovely shoulders . . .

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,
And yokes her silver doves; by whose swift aid
Their mistress, mounted, through the empty skies
In her light chariot quickly is convey'd;
Holding their course to Paphos, where their queen
Means to immure herself, and not be seen.

What success have those three foot-sore and weary ghosts had in Salamis? They have left no record of any. "And when they were in Salamis, they preached." That is all that the record says of Salamis. But to see them at this instant, plodding indomitably forward under the hot sun; to catch a glance from their eyes as they pass, those terrible eyes that are about to strike blindness upon a sorcerer in Paphos . . .

They have gone by, and the plain is empty again.

Solitude is here, but it is not the solitude of a desert where men have *never* lived. The sunshine is hot with the lives of a thousand generations. Though you cannot create them, they are here, all around you. Do you see only the empty plain, and the empty road, dustily stretching on, toward Salamis?

How old is the world? They say that Eve and Adam came to life in a pagan garden—pagan, because there was no city there—which was only a few hundred miles eastward from Cyprus; and that in that land Eve's first sons dreamed of this very goddess. Her they called both Nin-Makh and Ishtar. She must be older far than either Babylon or Kish, that ancient city whose great courts are known to have been built six thousand years ago. Older far must be man's dream of this strange woman, the love-woman, the silver moon herself, walking on the earth, older far than Kish! The man of ancient Babylon asserted that Kish was founded immediately after the flood which had covered the earth had withdrawn. Noah, from the heights of Mount Ararat, nine hundred miles east of Cyprus, watched those limitless waters receding from the earth. His son Japheth ventured farther, in his time; and Japheth's son, Javan, still farther, in his generation; and Kittim, the son of Javan, says the ancient Hebrew chronicler, peopled Cyprus.

It had taken, then, if that chronicle be true, no more than four generations for the crossing of those nine hundred miles; and as those first children of the new earth toiled westward across those endless blue ranges they dreamed by night of this lovely ethereal woman of moonlight. Ishtar, the Babylonian goddess, was now Phœnician Ashtor-eth. They reached the Mediterranean coast at last and ventured in their flimsy boats to this blue isle of Cyprus, and onward, to the lovely isles of Greece; and there in Greece, Ashtor-eth's name became Astar-te. For the men of Greece dreamed of that woman, too.

But how old is the world? Were there

not men in Greece before the man Elim, Kittim's cousin, gave his name to her coasts? Were there not men in Cyprus before the man Kittim came down from Ararat and crossed Phœnicia and the sea and came to Cyprus? These men's names have survived, being written; but there were surely others, earlier than they, who left no record. . . .

No record, except a fragile and imperishable dream—this dream of men, that in this very place, this Cyprus, this island that we gaze at now, was born the immortal goddess herself.

The fragile dream is more imperishable than the stones of Egypt or of Babylonia. There is nothing older than this. There is nothing more serene in its assurance. It needs no graven stone to certify it. All that is here is a dream, a legend, more imperishable than the rock, a *sense* more potent than things seen: the certitude that *here* man first created a divinity. . . . Her signs are subtler than the shards of Nineveh and Tyre. Who came to meet your ship while still nearing this blue coast? Whose doves were those that fluttered at your feet? Whose name came to your lips at that first perfume of the wine?

Above you the sky arches in cloudless blue. Tramp on, alone, toward Salamis. The road is empty again. But in the distance again you see a swirl of rising dust. The dusty cloud draws nearer and you meet its cause—a flock of sheep and goats, whose shepherd strides beside them, tall, shod in knee-boots of thick leather, a white scarf loosely wrapped about his bronzed and mustached face. The herd is long-haired, white, with black faces; but the kids that trot beside their mothers are black and brown, or wholly black. They pass you, bleating; but one black goat breaks away in consternation and leaps a ditch and scampers away among the rocks.

How many thousands of years have vanished! When you saw Paul and John and Barnabas trudge past, not two thousand years separated you from them; but this shepherd and his flock passed by this way long, long before that day. He and they are as ancient as the goddess herself, who walks invisibly beside you. She knows them well, and smiles at them in friendly fashion. That black goat was sacred to her. You did well when you chose to tramp this road alone—had you had companions, she would not have evoked this herd, her living sign. . . .

Though they may never have heard even its name, all men dream, all their lives long, of visiting this isle. But it is not easy. It is so difficult for one to say that he *must* go there.

The words refuse to rise to our lips. We are afraid to speak, afraid to confess what the heart desires. We are afraid that he who listens will laugh at us. But, if we really knew, his heart is hiding the same shy wish. Some day, perhaps, we will break through, be liberated, tell our desires boldly.

III

And now you have come to Salamis. Where? Where stands any city? Here is no house, no temple. Here is Nothing. There is only the tangle of low green shrubs and stunted trees rising from the flat waste lands. There is no sign of habitation as far as the eye can see. Silence. Utter silence, under the dazzling blue sky.

Leave the dusty road and venture along a narrow cart-track that leads off into this wilderness of bushes. Soon you come to a vast clearing, empty, deserted. It is treeless. Grass, shrubs, and thorn-bushes have overrun it. It is the marketplace of ancient Salamis, a city of a million people.

A gray lizard rustles among the grasses near you. No other sound.

Little by little you make out the form of the vast building whose stones now lie buried at your feet. Here is the stone pedestal for a stone column which was once part of the open colonnades of this huge hall. Nine feet away is another. Then another, and another, and another

—seventy of these stone pedestals in line. The length of that stone-floored market-hall was more than six hundred feet. Beneath its high and airy ceiling merchants of Tyre, dark traders from Egypt and from Bagdad and from Hindustan, men of Rome, men of Athens, men of Alexandria, women and naked children, crowding all that great hall, jostled and laughed and bargained. And now its floor is covered with grass-grown earth, and you alone stand there, and see the gray lizard asleep upon its sun-warmed, tumbled columns.

There are only one or two of these pillars to be seen, lying prone among the weeds. One is eighteen feet long, another twice that length. There was, at one end of the enormous portico, fronting the blue sea, a columned portico, a hundred feet in width, the whole width of the edifice. Beside it, in the weeds, is propped up a single survivor of the marble capitals that crowned its columns. Rude flowers and fronds are carved upon its yellowed front. When men carved thus clumsily the world was still young. There too is the stump of a column, of red-grained stone, and an up-ended shaft of white marble upon whose upper face is carved the head of a lion.

Save for these fragments, there is nothing. . . .

The silence is unbroken. You will find nothing else, and nothing else is needed, to make you, in your loneliness, realize the age of the world. Once, a million men and women made their homes around this ruined forum. This spot, where you alone are standing, hummed with business and rang with ten thousand voices. But now there is . . . nothing.

The cart-path leads on through the tangle of scrubby trees and, if you follow it a few hundred yards, you will come to a rise of ground where the lonely cottage of a forester stands, from which you may look, in one direction, to the distant range of blue mountains, and, in another, to a sea incredibly blue. Behind the cottage is a grass-grown pit, in which broken fragments of marble lie scattered; and you may know that you have come to the spot where once stood the Temple of Zeus, greatest of the gods. But the silence still broods over the whole expanse of sea and land, and in that sunny glade there is a sense that only the goddess who was here before the city was, and before the temple was, and who will be here so long as men and women live, is near you now and is content in this warm silence of the earth.

She has her quiet smile at Time. In her own way, she evades him. She dwells, now, among the people of the little villages. They do not know her name, but this does not trouble her. There are potters in the village, and these men, fashioning wine-jars from red earth, sometimes adorn them with the crude representation of a woman's head. Her forehead they crown with a crescent moon, between whose upward pointing tips is placed the royal seal of a goddess. Not otherwise, in the long-vanished past, did men see Ashtoreth-Karnaim, the love-goddess upon whose brows rested the two-horned crescent moon. And the village potters, knowing not why, place upon her shoulders, as they fashion these wine-jars, bits of clay molded into the shapes of strange furry beasts, and at her breasts they place these baby wolves to suckle. They do not know that wolves were among her emblematic followers. If you ask them whom this woman of their wine-jars represents, they laugh and say they do not know her name, but only that the jar thus modeled has always represented her thus. It has come down, they stammer, with vague gestures, "from long time, ver' long time." Aye, from a time so ancient that even Salamis, that city whose very stones lie buried, had not yet been born.

Yes, she lives there still, there on the island of her birth. Her temples, that once stood on many a seaward-looking hill, are fallen now; but she has no need

of them. She lives in subtler ways. When you walked in the early morning on the heights above the drowsy seaport town and saw, in the dew-wet grass, blue flowers and yellow flowers blooming, she had but passed that way a moment before you. Her roses bloom there on the isle, mauve-petalled. Her golden fruit ripens on the dark-leaved orange trees. And when, in the blue dusk of evening, you watched a shadowy-sailed fishing-boat moving silently out to the dark sea, and, later, when the dark harbor twinkled with torches flaring on the boats of fishermen--then it is that she is breathing in the adoration that has been hers from men since first they ventured out upon the sea, her birthplace; and you know why men carved on the ancient coins of Cyprus, torches beside her image.

Delicate, evanescent, ethereal, more durable than marble, are her reminders on her lovely island. She saves the lightest, the faintest, the most lovely, for the last—for that reluctant hour when you depart.

As your ship, departing, rounds the southwestern coast of the island, it is again sunrise. You are rounding a headland; and the gentlest of breezes springs up astern, a favoring breeze, helping the ship along. What cape is this, you ask? Why, Cape Zephyros. Of course! It could not happen otherwise. Did you not reverence the goddess on the island? And is this breeze not Zephyros himself, the warm and gentle air that was her beloved attendant? She sends him to wish you happy voyage . . .

And now the morning sunrise strikes upon the long headlands that here front upon the sea. The sapphire sea rolls slowly inward towards them, to break in snowy surf upon their spray-glistening knees. Paphos lies just ahead. Here she was born. You have seen the spot now. Strain your eyes at that white burst of foam, and at that one, and at that—from which one of all those multitudinous bright waves is she not rising new-born once again? This moment, for any who will worship her, is the very moment of her birth—Aphrodite, the Foam-Born.

Her island fades from sight at last, as the ship goes on. But that was veritably she, whose white shoulders you saw rising from the sea at Cyprus.

You have seen, for once, something that does not exist, something that has *never* existed, except in dream. Yours is the secret of good fortune. You have tasted the wine peculiar to Cyprus.

OUR PASSION FOR LAWMAKING

AN EXPLORATION OF THE AMERICAN MIND

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

IN a recent article the ever-stimulating Mr. Duncan Aikman declares that we Americans are "not quite standardized yet," and that there is a good deal of individual freedom even in Kansas, yes, even in Tennessee. He refers to an argument he heard, in the latter state, about the "monkey laws." "So long as they remained largely ineffective," the arguer maintained, "little harm was done, and that little might in time be repaired."

"So long as they (the laws) remain largely ineffective, little harm is done" is perhaps one of the most common and perilous American formulæ. I have long tried to determine the mental and moral conditions that underlie our willingness to permit the enactment of unenforceable and ridiculous laws, our tendency to tithe ourselves mentally for the benefit of virtue, it being understood that nine-tenths of the mind revolts. Our general social hypocrisy, as expressed by the discrepancy between laws and the observance of them—our dozens of impossible or tongue-in-the-cheek statutes, openly flouted—has been matter for foreign comment these many years, and now, thanks to Prohibition, is being freely mentioned at home. Perhaps most of us are more light-minded than hypocritical. Mr. Hoover's reference to Prohibition as a "noble experiment" is presumably not hypocritical; but surely it is light-minded to confess blandly, without horror, that we have been experimenting within the Constitution of the United States. If you are testing a new serum you do not inoculate the whole population. The Constitution is no place for experiment, whether noble or ignoble.

As far as Prohibition goes, so much has been ably said by prominent and learned men that it would be tedious to use the Eighteenth Amendment even for illustration. Though it is an extreme case of legislative turpitude, we are all tired of it. We have not lacked men in high place to point out that we multiply laws to the point of absurdity; that the American's fondness for legislation is as inordinate as his love of motor cars or ice-cream soda. "Why don't they make a law about it?" is on the lips of every irritated citizen. Usually "they" do make a law about it, and irritations, alas! multiply. President Butler referred publicly, only a few days ago, to the fact that in many states the average citizen would be estopped from most of his normal Sunday activities if he paid any attention to laws actually on the statute-books.

It is not these facts, which are undisputed, that need detain us. The state of mind that permits conditions to be such is another matter.

No loyal lover of America is going to admit our hypocrisy, and let it go at that. He is going to try to find out why we are hypocritical; analyze the vicious or virtuous national traits that result in hypocrisy. He is not going to believe that the great body of his fellow-citizens has deliberately declared for evil. There must be some reason, besides moral tur-

pitude, why millions of Americans acquiesce daily in the passing of laws, ordinances, statutes that no intelligent man or woman believes can, or perhaps should be, enforced. The blame cannot all be laid on legislators, though legislators are more or less without honor in America, for the legislator's chief fear is of his constituents. If he did not think the people at home would like his vote, he would not vote that way. No: we are all guilty, voters as well as representatives. Most of us are not fanatics; I doubt if fanatical legislation could ever be put through on a big scale unless it were supported by non-fanatics for reasons of their own. We are not concerned at the moment, however, with the people who support such measures cynically, because they see private profit in them. We are concerned rather with the reasonable men and women who see the absurdity, who have no axe to grind, and who yet support the absurdity, or at least fail to fight it. What are their motives? Have they anything so definite as a motive? Why do they permit themselves to back impossible legislation about amusements, bed sheets, cigarettes, radical fraternities, and apple pies?

Most of them, one fears, feel with the Tennesseean that "so long as the laws remain largely ineffective, no harm is done." Thus, presumably, they salve their consciences—with poison. But just what is gained by putting them on the statute-books at all? Surely no sane and righteous man really prefers to live under the shadow of laws that he has no intention of obeying. The answer, one supposes, is that American hypocrisy is a tribute—a blind, a stupid, yet, paradoxically, a sincere tribute—to virtue. Also, we lack, on the whole, a sense of humor. Or perhaps it is more accurate to say that we keep our humor apart; that we do not let it penetrate our attitude to life. We park it with Will Rogers, and rent it out when we want it. We leave our humor, as we leave our public utilities, to experts; it plays little part in our private philosophy. We do not, you might say, really own it. This is not unimportant, for Americans have been wont to pride themselves on their humor. It seems fairly clear that if a sense of humor were truly inwrought into the American character, we should lack many of our most notable possessions, from the Eighteenth Amendment to Tall Cedars of Lebanon.

The fact is, I believe, that most Americans want to be good; and being good is a difficult business. We want so much to be good that we simply cannot bear to admit, publicly and formally, that we are not. Also, we are verbalists —also, we are solemn.

In former days, there used to be much sociological discussion of the advantages of licensed and inspected houses of prostitution. Elaborate surveys of foreign cities were made and reported on. Everyone knew that our cities were full of prostitutes, and the experts argued as to whether protection protected. I dare say they discovered that it does not; but whichever way the experts had decided, it would have made no difference. No American municipality, I imagine, could have brought itself to admit officially, by regulating it, that prostitution was normal. No more than any European nationals, did our citizens believe that it could be really abolished in their time—but they could not confess it. Laws, to the American mind, are not so much expedients as counsels of perfection. If we cannot all be good, let us at least say that everyone must be good. Hypocrisy, yes; but rather pathetic, on the whole, than detestable. It may make us an easy instrument for cynics, yet in itself it is a sort of last-ditch protest against the Devil. We shall be lured by him, we shall fall, we shall compromise with him, we shall even serve him, since we are all miserable sinners; but we will not confess to the acquaintance, and officially we shall cut him. If we once recognized him, the last barrier would be gone, and perhaps there would be no saving us. Our hypocrisy,

let our critics inveigh as they will, has been, in its deepest intent, a tribute to virtue.

A more experienced, more humorous, more practical people would have objected to the waste and absurdity of increasing legislation, increasingly defied; but we are verbalists, and still feel that words have a mystical value. Many of us feel, even, that a law once phrased and recorded develops some power of enforcing itself automatically, as if it were not a formula but a dynamo. When we pass a law we have a sense of having done something outside the realm of mere words. We may know that we ourselves cannot enforce it; but surely it will do something, of its own nature. This is mere fetishism, of course; all verbalists are dabblers in the magic art. If you say the right words, something far off will concretely happen, though your hand is not raised and only your lips have moved. I do not doubt that many of the people who supported Prohibition actually believed that the inclusion of it in the Constitution would turn a nation sober—not merely by the aid of guns and poisons, but by some miracle involved in the words of the amendment. Many intelligent Englishmen, I have heard, despise us for derogating from the dignity, altering the nature, of the Constitution, more than they dislike us for our position in regard to foreign debts. Prominent Americans have been pointing out at home, for some years, the political disgracefulness of the amendment. But the average American has only a vague conception of politics as a science or an art. Consistency, logic, principle, do not mean much to him. Political virtue, for him, consists in refraining from graft. He ignores the spirit of law, the theory of statecraft. Yet he does desire a diffused and general virtue, and he will take the most unethical means to achieve it. His attitude towards good-looking legislation is like that of the man who wants his wife to go to church. It is a gesture that may appease Something, a feeble signal in the direction of holiness. He is vague about it, stupid, superstitious—but well-intentioned. He truly wants to be on the side of the angels; and, unable or unwilling to analyze and understand the angelic strategy, he pays with words. This, it seems to me—not cynicism, greed, or dishonesty—is the real heart of American hypocrisy.

II

Besides this, being verbalists and being solemn, we rather like laws. We could never do with an unwritten constitution, like our friends, the British. We have a strong sense of "the majesty of the law"—so long as we are permitted to take it rhetorically. Law-abiding we are not, and never have been—men seldom are in new country; but we do like a grave formula, properly engrossed, to express our most violent decisions. We are capable of rolling under our tongues, with delight, even the phrases of a statute we expect to ignore. We divorce precept from performance, yet we do really love the precept. We love making laws; probably because we are able to regard them as existing in and for themselves, to isolate them, imaginatively, from all the chain of events and circumstance that they draw in their wake.

One need not cite instances, since we all live and suffer under some statutes which are a disgrace to us because disregarded, and under others which are an annoyance because enforced. We do not like to repeal anything. As I said, we love laws; we regard them mystically. It can have escaped no observer that the tendency of American reformers is almost never to teach, to educate public opinion, to prove gradually to the citizenry the value of the reform, but always, alas! by intimidation, blackmail, bribery, any quick means whatsoever, to jam legislation through, and then to depend on the strong arm of the government, state or federal, to carry out the reformers' ideas. We are not logical: loving to make laws, we make them

hastily, looking neither before nor after, we go in for "noble experiments"—and we have not the willingness to repeal that should go with the haste to legislate. Even the law that was passed for some dirty political reason, to profit the cynical few, has a tendency to remain on the statute-books forever. We will break it at our convenience, for we are not law-abiding; but we will keep it there, in its completeness, because we are law-adoring. Ju-ju: plain Ju-ju. Though the idol was made by our own hands, it has now become a god.

The state of New Jersey, in which I live, cannot be reckoned among the fanatical communities of the country. Our minor children may buy and use Colt automatics and cigarettes; bed sheets may be of any length the proprietor of the bed chooses; divorces may be granted on reasonable grounds; parochial schools flourish unmolested; and, for all I know to the contrary, evolution may be taught in state-supported institutions. But we cannot have Sunday movies or Sunday baseball; and some years ago there was a serious if ineffectual attempt to prevent, in New Jersey, the Sunday delivery of ice or milk. Undoubtedly the State Commissioner for Motor Vehicles has had his troubles. He has been stern about revoking licenses, merciless indeed to transgressors. He has made an admirable commissioner, and many of us hope that he will be the next governor of New Jersey. But if it is at his recommendation that recent legislation has been enacted, he has fallen into the easy American habit of "making a law about it"—a law that cannot be enforced.

After January 1, 1929, I understand, no one under the age of twenty-one will be able to acquire a driver's license in this state. Any one who lives on the Lincoln Highway between New York and Philadelphia knows perforce something about the dangers of traffic. Any one who has watched the driving of cars knows who does the best driving. Apart from the occasional tipsy driver, the people who imperil us all most frequently are the citizens of voting age who drive busses and trucks; and it is pretty safe to say that the younger you are, the better you drive. In California, one can get a license at the age of fourteen. There are, I believe, more cars in proportion to the population in California than in any other state—to say nothing of the heavy tourist travel—and there are far fewer serious accidents. "Hitch-hiking," if the hiker stands in the roadway, has become illegal in New Jersey. To refuse a license to any one under twenty-one can actually be done, however unjust and unwise the doing of it; but hitch-hiking cannot be stopped unless every road in the state is patrolled, day and night, by policemen a hundred yards apart. In other words, it cannot be done at all. Just another statute for citizens to ignore and—preserve. Many of us (especially parents!) disapprove of hitch-hiking. Yet the truth is, one supposes, that unless something worse than the begging of a ride is attempted, there is no moral harm in it. The motorist is free to ignore the begging signal; no one need ever give any one else a lift. Perhaps the intent of the law is to warn all motorists that any one begging a ride after September 1st thereby registers himself a lawbreaker and, therefore, one not to be trusted with life or property.

Unfortunately, these classifications do not work. The children who, year after year, transgress local ordinances by buying and using firecrackers throughout the month of July are not necessarily murderers or thieves. Though they disturb the neighborhood peace, they are doing it no more effectually than the citizens who place their loud speakers in open windows—who are breaking no law. The schoolboys who beg rides have no criminal intent, and indulge in no harmful gestures. Yet they are to be known as lawbreakers. These classifications do not work, for they do not really classify. The object of legislation, presumably, is to separate sheep from goats; by forbidding malefactions,

to define malefactors very clearly. No one can pretend that this is the achievement of a lot of statutes which we are familiar with. In Massachusetts one can go to movies on Sunday, though I believe one must forego, on Sunday, the longer clinches. In New Jersey, we cannot even go to "The Ten Commandments" or "The King of Kings" on Sunday. A malefactor in New Jersey is an honest citizen in New York or Massachusetts. Which in itself shows that statutes do not correctly classify.

III

It has been sufficiently shown by others that this spawning of laws is bad for our morals, since the citizenry that flouts one law with a good conscience tends to lose respect for all laws. We cheapen law itself, the whole principle of self-government, by enacting laws that public opinion will not sanction. Crime waves more or less naturally result from the national attitude to legislation. This, thank heaven, is becoming a platitude; one need not dwell on it. What is interesting, deeply concerning, is the reason for our acceptance of these conditions. How did we get to the point where a good citizen can say that "so long as the law remains largely ineffective, little harm is done"? I doubt if it was cynically meant.

We got a good distance on the way to it, no doubt, when we began to look upon legislation not as a vital necessity, something the community could not safely exist without, but as an opportunity for "noble experiment." The more we were convinced that legal experimenting was noble, the more experiments we tried. Laymen turned loose in a laboratory . . . the difference being that, in a laboratory, the experiment that does not work is frankly called unsuccessful, and discarded. It is not hallowed and perpetuated. If you have once proved that like poles do not attract each other, you do not, in a laboratory, go on pretending that they do. As citizens, we have not learned—or perhaps we have forgotten—that we should accumulate our evidence before we pontificate; that no law should be passed at all until there is overwhelming reason to suppose that it is both necessary and workable. All governance of a changing world must in a sense be plastic, and new conditions imply new needs. Unfortunately, along with our willingness to experiment, goes this reverence for the original hypothesis, this determination to preserve the formula though it be proved out of date or simply vicious. It is notorious that it is far easier to get the most absurd or patently corrupt law passed than to get the same law repealed. Why?

Because, as we have said, our laws are mostly well-meant. Being, on the whole, an unpractical people, outside of whatever happens to be our own individual business, we do not envisage government as a practical problem. We expect our mere intentions to count more heavily than they possibly can. We expect, as has been said, a law to show some mystic power of its own to bring about the things we virtuously desire. If it does not work, we do not sufficiently blame ourselves for not having foreseen its impracticability. Our hearts were pure; we hoped for the best; and at least the world must see how nobly we intended. It would be a pity, merely because original sin is always complicating matters, to expunge that proof of our pure intent from the statute-books.

No, not wholly hypocrisy, I maintain, though even the dullest of us are becoming hypocrites, since even the dullest of us can see that we are legislating beyond the bounds of common sense. We have come to this condition of affairs through a pathetic belief in the formula, through our too great theoretical respect for laws, which we balance (perhaps inevitably) by an increasing practical disrespect. It arose, in the beginning, not from cynicism, but from over-much faith. Our unwillingness to repeal bad laws bears witness to that theoretical

respect, still lurking in our hearts. When we non-fanatics support fanatical legislation we do not do it with a wink or a sneer; we do it, rather, in hope, with some measure of that superstitious faith still left in us. Besides, like children, we like to make contraptions that will "go" even if they wobble dangerously. We are a little intoxicated by our power to phrase something which can bring policemen and penalties in its train. We are solemn, but not, perhaps, very serious. Our lack of the humor which is part of the equipment of the serious man —humor being, presumably, a lively sense of the incongruous, in whatever field—is offset by our light-mindedness. It is perfectly possible to be both solemn and light-minded: to pull a long face, yet shirk one's job.

It is notorious—I seem to be mentioning only notorious facts—that, as citizens, we Americans do shirk our job. Look at the statistics of non-voters. If municipal, state, or national governments are at any time in the hands of corrupt or selfish or stupid men, the voting population has, in the last analysis, only itself to thank. The men who had nothing to gain from office, in money or prestige, long since (with rare exceptions) ceased to give their time and energy to politics. Politics was (or is it only that for this reason it became? the circle seems to be vicious, wherever you start) a "dirty game." It is not fair, however, to put all the blame on the politicians. They must, after all, obey their mandates or eventually lose their posts. Who can say that our representatives do not represent? If we have foolish laws, it is because we either like them or do not take sufficient interest in the matter to see to it that laws shall be sensible. Most of us, I believe, really do not like foolish laws, but we cannot take the trouble to analyze our discontent. And there is always the possibility that the counsel of perfection will perfect—somebody. If our legislators are representative citizens—and one assumes that they are—they too, no doubt, like counsels of perfection, and feel mystical potentialities therein. The idea of examining a law, as you examine any other mechanical creation of man, to see that it is logically fashioned for its purpose, stresses and strains calculated, etc., etc., is no more indigenous to their brains than to ours. Besides, they, too, like lawmaking. They, too, no doubt, are solemn, mystical, and verbalists.

The poison in the body politic is not so much the fanatics who, owing to our superstition and our solemnity, are able to enact their prejudices into law, as it is our fundamental American attitude to law itself. If we did not love laws mystically, as children and savages love them, we should not have so many; there would not be the insane march on Washington to get federal sanction for measures that belong only among municipal ordinances, or state statutes, if they belong anywhere. Laws are to us at once toys and idols. We itch to make them, the more the better; having made them, we must put them in a sacred grove and try to make the tribe worship. Then, looking upon the grinning face of the god, seeing, perhaps, human blood once spilt before him, we come, all in the way of animism, to believe in his mystical existence.

At the same time, since we cannot wholly forget, once out of the grove, that we made him ourselves, from blood, clay, dung, and bark, we do not hesitate, once out of the grove, to disobey him.

Is it not time we discovered what laws are really for, and according to what principles they should be compounded?

THE MOVIES COMMIT SUICIDE

BY GILBERT SELDES

AFTER some twenty years of being only in its infancy, the moving picture which gave promise of an interesting adult life, has gone suddenly senile—and garrulous. It is talking at the top of its voice, talking to itself, talking in its sleep. Terrified perhaps by the threat of radio broadcasting, it has incorporated radio in itself.

Mingled emotions follow. Those who always disliked the movies now see its single virtue lost—that of silence—and are certain that nothing particularly important will come out of the lispings of the vocal film. The purists are horrified by a *mélange de genres*, the æsthetes of the cinema complain that the problem of each art should be solved in the medium of that art, without calling in alien effects, and assert that an animated Discobolus would not improve on Myron; and those who simply liked the old movie wonder whether the industry, by the process of committing suicide, will not win salvation for the cinematic art.

The introduction of speech (not of sound) is suicide for the movie in the sense that, given speech, the old movie ceases to exist. A new thing, possessing no acceptable name, but temporarily called "the talkie" or "the speakie," comes into being, with an entirely new range, new problems, and new opportunities. It uses some of the mechanical devices of the old moving picture; but so far it has used them for quite different purposes. A deaf man seeing a talking picture would (if he were also a critic) say that, except mechanically, it had no relation to the established technic and debatable art of the movies. If, in addition to being deaf and a critic, he were also a prophet, he would say that this new form needed above everything else to discover its own appropriate materials and to develop in accordance with its own capacities, cutting itself off as far as possible from the two forms of entertainment to which it is related by machinery: the stage and the silent movie. If, in addition to being a deaf and prophetic critic, he were also an historian, he would know that the moving picture has never developed by internal compulsion, that it has always associated with dubious characters, and that almost all its children have been just a trace illegitimate.

The critics, in their time, have provided some good laughs for the small proportion of moving-picture producers who can, and do, read criticism of their work. Several of them suggested many years ago that association with the stage was not desirable for the movies and that the theater would ruin the cinema, not vice versa. Again, becoming constructive, as all critics should be, they wondered in print why the producers limited themselves to unadaptable material and turned out dramas exclusively, when they could create films of historical or biographical interest. I remember the look of blank hostility on the face of a director filming a celebrated vamp when I told him that the movie was overworking plot and that a good movie could be made with a minimum of narrative complications. According to the critics, the future of the movie lay in a more supple and imaginative use of the camera—whereas it was common knowl-

edge that the future of the movie lay in spending millions of dollars filming the actual room in which Napoleon once kissed Josephine. Once, when nostalgia for the good old days overcame me, I breathed a hope for the restoration of the spirit of the old Western melodrama.

The rigid conservatism of the very young made the critics ridiculous until non-dramatic, historical and biographical, almost plotless movies, and refashioned Westerns, all using the camera in new and delightful ways, were made by directors who listened neither to critics nor to financiers, but worked on their own initiative, with their own material. A few of these movies made money; many failed. The critics, a far more alert and intelligent and respected group than those who observed the movie fifteen years ago, are now turning to the talking picture. My only suggestion is that the new industry needs æstheticians and critics more than press agents. Between them the critics and the scientists may create something.

The first thing they should do is spend a dozen years perfecting the mechanism and studying the history of the films. A worshipful silence, like the minute at noon of a great anniversary, should be imposed for that period, at the end of which a three-volume report might be placed in the hands of the gentlemen who now think that you can tack on sound and dialogue to a silent picture, without throwing the entire thing out of equilibrium. The report should lead off with a brief survey of the condition of the movies when the talking films arrived.

II

The fact that the moving picture as a going industry and a possible art was in a bad way a few years ago, is no longer a secret. For a time the news was kept from the public by an enormous ballyhoo about presentations. In the advertisements of the great metropolitan film houses it was almost impossible to discover what, if any, film was being shown, as all available space was taken with publicity for the singers, instrumentalists, jazz leaders, comedians, dancers and all the other elements which were meant to conceal from the movie-going public the perfectly obvious fact that the movies themselves were not worth seeing. One of the largest of these houses in two years of weekly changes has hardly presented a passable film to millions of thoroughly satisfied spectators. Sensitive people disliked these pretentious entertainments, because they were bad in themselves; those who cared for the movies felt that the elaboration of secondary things meant only that the moving picture had abdicated in its claim to entertain the multitude. The Publix chain of theaters outside of the big cities was served by traveling units of entertainers, so that it was only in independent and outlying theaters that exhibitors had to depend upon the moving picture itself to draw their customers.

At the same time the moving picture came of age. While the movies shown in the intervals between the third movement of the "Pathétique Symphony" and a chorus of a hundred singing "My Little Gray Home in the West" were almost all tasteless, stupid, and badly made, a handful of films by German, Russian, and American directors indicated that the possibilities of the moving picture as a decent art were at last beginning to be appreciated by the producers. In a sense "The Last Laugh," made by F. W. Murnau, marked the turning point in the movie's history. It was the first picture which completely and exclusively expressed itself in cinematic terms. It fully exploited the technic of the camera and used for its effects only such things as the camera could legitimately record. For a few weeks American directors went mad over "camera angles," but as they never had more than the slightest notion of what a moving picture should be, their angles had no meaning and were promptly discarded as a foreign trick. The outstanding exception to this statement is Mr.

King Vidor, who always understood the nature of the moving picture and adapted the German technic to his own methods, notably in "The Crowd."

"The Last Laugh," standing as the culmination of cinematic technic, should have been the beginning of the art of the movies. It seems, however, to have been the end, for almost simultaneously with its appearance there came to the moving picture houses the first examples of the tonal picture which is to-day precisely in the infantile stage of the silent picture of about twenty years ago. It is an instrument of enormous capacities in the hands of people who seem totally incapable of finding out to what use it should be put. As a novelty, the tonal picture attracts the crowd, brings back those whom the vapidity of recent pictures has offended, and threatens the life of both the silent picture and the stage.

By the first of next January it is expected that some fifteen hundred moving picture houses will be equipped to show movies with sound accompaniment. The Western Electric Company, which manufactures the equipment, is swamped with orders for many months ahead; but even if it works overtime, and if the Radio Corporation of America, which manufactures a rival mechanism, does as much, they will still leave untouched the remaining eighteen thousand moving picture houses in America. At the same time, one of the great moving picture producers is providing all his pictures with sound effects, and two of the others will have sound synchronized for a great many of their films. A quiet version, as they call it, is, of course, being made for each of these sound films; but it is the expectation of the producers that films with talking sequences, at least, will eventually displace the silent movie. How the smaller houses are going to find as much as fifteen thousand dollars for the installation of the new equipment is a serious question. Possibly the producing companies will finance them and thus strengthen their hold over the exhibitor, who is now between the devil and the deep sea, if a rival house has the equipment which he lacks.

Most houses now being wired can use either the Vitaphone (Warner Brothers) or the Movietone (Fox). In both a microphone, similar to that of the ordinary radio broadcasting room, picks up sound waves and changes them into electrical vibrations. In the Vitaphone these electrical vibrations are recorded on a large disc geared precisely to the speed of the camera taking the action. In the Movietone the electrical vibrations are transformed by the use of a light which writes a record on the edge of the moving picture film itself. (The Photophone and the Cinephone also record on the film, and the Bristolphone and the Cortellophone record on discs.) Several other mechanisms have been announced, but except for the Vitaphone, Movietone, and Photophone, none has yet been heard in public. In every case the electrical record is re-translated into sound and is carried from the disc or film to amplifiers or other devices placed behind the screen. When discs are made the difficulty of absolute synchronization in production is still encountered and, in all systems now in use, the instruments have shown a disinclination to reproduce the letters "s" and "z," causing strong men to lisp and ingénues to say to young heroes, "You are a puddle to me."

The mechanical defects are naturally points of attack at the present time, but they seem to me totally unimportant. Synchronization in projection which used to fail two years ago, giving a delightful and ludicrous effect, is now virtually perfect; the voices of trained actors and of inept movie players still sound hollow and unreal, but an ear accustomed to the radio and the phonograph soon loses discrimination in that respect. The most serious defect to me is the placing of the voice which sometimes seems to issue directly from the mouth of a speaker and again, when a close-up reveals the entire gullet of a young woman shrieking in agony, the

voice seems to be issuing from her cheek or possibly from a void in the upper left-hand corner of the screen. It should, however, be a simple matter to arrange a battery of amplifiers behind the screen and by some means switch on the particular instrument which is behind the figure temporarily talking. Teachers of elocution are reported working overtime in Hollywood, and actors and playwrights are being drawn to California or into the Eastern studios, so that moderately intelligent words will be at least moderately intelligible in the new films.

A serious displacement of moving picture favorites is also likely to occur. Probably a more intelligent type of player will be required and the young woman who looks well in a close-up or a young man who expresses "it" by jumping over six-foot fences, will receive less fan mail than those whose voices register warmly and clearly and who learn the new technic of acting which the talking film requires.

The producers of the new movies are so confused in their own minds that when you question the æsthetic value of the movie with dialogue, they almost invariably refer you to the success of the synchronous news reel, or inform you that by the new mechanism the smallest theater can have a perfect musical accompaniment, played by an orchestra of one hundred and twenty-five men, for all of its films. It happens that the problems are entirely different. There can be no doubt that, whatever happens to the talking movie, the news reel will hereafter always be accompanied by its own natural sounds and the feature film, in nine cases out of ten, will have a synchronized musical accompaniment. Once having heard and seen a flight of aeroplanes or a regiment marching to its own band, the average movie-goer will reject the silent film with applied noises; and the improvisations of an underpaid pianist will make way for the carefully prepared score which can be played even in the off-hour presentations of the feature film. The important thing to note is that neither of these has anything to do with the art of the movie.

Before coming to that debatable ground, there are a few points relating to the talking movie itself. As I have suggested, the new devices have saved the skins of the producers. Particularly, the Warner Brothers, owners of Vitaphone, have arrived at eminence in the industry after a career based almost entirely on the exploitation of Rin-Tin-Tin, who was said to have saved them from bankruptcy years ago, and of John Barrymore, who, in four years, has sacrificed the foremost talent of the American stage in order to become a moving-picture actor considerably below the level even in that undistinguished profession. Other producing firms are hurrying to make up for lost time, although none of them as yet has solved the problem of producing a film in which English is spoken and marketing that film abroad.

Mr. Robert F. Sisk, writing in the *American Mercury* a few months ago, said that the industry "now receives about forty per cent of its total income from its foreign sales." It is quite possible that English-speaking countries will listen to the American language, although the experience of American audiences in listening to cockney English (in "The Terror") was not reassuring. At the present time European producers are thinking about making talking films, but there the problem is even more complicated, as the market for a French, German, or Swedish film is definitely limited to the country of production and a few scattered outposts. The film which in a universal language seldom said anything of importance, gives up its claim to universality the moment it begins to talk in a single tongue. The solution of the financial dilemma for the producers seems to be the manufacture of films in which dialogue is concentrated in two or three sequences, with these sequences made in several languages.

III

The difficulty in persuading most directors that they face a new problem in the talking movie is due to the fact that they have not solved the principles of the silent movie. Above all, they have not shown any awareness of the fact that the motion picture expresses itself in motion, that movement and change of pace and gesture and pantomime are their natural materials. Only a few of them have shown any knowledge of light and shade and of masses. Almost all of them have considered those movies best which were the most accurate transcription of actuality. The moving picture, itself an instrument which transposes reality and is capable of recording everything fantastic, has not been used by imaginative men.

Speech adds another element of realism and weighs down the balance in favor of the movies' weakness. At the same time, the moment a character begins to speak from the screen his bodily unreality becomes marked—at least until one becomes accustomed to it. So far, the directors have been enchanted with this novelty and have repeatedly interrupted the lines of movement in order to let a character speak and have concentrated attention on the speaker by semi-close-ups which completely destroy all sense of action and of movement. I am told that this is entirely unnecessary, and that actors can move freely about the stage, backward and forward, with perfect registration of their voices. This would mean that in a good movie movement need not be broken by speech. Nevertheless, it would be a nice question for a director to determine his emphasis, because if you have to watch a line of movement and listen to a line of speech, one is very likely to interrupt the other. The talking picture in the next few years is very likely to use such material as will exploit its novelty. Technically, there is no reason why "The Importance of Being Earnest" should not be made into a talking film, but the director who makes it will either invent artificial action to keep the eye entertained, or make a series of virtually still pictures out of which epigrams issue.

The necessity for supplying novelty is so great in movies that even this moderate prediction may not be fulfilled. As early as the second all-talking picture, "The Terror," noises had ceased to be a novelty and were deliberately kept out of the picture, so that a dozen people running down hardwood stairs made no sound whatever, whereas a single person talking filled the auditorium. Doors slammed, chairs were moved, missiles were hurled to the accompaniment of music, but without any sound of their own. A few people in the auditorium laughed at the absurdity of this, but the producer felt that the noise of a slamming door was no longer entertainment and insisted that their talking picture should talk, but otherwise show no sign of tonal life. Another instance of a prevailing confusion was seen in "The Perfect Crime," which went on for most of its length as an ordinary moving picture and suddenly burst into speech quite effectively, with a newsboy shouting extras for a murder. When the time came to end the talking sequence the director was not so skillful, for, instead of going into an outdoor scene, or a situation in which no sound could occur, the scene which immediately followed the talking sequence was an animated dialogue between two characters who seemed temporarily to have lost their voices. For a few minutes the effect was disconcerting and then with a sigh of relief, one fell back into the old moving picture.

IV

The effect of the new movies on the stage will depend largely on its effect on the old movie. According to the enthusiasts, the silent movie is doomed. I should say that in that case the stage, although it has nothing whatever in common with the silent movie, will also go under. If the talking movie can un-

dermine one, it can undermine the other. There are two further possibilities. The first, because it requires a certain amount of common sense and self-restraint, is not likely to occur. It is the application of sound devices to the moving picture only where sound is required, where the movie itself is inadequate. This would cover the news reel, scenics, the synchronized musical accompaniment for feature films, and the rare intrusions of dialogue wherever a director was willing to confess that he had to go outside of his own medium to express his ideas completely. This would mean putting the art of the movie above the finances of the moving-picture industry —a sacrifice easily made by critics and never by producers. The alternative, which I think very likely to happen, is that the film with full dialogue will become a separate form of entertainment, drawing to itself nearly everything tawdry and vulgar in the silent film and leaving the silent film in the hands of people, mostly foreigners and amateurs, able to appreciate its values. That is to say, the moving picture is committing suicide, but at the same time is achieving salvation. If that happens, the talking picture, which will include the musical comedy picture, will also draw off from the stage a number of impurities, leaving to it only such playwrights, producers, and actors who care intensely for the art of the theater.

It is a little too early to declare that the talking moving picture will become the cesspool for both the movie and the stage. I think that this is likely to happen because the movies are still in the hands of producers and directors who seem never to have taken the slightest interest in their own medium, have never studied its resources, its mechanism and its technic, and its effect. If they wish to make something even moderately valuable out of the talking movie, they need to import new intelligence (which they are doing at a great rate) and to put into new hands the direction of the new instrument (which they certainly will not do). It is interesting to note that intelligent people now in the moving pictures are extraordinarily dubious about the new development. Chaplin is in favor of sound effects but not of dialogue and says, "Motion pictures need dialogue as much as Beethoven symphonies need lyrics." Mr. William Le Baron, himself a playwright, is working hard with the Photophone but moving cautiously. Ralph Block, probably the only American theorist engaged in the movies, says, "It looks as though the movie producers are going to allow the talkies to set them back to the first childhood of the movies," and Mr. King Vidor summed up the entire matter to me, when he said that speech will be used by those directors who do not understand the capacities of the moving pictures, whereas those who do will extend their mastery over their own instrument instead of calling in an alien element.

One happy event we can foresee: the disappearance of the old film to which a sound accompaniment has been tacked on. Never exactly shy in the presence of a chance to make money, the producers who had no sound films made them overnight by the simple process of recording a few more or less appropriate sounds, the whir of aeroplanes, the slamming of doors, and a lot of loud music. All of these, carefully timed, make a sound picture out of a quiet one; the last thing the producers care about is the complete lack of balance which such pictures show. Inartistic as they are, these old pictures have a certain relation between their parts and this relation is completely destroyed when "appropriate sounds" are applied.

This internal relation, which constitutes the rhythm of the film, is generally neglected by directors. Obviously the "quiet" counterpart of a film with dialogue must be twisted out of its natural form and no amount of cutting will conceal the fact that it is not living by its own properties. It will be a cartoon lacking light and shade, mass and color,

but the directors seem to think that a few captions displacing a few dialogues will make it a work of art.

It seems to me that the effect of the photographic camera on painting will be paralleled by the effect of the talking picture on the moving picture. The camera made realism in painting unnecessary. The silent picture, in the same way, may be relieved of all obligation to record the actual and give itself up to fantasy and imagination. For the next ten years the two types of movie are going to be engaged in a purely economic struggle. If the talking type continues on the road it has taken in the last year, it will end by the simple translation to the screen of stage plays, to which it will add certain scenes and actions which the stage cannot present. It will have a minimum of illusion and will make a minimum appeal to the imagination. For the effect of speech in the movies is definitely to check the imagination by preventing it from going free. A sensitive spectator at the old movie was almost always aware of what the sub-title should say and usually found the actual title crude in comparison. He had, however, long intervals between the printed words for the exercise of his imaginative powers, and these intervals would have become longer and more frequent as the moving picture became more completely expressive. If the silent film develops separately, one thing it will have to learn to do—to omit the long and rather tiresome scenes in which people sit and move their lips at each other. It will have to stop challenging comparison with the talking picture. The silent film may preserve a popular place for itself; but if it does not, it will become the plaything of amateurs, thousands of whom are now making films, and begin its development exactly at the point where the commercial producers left off—that is, at the point of becoming an independent art.

THIS ONLY

BY MARCIA LEWIS LEACH

NO wealth nor fame I want with love of mine,
This only must I ask: that you revere
The hymeneal note of lark or hear
White birches murmur in a grove divine,
Like nuns o'ertelling beads in sainted shrine;
That you shall feel the stars are very near
To mountain's crest when skies are strangely clear;
And we as slaves to Beauty shall resign.
Oh, then we'll build a temple strong, with hoard
Of jewels, censers burning mystic fire;
Where holy wine forever will be stored,
And at the altar high of Heart's Desire,
We'll worship, knowing men will be afraid
To try profane where lately gods have strayed.

BLOSSOM AND FRUIT

A STORY

BY STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

WHEN the spring was in its mid-term and the apple trees entirely white they would walk down by the river, talking as they went, their voices hardly distinguishable from the voices of birds or waters. Their love had begun with the winter they were both in their first youth. Those who watched them made various prophecies—none of which was fulfilled—laughed, criticized, or were sentimental according to the turn of their minds. But these two were ignorant of the watching and, if they had heard the prophecies, they would hardly have understood them.

Between them and the world was a wall of glass—between them and time was a wall of glass—they were not conscious of being either young or old. The weather passed over them as over a field or a stream—it was there but they took no account of it. There was love and being alive, there was the beating of the heart, apart or together. This had been, this would be, this was—it was impossible to conceive of a world created otherwise. He knew the small shape of her face, in dreams and out of them; she could shut her eyes, alone, and feel his hands on her shoulders. So it went, so they spoke and answered, so they walked by the river. Later on, once or twice, they tried to remember what they had said—a great deal of nonsense?—but the words were already gone. They could hear the river running; he could remember a skein of hair; she, a blue shirt open at the throat and an eager face. Then, after a while, these too were not often remembered.

All this had been a number of years ago. But now that the old man had returned at last to the place where he had been born, he would often go down to the river-field. Sometimes a servant or a grandchild would carry the light camp chair and the old brown traveling-rug; more often he would go alone. He was still strong—he liked to do for himself; there was no use telling him he'd catch his death walking through the wet grass, it only set him in his ways.

When at last he had reached his goal—a certain ancient apple tree whose limbs were entirely crooked with bearing—he would set the chair under it, sit down, wrap his legs in the rug, and remain there till he was summoned to come in. He was alone but not lonely; if anyone passed by he would talk; if no one passed he was content to be silent. There was almost always a book in his lap, but he very seldom read it; his own life, after all, was the book that suited him best, it did not grow dull with rereading. There is little to add, he thought, little to add; but he was not sorry. The text remained; it was a long text, and many things that had seemed insignificant and obscure in the living took on sudden clarities and significances, now he remembered.

Yes, he thought, that is how most people live their actual lives—skimming it through, in a hurry to get to the end and find out who got married and who got rich. Well, that's something that

can't be helped. But when you know the end you can turn back and try to find out the story. Only most people don't want to, he thought, and smiled. Looks too queer to suit them—reading your own book backwards. But it's a great pleasure to me. He relaxed, let his hands lie idle in his lap, let the pictures drift before his eyes.

The picture of the boy and girl by the river. He could stand off from it now and regard it, without sorrow or longing; no ghost cried in his flesh because of it, though it was a part of that flesh and with that flesh would die. And yet, for a moment, he had almost been in the old mood again, recovered the old ecstasy. Whatever love was, he had been in love at that time. But what was love?

They met by stealth because of reasons no longer important; it lasted through all of one long dry summer in the small town that later became a city. Outside, the street baked, the white dust blew up and down, but it was fresh and pleasant in the house.

She was a dark-haired woman, a widow, some years older than he—he was a young man in a tall collar, his face not yet lined or marked but his body set in the pattern which it would keep. Her name was Stella. She had a cool voice, sang sometimes; they talked a great deal. They made a number of plans which were not accomplished—they were hotly in love.

He remembered being with her one evening toward the end of summer, in the trivial room. On the table was a bowl of winesaps—he had been teasing her about them—she said she liked the unripened color best. They talked a little more, then she grew silent; her face, turned toward his, was white in the dusk.

That autumn an accident took him away from the town. When he came back, a year later, she had moved to another state. Later he heard that she had married again, and the name of the man. A great while later he read of her death.

The old man's rug had slipped from his knees; he gathered it up again and tucked it around him. He could not quite get back into the man who had loved and been loved by Stella, but he could not escape him, either. He saw that youth and the boy who had walked by the river. Each had a woman by his side, each stared at the other hostilely, each pointing to his own companion, said, "This is love." He smiled a trifle dubiously at their frowning faces—both were so certain—and yet he included them both. Which was right, which wrong? He puzzled over the question but could come to no decision. And if neither were right—or both—why then, what was love?

You certainly strike some queer things when you read the book backwards, he thought. I guess I'd better call it a day and quit. But, even as he thought so, another picture arose.

They had been married for a little more than two years, their first child was eight months old. He was a man in his thirties, doing well, already a leader in the affairs of the growing town. She was five years younger, tall for a woman; she had high color in those days. They had known comparatively little of each other before their marriage—indeed, had not been very deeply in love; but living together had changed them.

He came back to the house on Pine Street, told the news of his day, heard about the neighbors, the errands, the child. After dinner they sat in the living room, he smoked and read the newspaper, she had sewing in her lap. They talked to each other in snatches; when their eyes met, something went, something came. At ten o'clock she went upstairs to feed the child; he followed some time later. The child was back in its crib again; they both looked at her a moment—sleep already lay upon her like a visible weight—how deeply, how swiftly she sank towards sleep! They went out, shut the door very softly, stood for a moment in the hallway, and embraced. Then the woman released herself.

"I'm going to bed now, Will," she said. "Be sure and turn out the lights when you come up."

"I won't be long," he said. "It's been a long day."

He stretched his arms, looking at her. She smiled deeply, turned away. The door of their room shut behind her.

When he had extinguished the lights and locked the doors he went up to the long garret that stretched the whole length of the house. They had had the house only two years, but the garret had already accumulated its collection of odds and ends; there were various discarded or crippled objects that would never be used again, that would stay here till the family moved, till someone died. But what he had come to see was a line of apples mellowing on a long shelf, in the dusty darkness. They had been sent in from the farm—you could smell their faint, unmistakable fragrance from the doorway. He took one up, turned it over in his hand, felt its weight and texture, firm and smooth and cool. You couldn't get a better eating apple than that, and this was the right place for them to mellow.

Mary's face came before him, looking at him in the hallway; the thought of it was like the deep stroke of a knife that left, as it struck, no pain. Yes, he thought, I'm alive—we're pretty fond of each other. Some impulse made him put down the apple and push up the little skylight of the garret to let the air blow in on his face. It was a clean cold—it was autumn; it made the blood run in him to feel it. He stood there for several minutes, drinking in cold autumn, thinking about his wife. Then at last he shut the skylight and went downstairs to their room.

A third couple had joined the others under the tree, a third image asserted itself, by every settled line in its body, the possessor not only of a woman but of a particular and unmistakable knowledge. The old man observed one and all, without envy but curiously. If they could only get to talking with one another, he thought, why then, maybe, we'd know something. But they could not do it—it was not in the cards. All each could do was to make an affirmation, "This is love."

The figures vanished, he was awake again. When you were old you slept lightly but more often, and these dreams came. Mary had been dead ten years; their children were men and women. He had always expected Mary to outlive him, but things had not happened so. She would have been a great comfort. Yet when he thought of her dead, though his grief was real, it came to him from a distance. He and she were nearer together than he and grief. And yet if he met her again it would be strange.

The flower came out on the branch, the fruit budded and grew. At last it fell or was picked, and the thing started over again. You could figure out every process of growth and decline, but that did not get you any nearer the secret. Only, he'd like to know.

He turned his eyes toward the house—somebody coming for him. His eyes were still better for far-away things than near, and he made out the figure quite plainly. It was the girl who had married his grandnephew, Robert. She called him "Father Hancock" or "Gramp" like the rest of them, but still, she was different from the rest.

For a moment her name escaped him. Then he had it. Jenny. A dark-haired girl, pleasant spoken, with a good free walk to her—girls stepped out freer, on the whole, than they had in his day. As for cutting their hair and the rest of it—well, why shouldn't they? It was only the kind of people who wrote to newspapers who made a fuss about such things. And they always had to make a fuss about something. He chuckled deeply, wondering what a newspaper would make of it if a highly respected old citizen wrote and asked them what was love. "Crazy old fool—ought to be in an asylum." Well, maybe at that, they'd be right.

He watched the girl coming on as he would have watched a rabbit run through the grass or a cloud march along the sky. There was something in her walk that matched both rabbit and cloud—something light and free and unbroken—youth's blood, no longer his, but known again for a moment as he watched her come. But there was something else in her walk as well.

"Lunch, Father Hancock!" she called while she was still some yards away, "Snapper beans and black-cherry pie!"

"Well, I'm hungry," said the old man. "You know me, Jenny—never lost appetite yet. But you can have my slice of the pie; you've got younger teeth than mine."

"Stop playing you're a centenarian, Father Hancock," said the girl. "I've seen you with Aunt Maria's pies before."

"I might take a smidgin', at that," said the old man reflectively, "just to taste. But you can have all I don't eat, Jenny—and that's a fair offer."

"It's too fair," said the girl. "I'd eat you out of house and home to-day." She stretched her arms toward the sky. "Gee, I feel hungry!" she said.

"It's right you should," said the old man, placidly. "And don't be ashamed of your dinner either. Eat solid and keep your strength up."

"Do I look as if I needed to keep my strength up?" she said with a laugh.

"No. But it's early to tell," said the old man, gradually disentangling himself from his coverings. He stood up, declining her offered hand. "Thank you, my dear," he said. "I never expected to see my own great-grandnephew. But don't be thinking of that. It'll be your baby, boy or girl, and that's what's important."

The girl's hand went slowly to her throat while color rose in her face. Then she laughed.

"Father Hancock!" she said. "You—you darned old wizard! Why Robert doesn't know about it yet and—"

"He wouldn't," said the old man briefly. "Kind of inexperienced at that age. But you can't fool me, my dear. I've seen too much and too many."

She looked at him with trouble in her eyes.

"Well, as long as you know . . . " she said. "But you won't let on to the rest of them . . . of course I'll tell Robert soon, but—"

"I know," said the old man. "They carry on. Never could see so much sense in all that carrying on, but relations do. And being the first great-grandchild. No, I won't tell 'em. And I'll be as surprised as Punch when they finally tell me."

"You're a good egg," said the girl gratefully. "Thanks ever so much. I don't mind your knowing."

They stood for a moment in silence, his hand on her shoulder. The girl shivered suddenly.

"Tell me, Father Hancock," she said suddenly, in a muffled voice, not looking at him, "is it going to be pretty bad?"

"No, child, it won't be so bad," he said steadily. "Not so bad." She said nothing, but he could feel the tenseness in her body relax.

"It'll be for around November, I expect?" he said, and went on without waiting for her reply. "Well, that's a good time, Jenny. You take our old cat, Marcella—she generally has her second lot of kittens around in October or November. And those kittens, they do right well."

"Father Hancock! You're a positive disgrace!" So she said, but he knew from the tone of her voice that she was not angry with him and once more, as they went together toward the house, he felt the stroke of youth upon him, watching her walk so well.

About the middle of summer, when the green of the fields had turned to yellow and brown, Will Hancock's old friend John Sturgis drove over one day to visit him.

A son and a granddaughter accompanied John Sturgis, as well as two other vaguer female relatives whom the young

people called indiscriminately "Cousin" and "Aunt"; and for a while the big porch of the Hancock house knew the bustle of tribal ceremony. Everyone was a little anxious, everyone was a little voluble; this was neither a funeral nor a wedding but, as an occasion, it ranked with those occasions, and in the heart of every Hancock and Sturgis present was a small individual grain of gratitude and pride at being there to witness the actual meeting of two such perishable old men.

The relatives possessed the old men and displayed them. The old men sat quietly, their tanned hands resting on their knees. They knew they were being possessed, but they too felt pride and pleasure. It was, after all, remarkable that they should be here. The young people didn't know how remarkable it was.

Finally, however, Will Hancock rose.

"Come along down-cellar, John," he said gruffly. "Got something to show you."

It was the familiar opening of an immemorial gambit. And it brought the expected reply.

"Now, father," said Will Hancock's eldest daughter, "if you'll only wait a minute, Maria will be out with the lemonade, and I had her bake some brownies."

"Lemonade!" said Will Hancock and sniffed. "Hold your tongue, Mary," he said gently. "I'm going to give John Sturgis something good for what ails him."

As he led the way down-cellar he smiled to himself. They would be still protesting, back on the porch. They would be saying that cellars were damp and old men delicate, that cider turned into acid, and that at their age you'd think they'd have more sense. But there would be no real heart in the protestations. And if the ceremonial visit to the cellar had been omitted there would have been disappointment. Because then their old men would not have been quite so remarkable, after all.

They passed through the dairy-cellar, with its big tin milk-pans, and into the cider-cellar. It was cool there but with a sweet-smelling coolness; there was no scent of damp or mold. Three barrels stood in a row against the wall; on the floor was a yellow patch of light. Will Hancock took a tin cup from a shelf and silently tapped the farthest barrel. The liquid ran in the cup. It was old cider, yellow as wheat-straw, and when he raised it toward his nostrils the soul of the bruised apple came to him.

"Take a seat, John," he said, passing over the full cup. His friend thanked him and sank into the one disreputable armchair. Will Hancock filled another cup and sat down upon the middle barrel.

"Well, here's to crime, John!" he said. It was the time-honored phrase.

"Mud in your eye!" said John Sturgis fiercely. He sipped the cider.

"Ah!" he said, "tastes better every year, Will."

"She ought to, John. She's goin' along with us."

They both sat silent for a time, sipping appreciatively, their worn eyes staring at each other, taking each other in. Each time they met again now was a mutual triumph for both; they looked forward to each time and back upon it, but they had known each other so long that speech had become only a minor necessity between them.

"Well," said John Sturgis at last, when the cups had been refilled, "I hear you got some more expectations in your family, Will. That's fine."

"That's what they tell me," said Will Hancock. "She's a nice girl, Jenny."

"Yes, she's a nice girl," said John Sturgis indifferently. "It'll be some news for Molly when I get home. She'll be right interested. She was hopin' we might beat you to it, with young Jack and his wife. But no signs yet."

He shook his head and a shadow passed over his face.

"Well, I don't know that you set so much store by it," said Will Hancock consolingly, "though it's interesting."

"Oh, they'll have a piece in the paper," said John Sturgis with a trace of bitterness. "Four generations. Even if it isn't a great-grandchild, so to speak. I know 'em." He took a larger sip of cider.

"That won't do me a speck of good when I get home," he confided. "And Molly, she'll think I was crazy. But what's the use of livin' if you've got to live so tetchy all the time?"

"I never saw you looking better, John," said Will Hancock, heartily. "Never did."

"I'm spry enough most days," admitted John Sturgis. "And as for you, you look like a four-year-old. But it's the winter—"

He left the sentence uncompleted, and both fell silent for a moment, thinking of the coming winter. Winter, the foe of old men.

At last John Sturgis leaned forward. His cheeks had a ghost of color in them now, his eyes an unexpected brightness.

"Tell me, Will," he said, eagerly, "you and me—we've seen a good deal in our time. Well, tell me this—just how do you figure it all out?"

Will Hancock could not pretend to misunderstand the question. Nor could he deny his friend the courtesy of a reply.

"I haven't a notion," he said at last, slowly and gravely. "I've thought about it, Lord knows—but I haven't a notion, John."

The other sank back into his chair, disappointedly.

"Well now, that's too bad," he grumbled, "for I've been thinkin' about it. Seems to me as if I didn't do much else *but* think most of the time. But you're the educated one; and if you haven't a notion—well—"

His eyes stared into space, without fear or anger, but soberly. Will Hancock tried to think of some way to help his friend.

He saw again before him those three figures under the apple tree, each a part of himself, each with a woman beside it, each saying, "This is love." Now, as he fell into reverie, a fourth couple joined them—an old man, still erect, and a girl who still walked with a light step though her body was heavy now.

He stared at these last visitors, incredulously at first, and then with a little smile. Nearly every day of the summer Jenny had come to call him when he sat under his tree. He could see her looking across the gulf that separated them—and finding things not so bad as she had thought they might be. Why, I might have been an old tree myself, he thought. Or an old rock you went out to when you wanted to be alone.

There had been her relatives and his. There had been all the women. But it was to him that she had come. To the others he was and would be "Father Hancock" and their own remarkable old man. But Jenny was not really one of his own; and because of that she had had from him a certain calming wisdom that he did not know he possessed.

He heard an insect cry in the deep grass and smelled the smell of the hay, the smell of summer days. Love? It was not love, of course, nor could be, by any stretch of language. To her it had been summer and an old tree; and to him, he knew what it had been. He was fond of her, naturally, but that was not the answer. It was not she who had moved him. But for an instant, on the cords of the defeated flesh, he had heard a note struck clearly, the vibration of a single and silver wire. As he thought of this, the wire vibrated anew, the imperishable accent rang. Then it was mute—it would not be struck again.

"I tried to figure it out the other day," he said to John Sturgis, "what love was, first. But—"

Then he stopped. It was useless. John Sturgis was his old friend, but there was no way to tell John Sturgis the thoughts in his mind.

"It's funny your sayin' that," said John Sturgis reflectively. "You know I came back to the house the other day,

and there was Molly asleep in the chair. I was scared for a minute but then I saw she was sleeping. Only she didn't wake up right away—I guess I came in light. Well, I stood there looking at her. You came to our golden wedding, Will; but her cheeks were pink and she looked so pretty in her sleep. I just went over and kissed her, like an old fool. Now what makes a man act like that?"

He paused for a moment.

"It's so blame' hard to figure out," he said. "When you're young you've got the strength but you haven't got the time. And when you're old you've got time enough, but I'm always goin' to sleep."

He drained the last drop in his cup and rose.

"Well, Sam'll be lookin' for me," he said. "It was good cider."

As they passed through the dairy a black, whiskered face appeared at the small barred window and vanished guiltily at the sound of Will Hancock's voice.

"That old cat's always trying to get in to the milk," he said. "She ought to take shame on her, all the kittens she's had. But I guess this'll be her last litter, this fall. She's getting on."

The tribal ceremonies of departure were drawing toward a close. Will Hancock shook John Sturgis' hand.

"Come over again, John, and bring along Molly next time," he said. "There's always a drop in the barrel."

"And it's a prize drop," said John Sturgis. "Thank you, Will. But I don't figure on gettin' over again this summer. Next spring, maybe."

"Sure," said Will. But between them both, as they knew, lay the shadow of the cold months, the shadow to be lived through. Will Hancock watched his friend being helped into the car, watched the car drive away. "John's beginning to go," he thought with acceptance. "And that's probably just what John's telling Sam about me."

He turned back toward his family. He was tired, but he could not give in. The family clustered about him, talking and questioning. John's visit had made him, for the moment, an even more remarkable old man than ever; and he must play his role for the rest of them, worthily, now John had gone. So he played it, and they saw no difference. But he kept wondering what day the winter would set in.

The first gales of autumn had come and passed; when Will Hancock got up in the morning he saw white rime on the ground. It had melted away by eleven, but next morning it was back again. At last, when he walked down to his apple tree he walked under bare boughs.

That night he went early to his room, but before he got in bed he stood for a while at the window, looking at the sky. It was a winter sky, the stars were hard in it. Yet the day had been mild enough. Jenny wanted her child born in the Indian Summer. Perhaps she would still have her wish.

He slept more lightly than ever these nights—the first thing roused him. So when the noises began in the house he was awake at once. But he lay there for some time, dreamily, not even looking at his watch. The footsteps went up and down stairs, and he listened to them; a voice said something sharply and was hushed; somebody was trying to telephone. He knew them all, those sounds of whispering haste that wake up a house at night.

Yes, he thought, all the same it's hard on the women. Or the men too, for that matter. But sooner or later, the doctor would come and take from his small black bag the miraculous doll wrapped up in the single cabbage-leaf. He himself had once been such a doll, though he couldn't remember it. Now they would not want him out there, but he would go all the same.

He rose, put on his dressing-gown, and tiptoed down the long corridor. He heard a shrill whisper in his ear, "*Father!* Are you *crazy?* Go back to *bed!*" But he shook his head at the whisper and went on. At the head of the stairs he

met his grandnephew, Robert. There was sweat on the boy's face and he breathed as if he had been running. They looked at each other a moment, with sympathy but without understanding.

"How is she?" said Will Hancock.

"All right, thanks, Gramp," said the boy in a grateful voice as he kept fumbling in his dressing-gown pocket for a cigarette that was not there. "The doctor's coming over but we—we don't think it's the real thing yet."

Someone called to the boy, and he disappeared again. The corridor abruptly seemed very full of Will Hancock's family. They were clustering around him, buzzing reassuringly, but he paid little attention.

Suddenly, from behind a closed door, he heard Jenny's voice, clear and amused. "Why how perfectly sweet of Father Hancock, Bob! But I'm sorry they woke him—and all for a false alarm."

The reassuring buzzes around him recommenced. He shook them off impatiently and walked back toward his room. But when he was hidden from the others he gave a single guilty look behind him and made for the back stairs. They won't follow me, he thought; got too much to talk about.

He switched on the light in the cider-cellar, drawing his dressing-gown closer about him. It was cold in the cellar now and it would be colder still. But cider was always cider, and he felt thirsty.

He drank the yellow liquid reflectively, swinging his heels against the side of the barrel. Upstairs they would still be whispering and consulting. And maybe the doctor would come with his black bag after all, and to-morrow there would be a piece in the paper to make John Sturgis jealous. But there wasn't anything he could do about it.

No, even for Jenny, there was nothing more he could do. She had taken his wisdom, such as it was, and used it. And he was glad of that. But now he knew from the light tone of her voice that she was beyond such wisdom as he had. The wire had ceased its vibration, the leaves of the tree were shed, like dry wisdom on the ground. Well, she was a nice girl and Robert a decent boy. They would have other children doubtless, and those children children in their turn.

He heard a low sound from the other corner of the cellar and went over to see what had made it. Then he whistled. "Well, old lady," he said, "you certainly don't waste your time." It was the old black house-cat who had stared through the dairy window at himself and John Sturgis. Already she was licking the third of her new kittens while the two first-born nuzzled at her, squeaking from time to time.

He bent over and stroked her head. She looked at him troubledly. "It's all right," he said reassuringly. "They've forgotten about us both—and no wonder. But I'll stick around."

He refilled his cup and sat down upon the barrel, swinging his heels. There was nothing here that he could do, either—cats were wiser than humans in such matters. But, nevertheless, he would stay.

As the cider sank in the cup and he grew colder he fell into a waking dream. Now and then he went over to stroke the cat, but he did it automatically. He was here, in a bare old cellar, drinking cider which would doubtless disagree with him, and in all probability catching his death of cold. And upstairs, perhaps, were life and death and the doctor—new life fighting to come into the world and death waiting a chance to seize it as it came, as death always did. Moreover, these lives and deaths were his lives and deaths, after a fashion, for he was part of their chain. But, for the moment, he was disconnected from them. He was beyond life and death.

He saw again, in front of him, the three couples of his first dream—and himself and Jenny—himself giving Jenny, unconsciously, the wisdom he did

not know. "This is love—this is love—this is love—" and so it was, each phase of it, for each man there spoke the truth of his own heart. Then he looked at the apple tree and saw that it was in flower, but fruit hung on it as well, green fruit and ripe, and even as he looked a wind was blowing the last leaves from the bare bough.

He shivered a little, he was very cold. He put his cup back on the shelf and went over for a last look at the old cat. The travail was over—she lay on her side, beset by the new-born. There was green, inexplicable light in her eyes as he stooped over her, and when he patted her head she stretched one paw out over her kittens like an arm.

He rose stiffly and left her, turning out the light. As he went up the stairs, "Adorable life," he thought, "I know you. I know you were given only to be given away."

The house was silent again, as he tiptoed back to his room. His vigil had been unsuspected, his watch quite useless; and yet he had kept a vigil and a watch. To-morrow might have been too late for it—even now he trembled with cold. Yet, when he stood before the window, he looked long at the winter sky. The stars were still hard points of light, and he would not see them soft again, but earth would continue to turn round, in spite of all these things.

HIRELINGS

BY JOHN FRAZIER VANCE

WHAT did a sailor then require
To make him worthy of his hire?

An eye that knew the stars and clouds,
And nimbleness amongst the shrouds,

Strong, willing arms for hauling-in,
Far foreign ports for brawling in,

And yarns to hear and yarns to tell,
And boats to sail in, and the swell

Of seas beneath him, and the fears
Of womenfolk at home in tears.

LOGIC AND THE LADIES

WITH A WORD ABOUT THEIR OTHER MENTAL PROCESSES

BY JOHN MACY

IN THE days when woman suffrage was still an unsettled question a walking fossil in my town, local Republican boss and J. P., said to me, "Women ain't fit to vote because they ain't logical."

Being younger than I am now and a belligerent believer in the right of all adult citizens, not criminal or insane, to vote, I began to argue with him. "What do you mean by logical?"

"Well, I can't exactly define it, but it means reasonable, able to think straight."

"Do men vote according to logic or reason?" (Method of the Socratic question.)

"I dunno's they do, most of 'em."

"Why are you a Republican?"

"Always have been, and my father before me. He voted for Lincoln."

"Is that logical?"

"There's one blame sure thing (with some heat), I don't want those scalawags of Democrats to get in!"

"But, Judge, don't you know that we don't vote or do anything else according to logic and reason, but according to how we feel and how we were brought up?"

"Daresay you're right. But anyhow, men think straighter'n women. Made up my mind to that long ago."

There is no use arguing with a mind that is made up—just as there is no use arguing with a woman. The hopelessly fixed attitude of the Judge, a stupid stand-pat immobility, drives one by an emotional rebound, quite unreasonable and illogical, to a passionate advocacy of everything that woman desires, hopes for, pretends to be, and to a recantation of every written or spoken word that sounds in the least unfavorable toward her. Our best friend is a blundering enemy. Nevertheless, the Judge with his eburnean brain had gropingly hit upon a difference between the sexes which, however slight, is real and worth considering.

It is difficult to know just what ladies are, and just what gentlemen are, how and why we misbehave like human beings. It is still more difficult to find out, with the help of all the epistemologists, psychologists, and ordinary common-sense observation of the way people think, just what logic is. Some philosophers drive logic into a corner and knock it cold, so that you do not recognize it as having much to do with any natural action of your mind. Chesterton says that it is logic, not vagaries of thought, that makes us mad. Like many of Chesterton's paradoxes, this is not true and not very clever, but it does pry the subject off the schoolroom wall, blackboard and all. A better humorist, Dr. Holmes, reduces logic to its logical absurdity in the rollicking fable of Calvinism, "The One-Hoss Shay."

In our age which began about a century ago, when every idea pretending to be true must be "scientific," Logic has become a highly specialized subject with an elaborate technic, and is called the Science of Reasoning and the Science of the Laws of Thought. This formal systematization is not, however, a product of recent times, but goes back to Leibnitz and far behind him to the Scholastic phi-

losophers, especially Duns Scotus of the Thirteenth Century, a great thinker, from whose name by a queer freak of derivation we get our word "dunce." He called Logic the Science of Sciences.

Logic has about the same relation to actual thinking that mathematics has to the building of a bridge. The difference is that if we have a good brain we can think logically without ever having looked into Mill or Jevons or Whately, whereas an engineer who designs a bridge must be a trained mathematician, though he may be quite indifferent to the speculations of an Einstein. In practice logic means sound sense, clear thinking, sequential, orderly, progressive. The first requisite of that kind of thinking is information, knowledge of the subject, grasp of material. The second is detachment, freedom from the corruptions and disturbances of the many other activities of the mind. We do not argue well when we are angry. We are not likely to compose our most perspicuous discourse on the Economic and Ethical Status of Woman when we are in love. Straight thinking must be impersonal, objective; and it never can be that perfectly because rationality is only one part—not a preponderant part—of our make-up. Perversely, the very strength of our character, our personality, gets in our own way, stands in our own light, plays ducks and drakes with logic. So that if we find (many will deny it flatly) a lack of logic in the processes of the feminine mind, as compared with the processes of the noble masculine intellect, we are not bringing a very damning charge against the ladies. That defect, if it exists, may be part of their charm. And in general—some fiery ladies seem unable to understand this—the masculist's discussion of the nature of woman is or should be, not accusatory, but analytical, speculative, dispassionate, yet not so dispassionate as to be dry and cold.

About the time when I was arguing with the Judge, Mrs. Margaret Deland, who was opposed to woman suffrage, told in one of her articles in the *Atlantic Monthly* a story which in part atones for the fundamental error of her position. I repeat from memory. A man and a woman were debating this old question of woman's ability to reason. The man said, "The trouble with you women is that you cannot think an idea out for its own sake. You make everything personal." The lady replied, "*I* don't." Before some other lady begins to argue about it, I hasten to say that the story proves nothing except that Mrs. Deland, a woman whose intelligence is far above that of the common run of men and women, has a lower opinion of her sisters than have many of us sweetly reasonable masculine critics, and that she offers an instance in confirmation of my belief that the severest critics of women are women.

We are all incurably personal, wrapped up, tangled up in ourselves. Every human being is himself (or herself) or a nobody, a nonentity, dead from the neck up. The most abstract objective matter, once it gets into a single separate cranium, becomes individualized; and the stronger the individual, the better the matter is cerebrated. Huxley, treating facts, pleading for the disinterested study of facts, would be forgotten but for his dominant self, expressed in his magnificently effective prose. The egocentrism of the male is just the same as that of the female, as an observant man is aware every day whether he is watching another fellow or dwelling alone in honest self-scrutiny. We are well past the time when it was necessary for Mary Wollstonecraft to argue that the minds of men and women are fundamentally the same in quality, that the knowledge acquired by the sexes is, or should be, essentially the same, and that the treatment which that knowledge undergoes, the mental process to which it is subjected, differs not according to sex but according to the capacity and power of the individual. There is no difference in the method by which a man and a woman solve a problem in geometry. But there is immense

difference in speed, understanding, richness of implication, between what happens to that problem in the mind of Bertrand Russell and what happens in the mind of a struggling schoolboy. If a man is found dead with a discharged pistol in his hand, men and women alike reason that he has killed himself, and men and women alike go farther and ask whether a murderer has "planted" the pistol there. Both men and women argue validly that Socrates was a man, man is immortal; therefore Socrates is immortal. And both run amuck in fallacious syllogisms: Napoleon was a man, Socrates was a man; therefore, Socrates was Napoleon.

The question is whether *on the whole*, in handling more difficult intellectual problems, more abstract and complicated ideas, women fail more often than men, fail not in kind but in degree, fall short of the best thinking to which men, a very few, have attained, and on the lower levels of thought are not more liable to error. And the allied question is whether this liability to error from which everybody suffers is not accentuated by an inherent inferiority in the feminine intellect; whether the ladies are not more subject than *nous autres* to the habit of fetching home every sort of idea to themselves, referring it to their private purposes, experiences, and emotions. I believe that this is a weakness of intellect in which the weaker sex is weaker. Even in a devoutly to be wished society where everybody shall have opportunity for the fullest cultivation of the faculties, the masculist revenant may expect to find the ladies great as poets, artists, musicians, but only secondary as philosophers and "men" of science. I cannot prove it (logic) even with respect to what is or has been, much less for a putative future. But I can report my beliefs and some corroborative instances, with the understanding that instances are only indications; they point toward a conclusion but do not clinch any general proposition or carry us securely to a triumphant Q. E. D.

II

The slogan which Mrs. Alice Duer Miller used effectively during the Great Campaign, "Are Women People?" was an ironic reference to the "We, the People," of our democratic forefathers. Another more amusing question is, "Are Women Persons?" All the better, I say, if they are. Their intense personal sense of themselves is part of their power and charm, even if it does become a limiting liability in the upper reaches of thought. The masculist contention is that some women are striving to be not themselves, pretending and aspiring to be what they are not and never can be. We are trying to find out what they are and, if possible, how they think. And we are quite ready to be met with the fierce retort that we are trying to keep them down and suppress them. Nothing could be farther from the masculist attitude.

Are women persons? The more vigorously, aggressively they are persons, female persons, the better and happier for us and our children. In our monotonous ready-to-wear civilization persons —the human severalties—are in danger of being lost in the indistinguishable homogeneity. People are interesting only as persons. The present assertiveness of women as a sex is mostly a loud cheer, a mob hubbub. The fine solo voices are all too few. Women are exhibiting two apparently contradictory failings, their new intellectual short skirts uncovering much that is not shapely. One failing is the herd instinct, the tendency with which we are all cursed to merge in a mass, an aggregate without purpose or direction. Partial emancipation is turning the sex into a *grex*. At the same time there is the other failing, the old inborn disposition of women to be pettily egotistic, to refer, convert, and so belittle ideas to their intimate conceits and desires. The two failings are really not contradictory; they are complementary, two manifestations of the same lack of courage and ability to tackle ideas as ideas. Thinking is an individual act

which takes place in the skull of a person, however much it may be influenced by the thinking of other persons. Women, by a paradox which is quite appropriate to their perverseness, are at once too personal and not personal enough, individual in a small way and not individual in a large way when confronted with a difficult and complex idea. (I note all your exceptions, Madam Attorney.)

I tried an experiment, a trivial thing, a straw in the wind. I enjoyed immensely Dr. Logan Clendening's book, *The Human Body*, which is packed with information that a layman can understand and is written in a clear, vivacious, humorous manner. I recommended the book right and left to intelligent adults of both sexes. The responses were all enthusiastic or at least approving. But invariably the men discussed the merits of the book, its substance, style. And invariably the women made a dive into it to see if it said anything about their symptoms, usually those treated in one special section.

I once watched for a few minutes each day through many sad weeks at the bedside of a dying woman. The nurses were fine, the doctors were fine, the lawyers who had to attend to some final affairs were tactful and sympathetic. One or two male friends and relatives who came and went were cheerful and helpful. The patient's mother, who was in charge, spent most of her many hours in the sick room (the patient told me this with acid humor) talking about her own ailments, which curiously resembled those of the dying girl. If a man had acted like that I should have invited him into the corridor and given him the devil.

Another experiment was made for me. Two previous articles of mine elicited many letters mostly from women and mostly in disagreement with my ideas, though some women thought that we understood their sisters. Almost every letter began with "I," not the conventional opening: "I have read your article," but an upstanding, self-conscious "I" which introduced myself and my experiences and why I joined the cause of Woman Suffrage and how much work I did for it. The letters also contained much, rather impertinent, about "you" —how unfortunate your experience as a lover and husband must have been, how women who gave you opinions unfavorable to their sex have deceived you about themselves. And there was also a good deal about what "my husband" thinks, an unwittingly feminine appeal to the authority of masculine opinion and a reminder of the undeniable fact that men disagree with men about women.

It is from women that I try to learn about women. They seem to be the valid sources of information, conscious or unconscious, willing or reluctant. I confess that their testimony about themselves is confusing, sometimes self-destructive, illogically contradictory. When women betray or affirm (according to my correspondents) their general dislike of their sisters, they are deceiving us men who have taught them to flatter and cajole us; especially do they feed our literary vanity when we happen to be writing about them. But when they disagree with us they are telling the truth, which we must accept at its face value, for we do not understand them. This is a delightful dialectic *impasse*. In the act of undermining the testimony of their sisters and asserting their own honesty they accuse one another of mendacity with an emphasis beyond the courage of a mere timid (and, I trust, courteous) man. Lest I be suspected of making this up, let me, without betraying confidences, quote some phrases from women:

"Do not be too sure that the clever ladies who confess female goodfornothingness [a word I never used nor even distantly suggested] are not flattering you. I hate to peach on my own kind, but that is an old, old trick. Perhaps if I were talking to you, I should say that your article was wonderful and so true." From another correspondent who writes a complete rebuttal in third personal form: "If he quotes a woman, it is a biased one. His assumption that he is not being flat-

tered by his female chorus is so naïve that it makes one laugh. The flattery is so evident and the procedure so usual. I have yet to see any normal woman make herself disagreeable to a man socially, however obnoxious he may make himself. [I have seen several!] The fact may be regrettable, but society is assumed to be a place of peace, not war, and its courtesies are religiously kept by most women. What they think has no place in what they know they must say. He should learn that a masculist, such as he proclaims himself by word and deed, never receives a straight answer from his feminine associates. If he did he would cease to associate with such a one—unless he fell in love with her from pure opposition. But he would most likely find her unattractive, and relegate her to solitude and the company of children."

I cannot make out the logic of running down your sex on one side in order to support it on another. I only know that some of the severest critics of women are women. Since a man may indeed be deceived by his own experience, I appeal to some great women in the sunshine of whose flattery I never had the pleasure of basking. George Sand's best biographer, Wladimir Karenine, a woman, says: "George Sand could not endure talking for the sake of talking. She freely admitted that she preferred the conversation of men to that of women. Women wearied her by their silly gossip and chit-chat." It may be that women in George Sand's environment were sillier than the ladies we know, and it is certain that the demands of her fine intellect were more exacting than those of most women and men. It was her intelligence that rebelled against her sex. Her overflowing maternity embraced men, women, children, animals, and God. Her lovers and friends were men of brains. Modern feminists will surely be the last to reply that she was a masculine woman. She was thoroughly feminine and a paragon of honesty among men and women.

Another less admirable but very influential woman, Hannah More, whose excellent style is worthy of better ideas, wrote: "To be unstable and capricious, I really think, is but too characteristic of our sex, and there is, perhaps, no animal [*sic!*] so much indebted to subordination for its good behavior as woman." This judgment was delivered apropos of Mary Wollstonecraft's *Vindication of the Rights of Woman*, which Aunt Hannah confesses she has not read and does not intend to read! Her opinion is simply the conventional view of the time. Mary Wollstonecraft herself is a sharp critic of women and found her most subtle and stubborn enemy in the weaknesses of the sex whose rights, not virtues, she was defending. She charges her sisters with cunning, superstition, want of generosity, low sense of justice, sloth, mismanagement of children, neglect of household duties, domestic selfishness worse than neglect. Her general accusation against society is free from the perversion of misandry, which distorts the more querulous of modern feminist arguments. ("Misandry" is not in the *New English Dictionary*, but if it did not exist before, it does now. It is analogous in formation to "polyandry" and in meaning to "misogyny." Its connotation is anti-masculine; "misanthropy" is anti-human.)

In women's defense of themselves there frequently appears the overt charge, or the implication, that men are responsible for the mendacity of women, as for some other lapses from virtue. As my correspondents aver, we encourage them to lie to us. Other failings and misfortunes of women are repeatedly attributed to the erroneously alleged fact that this is a "man-made" world. Mrs. Poyser's "God made them so to match the men" becomes Man made them so to please himself. Woman's virtues are her own, but her faults are not her fault. Her weaknesses are due to Nature, the Creator, and especially to Male Man. God and Nature can bear their share of the responsibility, but it is not good sense or good sportsmanship to shift all the remaining burden of one's failings to the

shoulders of a human fellow. The classic example of that kind of cowardice is Adam's ascription of his fall to the temptation of Eve. The modern woman will not wish to imitate that pusillanimous retreat behind the lack of skirts of the other sex. We are proud of our good qualities and you are to blame for our shortcomings—that is the worst kind of illogical ethics, and an example of the intellectual fallacy of trying to have it both ways at once.

It is not good sportsmanship to use the other fellow as a scapegoat. Good sportsmanship is an aspect of fairmindedness, and fairness of mind is very close to clearness of mind, to logical, reasonable thinking. Are women good sports? Last year I took part in a so-called debate over the radio on the subject of the "Two-Job Wife." Like most debates, it was not a debate at all but two loosely related talks. Knowing from experience that this was likely to be the case and also knowing that the debate was only a vaudeville stunt for the amusement of radiauditors, I suggested to my opponent that we collude and make our little pieces fit. She was a brilliant lawyer, member of a profession which, though often morally despicable, is supposed to have a highly developed technic of reason and logic. I sent her a carbon copy of my remarks. But I never saw a copy of hers, had no idea what she was going to say, and the announcer cut off a possible rebuttal, since my piece as printed later in a feminist journal occupied a column and a half and the lady lawyer's piece occupied two columns and a half. She effectively answered most of what I said and placed some hot shots clear outside the nominal subject. One of my adoring harem of unemancipated ladies said to me, "Why did you let that woman put it over you like that?" I explained the circumstances. She sniffed, "Well, what else could you expect of a female? Women don't play the game. They are rotten bad sports." I protested—for I always defend women against themselves—that in the real sports, tennis, golf, women do play fair. "Yes," said my backward cave-lady, "because they are being watched and cannot fool the referee." A Wall Street broker has recently complained that women who gamble on margin are poor losers, try to lie out of orders they have given, which may injure an innocent clerk, and let loose lachrymal Niagaras in the office.

III

Many years ago *Life* published a picture of a half-lighted hallway. A man evidently the worse for wear had knocked over the stand, broken the newel-lamp, and messed things up generally. At the head of the stairway was the shadowy figure of a woman in her nightie. The text under the picture read, "Her fine feminine intuition told her that something was wrong." This will go with a story the hero of which is masculine, a German locomotive driver who saw on the track ahead of his speeding train a little child tied "handless and footless" to the rails. "He knew," runs the story in stage dialect of the unspellable Weber and Fields, "he knew by a kind of untuvishion dot someting most be done." Of all the superstitions about women and cherished by women none is more inane than the belief that they have a sort of sixth sense, a short-cut leap of mind by which they jump to conclusions unerringly without the exercise of the ordinary processes of thought which men are obliged to follow. Whether this imaginary faculty was wished on woman by man as flattering compensation (man also is a flatterer) for qualities which he denied in her, or whether it was his ignorant blundering way of recognizing the plain every-day fact that her mind often acts quickly and that she sees with disconcerting shrewdness through his bluff and nonsense—in short has keen common sense—history does not say.

In the ages of faith in witchcraft and other mythical things, divination, usually of a malignant kind, was ascribed to women partly in fear and respect, partly

in hatred. There was some wicked twist of woman's mind which the brute could not understand, especially when he was an illiterate oaf, hunting and fighting while she was knitting, spinning, thinking, listening to song and story, and sharpening her wits by endless talk with her sisters. It may be that from that condition with its momentous, passionate, even tragic superstitions has descended the silly little myth of woman's intuition. Mary Wollstonecraft, like all reasonable feminists, asked only that woman be treated as a rational being in the same sense, if not to the same degree, as man. She did not ask for any extra lugs or special endowments. But some women, though seeking to be relieved of burdensome and unjust superstitions, still cling to this pleasant complimentary libel of their intelligence. They wish to be credited with all the intellectual power that men have and then add a little more for luck.

Intuition simply means seeing (Latin, *intueri*, to look at). A lady may know by intuition the shape of a pig (porcine or marital) but she cannot so know the Declaration of Independence or God or the character of the man who is trying to get her husband in on a Big Deal. Old Jeremy Taylor uses the word in its original sense when he says that Christ's disciples must abstain not only from concubinage but from "the impurer intuition of a wife of another man." By a loose extension the word came to mean instinctive immediate knowledge of any kind, a quick-as-a-flash good guess, apprehension independent of ratiocinative process of thought. And it is in this sense that we commonly use it. When Dr. Alexander Graham Bell secured his claim to the telephone by the preposterous patent of the passage of a variable current of electricity through a wire, he may be said to have had a fortunate intuition, for he had no reasonable or empirical knowledge of what enormous complexities the words could be made to cover. When Democritus hit upon a theory of atoms twenty-three centuries before Theodore Richards weighed them, he had a happy intuition.

Whether or not man's intellect in some of its activities is more powerful than woman's, one thing is certain: there is no difference in kind or degree between feminine and masculine intuition. In the face-to-face cognition of present objective facts the sexes are equally alert, swift, and sure. When a cat looks at a king and a king looks at a cat exactly the same act of intuition takes place. But when the king says, "You are a beautiful cat; I wish you would not scratch the gilt off the throne," and when the cat says, "He is a good king but not so kind as the queen; I'd like to chew the ermine off his robe," then intuition has finished its work and another kind of thinking has begun. So we shall have to deprive the ladies once for all of this little spurious claim to superiority.

IV

Much of the foregoing is speculative, matter of opinion, and not subject to final demonstration. One fact about woman is known and demonstrable, if not precisely understood in all its aspects. I am aware that my brief and inexpert discussion of this subject will expose me to the charge of blaming woman for a weakness over which she has no more control than she has over her stature or the color of her eyes. Nobody is blaming anybody for anything in this connection; we are trying to find out how we are made.

The ancient Greeks had but a rudimentary knowledge of physiology and pathology. For them the nervous system had no more existence than the circulation of the blood; *νεῦρον*, from which our "nerve" is ultimately derived, meant sinew, tendon, string. But they were wise and careful observers of human nature both in its physical and in its psychic aspects. They noted a disorder to which women are especially liable and so they named it from the uterus (*ὑστέρα*), hysteria. The belief

that this baffling and varied derangement of mind, nerves, senses, and muscles was referable to a disturbance of the female genital organs persisted for centuries until the Epistolary Dissertation of Thomas Sydenham in 1692. This independent and sensible man, the Father of English Medicine, saw what might have been seen before, that men are also subject to hysteria, though not so often as women, and that we must, therefore, look for the source of it in some other than the traditionally accepted place. With an "intuitive" etiology, Sydenham correctly pronounced hysteria to be a disease of the mind, some failure of the mental functions. Janet calls it a forgetfulness, an amnesia. In one form of hysteria the patient's foot or arm does "go to sleep," because part of the mind forgets it. And all physical manifestations of hysteria are due to wrong ideas; something in the mind has gone askew and produces morbid results in the body. So that over-exciting or frightening ideas may cause hysteria; and suggestion, calm surroundings, and psychoanalysis may cure the trouble.

The reason that women are more subject to hysteria than men, in the proportion of twenty to one, is in plain terms that their brains are weaker, more easily unbalanced. On one side hysteria, which is usually a passing fit, may run over into the permanent or more long-continued disturbances which are loosely called insanity. On the other side hysteria fades into weaker forms of "hysterics," excessive emotionalism, nervous instability, which are not true diseases but do hinder and confuse thought. "War hysteria," "hysterical with laughter," "positively hysterical with joy" are common expressions; we know about what we mean by such phrases, and we certainly do not mean to imply anything specifically pathological. These hysteroidal upsets of reason, temporarily disturbing to serenity and good sense, have the same ratio of frequency in women and men as true hysteria. You never, or very seldom, see in a French book *crise de nerfs* applied to a man. (The French, by the way, are more subject to actual hysterical fits than the English; this is a matter of medical statistics and should not be confounded with the belief dear to so-called Anglo Saxons that the French are "excitable"; the French keep their nerve and maintain their poise quite as well as their northern neighbors.)

The proved tendency of women to unsettlements of mind approaching remotely or closely true hysteria, added to their undeniable periodical incapacities, is a severe handicap. It accounts largely for the relative inability of women to pursue with unflagging application a difficult idea. Woman may learn mathematics; she has never contributed anything to the subject. These conclusions may be open to argument. The pathological and biological facts are undeniable. If Madam resents being told by a layman that she is twenty to one more liable than her brother to hysteria and hysteroidal manifestations she may ask her physician, provided she is fortunate enough to have one who will tell her the truth, and she had better consult him some day when she is feeling fine.

Woman is more susceptible than man to the influences internal and external which throw reason off the hinges. But the difference here, which cannot be measured by the case-statistics of hysteria or by any other exact and trustworthy evidence, does not in itself constitute a very wide chasm between the sexes. Men and women are only to a limited degree rational and logical beings. In practical life normal people go about their business and pleasure, guided and controlled to some extent by reason but to a greater extent by desire, passion, prejudice, habit, obstinacy, wilfulness, and other motives. Every woman can afford to smile when she recalls the irrational acts and wrong-headed arguments of her oldest male child. It is when in all seriousness the reasoning faculty is especially called upon, when

serenity, coolness of judgment, sustained ratiocination are demanded, that woman is appreciably weaker than man. That is all. And that all is much or little as you happen to think, as you happen to be a man or a woman.

A friend who has read this article says, "Well, old man, it is pretty fair, but in one or two places you babble away like an old woman." I thank him for the suggestion. The history of human thought, true and fallacious, is to be found in the uses of words. "Old man" as a vocative is almost always a term of affection. "Old woman" in its metaphorical uses is almost always — dyslogistic.

RECALL

BY GEOFFREY JOHNSON

EVEN if I could stand
Serenely out of things,
Unswayed, unblest, unbanned,
Without the mire or wings—

Even if I could be
As stars are, spirit-clear,
As God is, shining free
Of human atmosphere—

Still, still desire would wake
Once more, once more to wear
The flesh for your dear sake
And yoke of time you bear.

IS SLEEP A VICIOUS HABIT?

BY H. M. JOHNSON

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WHEN a person falls asleep he loses most of his personal dignity. He begins to behave much like a vegetable, and he looks the part. Apparently he does nothing, knows nothing, and enjoys nothing until he recovers from that condition. In this manner he spends a third of his life, and its effects persist through a good part of another third.

It is not surprising, therefore, that anyone who is fortunate enough to be absorbed by interesting work or by play should begrudge the interruptions of such activities by sleep. As director of the Simmons Investigation at Mellon Institute, I receive letters from a great many persons whose main interest in sleep lies in the problem of getting along with less of it. They conceive it to be our duty to show them how and, if we do not know, to find out as quickly as possible. Disregarding communications from cranks and psychopaths, I should say that the questions which are most frequently put to us are about like these: How long ought one to sleep? Do people generally tend to sleep too much? Is there any harmless way of getting along with less than seven or eight hours in bed?

The doctrine that indulgence in sleep is a form of vice is by no means new. It was preached, and for a time practiced, by such religionists as St. Francis of Assisi, St. Teresa, and the celebrated Henry Suso. All of them passed through a stage of mysticism in which they tortured themselves to bring the body into subjection and to attain those ecstatic experiences which often accompany the delirium of exhaustion. But each of them, at a later stage, sought for more practical means of religious expression. St. Francis and St. Teresa became organizers and directors of other persons, whose work they strove to make effective; they, therefore, came to regard sleep and food, in moderation, as necessities, and excessive abstinence as an evil. St. Francis, in particular, observed that the care of the sick, the relief of the poor, and the preaching of righteousness demanded strength and alertness; such work could not be carried on by those who were starving, or chilling, or tiring themselves into imbecility and delirium. He, therefore, started, within his Order, an experiment in personal effectiveness which has continued for seven hundred years. One of his original rules extolled the ideal of fitness: it required each member to ascertain how much food and rest he needed to maintain himself in a state of competency, and to take that much, while endeavoring to take no more. One brother must not talk about his abstinence, lest he become proud and tempt another to abstain too much. As he recommended occasional fasts, so he advised occasional vigils, in order to demonstrate one's capacity for extraordinary hardship, and also to facilitate the practice of chastity by the prevention of too much exuberance. But he emphasized the need of temperance even in devotion; religious expression must be adapted to an aim, and that aim was practical.

While St. Francis left the determination of personal requirements to the judgment of the individual brother, or to that of his superior, another preacher of self-discipline proposed a somewhat formal experiment, which, considered in its temporal setting, is remarkably astute. In a discourse "On Redeeming the Time" John Wesley restates the ideal of St. Francis. To be useful, he points out, one must be fit. To this end, one must devote some time to sleep. But to spend many hours in bed, lying awake, or half awake, is stupid, unseemly, enervating. The intelligent person, whose activities are not haphazard but directed will, therefore, seek to "take that measure of sleep every night which nature requires, and no more: that measure which is most conducive to the health and vigor both of the body and mind." It would be futile, however, to set one standard for all persons indiscriminately, or even for one person at different times. It is obvious that requirements vary. He, therefore, proposed a test: How much time do you spend in bed, lying awake? If you spend much in that manner, so he argued, you are wasting some of it.

He himself had been accustomed to go to bed at ten o'clock, and arise at eight. "I then waked every night," so he affirms, "about twelve or one and lay awake for some time. I readily concluded that this arose from my lying longer in bed than nature required." So he got an alarm-clock, and set it at seven. He still lay awake some of the time. He then set it at six, then at five, and eventually at four. Four o'clock proved to be early enough; he practically ceased to lie awake. For the next sixty years he arose regularly at four. Although his original plan required a repetition of the experiment from time to time, to determine whether his needs had changed, there is no evidence that he made it. Perhaps he was too much engrossed; perhaps his wife, who was addicted to nagging, had something to do with the habit. At any rate, his companions recorded that he often dozed while traveling on horseback, and also in company while other people were talking. Still he appears to have obtained enough sleep—in bed and out of it—to run him fairly well. He died at the age of eighty-eight; he was active until eighty-six; and neither his writings nor his deeds will suggest a deficiency or an impairment of intellect.

I have turned to these leaders for illustration, not because their aims were religious, or even because their attacks were ideal, but rather because they exhibit a certain temper which is indispensable to success in any specific endeavor. If one is to make a definite accomplishment it is necessary to restrict one's efforts, as well as to intensify them, and to impose upon them a sort of directionality and organization. Effective endeavor, whether it be artistic, literary, musical, scientific, inventive, or what not, implies a considerable degree of self-discipline which is not essentially different from that of the religionist. Mere zeal can never overcome a lack of directiveness.

Wesley's experiment, though interesting, is too simple to answer the question, "How long should one sleep?" Whether a valid answer can be given without resort to "ifs" or "ands" remains to be seen. Before we take up that inquiry, however, it may be well to examine the meaning of a few terms.

II

In much everyday discussion the word "sleep" is used precisely as it should be used in scientific discourse. For example, consider a baseball game in which a runner is playing rather far off second base, in readiness to steal third at the first opportunity. The pitcher unexpectedly throws to shortstop; whereupon the runner, becoming confused, makes for the wrong base. As he is put out the fans exclaim, "Sound asleep!" Generalizing, we say that an organism is "awake" to those parts of

the environment to which it is reacting *specifically*, and in a manner which tends to preserve it; we call it "asleep" to those objects to which it does not specifically react. We are likely to say, moreover, that it is "conscious" of those parts of the environment to which, in this sense, it is "awake." When we reason so, we do not describe what is in its "mind," for we can know nothing about that; we are only using another verbal form to indicate that its behavior is *specifically related* to particular occurrences.

In this meaning of the terms, the words "sleep" and "waking" are strictly relative; they imply reference to a part of the environment; and they have no meaning unless it is understood what part of the environment is referred to. Even during the hours of work we are awake to only a small group of objects at any one instant and are asleep to all the rest. The latter have no effect upon us except to intensify or weaken our responses to the first. An instant later we are awake to a second group of objects, and asleep to some of the members of the group to which we were attending an instant before. Thus the reference-pattern of our sleep is continually changing, but at no time are we asleep to all the environmental world at once.

In another respect, also, "sleep" and "waking" are relative. Whenever we use the words, we imply a certain *kind of activity*. Ordinarily, they refer to *motility;* so shall we use them hereafter: we shall say that an organism is awake to those changes to which it responds by specific *movement;* to all other changes we shall call it asleep. But movement is only one form of activity; and the mere fact that it is suspended does not necessarily mean that other kinds of activity are even abated.

Consider a very simple organism, composed of only one cell. At certain times it swims about continually, avoiding obstructions, turning from a beam of light, stopping, backing, and turning away from other organisms when it enters their vicinity, testing various substances which it encounters, ingesting some and rejecting others. We then call it active because it moves; we call it awake because its movements are specific. But how shall we describe it a little later, when it becomes motionless and remains so for a long time? If we consider only locomotor or postural adjustments, it is not active, it is not awake to the stimuli which determined its behavior an hour before. We may, if we choose, call it asleep; but it would probably be a grave mistake to call it inert. It is undergoing plenty of activity, of another sort: it is working over raw materials, like starches, sugars, and fats, into explosively burning compounds, which it is storing in special reservoirs for subsequent use as fuels. It is carrying on a systematic barter with its environment, refusing some of the offerings of the latter, but accepting food-materials and oxygen, and delivering in exchange its waste-products, but withholding its fuels. It is, therefore, positively active, although that activity is not motile; its responses to its environment are just as specific as locomotor activity could possibly be. In this sense we could hardly call it "unconscious"; it still "knows" its foods and its poisons. If we had not restricted the field of reference of "sleep" and "waking" to motile activity, we would have to call the organism "active" and also "awake" while it is immotile; at no time could we consistently call it "resting" or "asleep." In as wide a sense as this there is no such thing as absolute rest, or general sleep; both of these states are identical with *death*.

It seems probable, although the proof is incomplete, that some activities, essential to the life of certain kinds of cell, can occur *only* while the cell is motionless, or asleep; for if it is prevented from entering a state of immotility it assumes the same appearance as it would have were it starved, asphyxiated, or subjected to the action of alcohol or ether.

What has been said of the independent cell applies, in large degree, to the cells of several kinds of bodily tissue, which retained many of the characteristics of independent cells when they adopted specialization.

In sleep, therefore, it is motility which is suppressed; certain other vital activities are maintained, and some are intensified.

It should now be remarked that this process of manufacture and storage of fuels, accompanied by excretion of poisonous waste-products of activity, *requires time*. It may be that the time required does not depend mainly on the speed of a chemical reaction, but on the rate at which some materials are loaded, stored, and discharged by the cell. To adopt a crude analogy, we may consider that some parts of the cell-membranes perform the function of stevedores who belong to a labor union and maintain a certain rate of transport. Bearing the illustration in mind, we may now consider an interesting suggestion, made by a prominent chemical manufacturer in an address before a national convention of chemists. Mindful of past achievements in chemical research, he predicted the invention of a new pill, which would speed up these metabolic activities and greatly reduce, if not abolish, the necessity of sleeping. If the doctrine which we have just outlined is tenable—and it is consistent with the most reliable experiments we know—then the proposed pill would have to do much more than any known chemical accelerator: not only must it hasten chemical reactions, but it must also make a radical change in the rhythm, and probably in the structure, of living membranes. If it accomplished this much it probably would revolutionize other behavior besides that of sleep. I, therefore, suspect that the speaker was either hasty or humorous.

In what we call the "resting" state the independent cell is immotile for considerable stretches of time. A few trillion cells of the human body are capable of a restricted movement. Some of them form the system of "voluntary" muscles. At no time are all of them motile; at no time are all of them quiet. In the state ordinarily called sleep a maximum number of these cells are immotile at once. This condition is a sign of other important changes. From analyses of expired air, it appears probable that at such times the process of repair is quickened. The suggestion is strengthened by the deterioration, visible under the microscope, which occurs in nerve-cells and muscle-cells when an animal is prevented for a long time from going to sleep. Furthermore, it has been found that if a widespread relaxation occurs in the muscular system, no matter what occasioned it, external stimuli become less effective than otherwise; more work must be done upon the animal's sense-organs to elicit the normal response. The significance of this fact may become clear if we reflect that the most numerous sense-organs in the body are located in muscular tissue and are excited by muscular tension. It is through them that much of the nervous current is generated which is necessary to normal adjustments. When the muscles relax, a great deal of stimulation ordinarily present vanishes; external stimuli, such as lights and sounds, become only partially effective in the absence of such reinforcement.

If, therefore, it were possible to measure the relaxation and tension in the muscular system, we probably should have a perfect method of studying human sleep. Unfortunately, all attempts to devise a measure have thus far failed. An attack on the problems of sleep is, therefore, limited by the deficiency of present-day methods. To make it clear why we chose the one we used, it may be well to name a few proposed alternatives, and explain why they would not do.

III

One method is that of *interrogation*, which is to be found in two forms. In

one of them the subject is asked, each day, at what time he went to bed, when he fell asleep, at what times he awoke, how long he remained awake on each occasion, when he awoke for the last time, when he arose, what dreams he had, if any, and how much recuperation he obtained from his rest. Whenever we ask questions implying *when* and *how much* we load the other person with responsibility for *making measurements*, instead of carrying it ourselves. If the measurement can be performed with a yard-stick, a scale-balance, or a clock, it is in its simplest terms. I have found very few hospital nurses who can be depended upon to record the actual times at which they started and stopped an electric motor, even when the latter gave an accurate record of the total time they allowed it to run. If the requirement includes the maintenance of a standard which may vary from person to person it becomes silly. Of course, if the subject happens to be willing and competent, and actually *makes* the measurements, well and good; although the study thereby becomes his problem, and ought rightfully to be published under his name. If he is not competent to make the measurements, he may still testify; but his testimony would be untrustworthy. Such a limitation is exceptionally important in the present case. When a person is asleep, or even drowsy, he is no more capable of reliable observation, estimation, and memory than he would be if he were drunk, or drugged, or crazy. The fact ought to be perfectly obvious, but it is usually disregarded. People talk with the greatest assurance of what they did in sleep or in drowsiness, probably because it is usually impossible to check the accuracy of their accounts.

A bit of personal experience may serve to emphasize this important fact. I was once a guest at a summer cottage in which another guest was a lady who was badly run down from long subjection to an unavoidable and exacting domestic problem. She suffered, as she believed, also from insomnia. As a rule she retired early, and at breakfast would give some such account as the following, of the way she had passed the night: "I went to bed at 9:15, and lay awake until nearly 1; I slept until about 2:30, when I heard a strange noise; I went to sleep again about 5, and slept until a quarter to 6; I dozed off a little after 7, and slept until you called me." It happened that on one of those nights I actually remained awake for several hours. As the house was by no means sound-proof, I was able to assure the lady the next day that she was getting more sleep than she supposed; for during a considerable part of the time she had credited to wakefulness she had been making respiratory noises such as no lady of her birth and breeding would have made if she had known what she was doing. Only an occasional snort, accompanied by a creaking of the bed as she changed her position, interrupted the rhythm of snoring, and none of the pauses was long. However, she rejected my testimony. She was sincere as well as certain, from having heard the clock strike three and also four, that she must have lain awake from a little after two until a little before five.

It is not to be supposed that her inaccuracy of observation and memory was based wholly on a pride in her insomnia. A fairly typical sleeper awakens, at least to part of his environment, about thirty-five times in the course of an ordinary night. The next day he recalls but one or two, for the reason that he usually interrupted the memorizing process by relapsing into sleep. With just a little more effort, exerted at the times he was disturbed, and without staying awake much longer, he might have recalled more of them next day; had he done so, he would have called himself insomnic. As the case stands, he is sure that he sleeps like a log.

IV

In a second form, the method of interrogation becomes the questionnaire —a method which is quite fashionable in the scientific underworld. One who applied it to the present case would ask a large number of people, say five thousand or ten thousand from all walks of life, how they *habitually* pass the night. The answers would then receive an elaborate statistical treatment. The defects of the questionnaire are even worse than in the other form of interrogation, for besides the uncertainties of observing, one encounters the uncertainties of estimating and averaging. We reasoned that if the results of interrogating any one person were worth nothing, the results of questioning ten thousand persons would be worth ten thousand times nothing, or, in accordance with old-fashioned arithmetic, nothing.

We also rejected the method of *stimulating* the subject by means of sound, or pressure, or electrical current, and measuring the work which had to be performed on his sense-organs to awaken him at different times of the night. This method has been used in several studies, beginning in 1862. It interferes with the normal course of sleep; it can be performed only once or twice on one night, and so would have required years before enough results on one person were obtained to justify a conclusion. Finally, it indicates nothing more than the variations in the "depth of sleep" with respect to the particular stimulus employed, and not with respect to others of the same kind, or of other kinds. At no time are we equally asleep, or inattentive, to all stimuli; witness the sleeping mother who leaps from her bed at the faintest gasp of her infant, and snores peacefully on while trucks and fire-engines are clanging past her open window. There is no reason for assuming that our sensitivity to any one stimulus represents our sensitivity to the rest. To get a good picture, we should have to study all the stimuli which are acting on the subject; and this procedure is hardly practicable.

We should have welcomed an opportunity to study the varying rate at which the body liberates *heat*, for this is a good index of "general" bodily activity. This method, however, requires an expensive calorimetry chamber, and could be used on only one subject at once. An indirect method, based on analysis of the expired air, is sometimes used and, according to the newspapers, is being employed in the studies at Colgate University. It requires the use of a gas mask and a nose clip, which are disturbing; and demands frequent interference on the part of the experimenter. It is also very sensitive to other extraneous disturbances beyond the control of the investigator.

As the resistance of the skin to electrical current varies from time to time, and is often greater when the subject is quiet than when he is active, its measurement has been proposed as a "test" of the depth of sleep. Its validity rests mainly on the proclamation of its users, since they had no way of measuring the "depth of sleep" independently. We did, however, secure the services of Professor Carney Landis of Wesleyan University for a time, and were convinced by his results that the phenomenon had nothing to do with sleep or waking.

It has been demonstrated, by the use of a sort of seismograph, that a person while in the waking state changes his bodily position rather frequently. If he is placed in a comfortable chair or in bed and required to keep still as much as possible during a half hour or an hour, he stirs, on the average, a little oftener than once in two minutes. If he makes no great effort to remain quiet, he stirs about twice as often. If he remains still for much longer than five minutes, any bystander will call him "asleep." It seemed worth while, therefore, to begin with a study of the

frequency of gross changes of bodily position. By a gross change we mean the movement of a whole limb or of part of the trunk, whether made quickly or slowly, or a very sudden movement of as much as half a limb.

We do not greatly care, for the present, whether we call the duration of immotility a measure of the depth of sleep or not. The longer a person lies still, however, the more evident it is that he is asleep to a very important group of disturbances, operating upon, and inside, his skin. As soon as he assumes any given position in bed certain conditions begin to build up, which presently become irritating. A large area of skin is in close contact with the mattress-covering and a smaller area intimately in contact with the body-coverings, so that cooling by ventilation is prevented. All this skin grows warmer and warmer until it reaches a temperature very near to that of the interior of the body. Moreover, the blood and other bodily fluids tend to gravitate to the parts which are the lowest and there settle, while pressing upon the bodily tissues. The visceral organs themselves are movable, and some press upon others, while straining the membranes by which they are attached to the walls of the trunk. The body as a whole presses upon the skin and muscles next the mattress, and thereby restricts their blood supply. Some muscles are under tension in maintaining posture, while some joints are cramped. A muscle, even when relaxed, becomes irritable merely from being kept still. These irritating conditions increase with time, and normally produce a change of bodily position, by which they are relieved. Thereupon, the subject can rest until similar conditions are built up in other regions. To lie still for a considerable time requires a disregard of present irritation, or a condition of sleep with respect to it.

We, therefore, fastened a recording instrument to a part of the bed which yielded to the movements of the occupant, so that every important stir displaced a pen which bore upon a strip of moving paper. A second pen was momentarily displaced once every five minutes, enabling us to tell when each movement occurred. What we measured was the time between groups of movements which took place in *different* five-minute intervals. All the activity which occurred within any one of these intervals we treated as if it fell within the first half of the interval, and as if it occupied all of that half. This treatment introduced a small error of assumption, which simplified our arithmetic and which produced no important distortion.

V

In this way we have studied some ninety different people, most of whom were under observation for several months. We have thus recorded over a quarter of a million periods of rest. The ages of our subjects varied between sixteen days and sixty-three years. We employed both sexes, and found people of widely different states of health and of sanity. Some of the experimental findings which are pertinent to our subject may now be recounted.

In general, we found much greater motility than anyone had reason to expect. It varies from person to person, through a range of four to one. It also varies rather consistently among groups which represent different age-levels. The greatest motility we found was in a healthy infant. If a person sleeps like a tender babe, or at least like this tender babe, he kicks and squirms and stirs in nearly every five-minute interval until after midnight; and except in three hours of the twenty-four he takes no fairly long stretches of rest. Early childhood is not quite so motile: Mr. C. R. Garvey, of the Institute of Child Welfare at the University of Minnesota, who has been studying the sleep of young children in co-operation with the Simmons investigators, finds that children between the ages of two and four

change their bodily position, on the average, about once in 7½ minutes. The average rest-period of the least motile child was a little over 10 minutes; that of the most active child, about 5 minutes.

We studied one child of school age—about eight years. Her average rest-period is about eight minutes.

Of twenty-two college boys studied at Mellon Institute, the least motile stirs about once in 25 minutes; the most active, once in 7¾ minutes; the most typical, about once in 13½ minutes.

We are now studying a group of middle-aged married people. There is a striking difference between the two sexes, but it may turn out to be primarily an occupational difference. With only one exception in sixteen, the man is more restless than the wife. The wives rest about as quietly as the college boys; the husbands stir, on the average, about forty per cent more often than their mates. However, several of the men under study are engaged in interesting and constructive work of an intellectual character. One of them, an architect, often spends an evening on design; others, in calculation, in specialized reading, or in literary composition. They spend less time in bed than their wives, and less than college boys; but they stir, on the average, about once in seven minutes. A skilled machinist rests about as quietly as the average college boy; so does one professional man who is characteristically quiet.

It looks as though interesting and sustained activity tends to persist (perhaps in degraded form) much longer into the hours of rest than the less engaging activity of light housework and the much feebler stimulation of such afternoon bridge as most women play.

One is tempted to speculate whether these highly motile intellectual workers are wearing themselves out rapidly, or whether they may require less sleep than the manual worker and the idle. The answer, of course, cannot come for some years; *i.e.*, until they become useless or until they die. At present they all seem to be "going strong."

The Minnesota children spend almost exactly the same total time in immotility, on the average, as the college youths and the middle-aged women; but this time is made up of fragments scattered through 10 to 10½ hours instead of 7 or 8. We have examined the records for different parts of the night separately, to see if some of the time spent in bed is regularly and systematically wasted. It is certain that the last part of the stay is not: if the child were awakened an hour before his usual time considerable rest would be lost. Whether it would be made up in the earlier hours of the next night is doubtful. It is also clear that the child delays the onset of sleep longer than the adult. (We arbitrarily date the beginning of sleep from that of the first stretch of immotility which exceeds five minutes. As this stretch is usually long, our assumption is fairly plausible.) The promptest member of this group of 12 children goes to sleep in about 24 minutes, on the average, after he goes to bed; the most tardy child, in about 64 minutes; the average child, in about 36. For 21 college men the corresponding figures are 5½, 29, and 18 minutes, respectively. For 16 middle-aged people the average is still less. All this may suggest that the child might well be put to bed later, since he wastes so much time at the beginning of the night. However, it seems just as probable that his delay in going to sleep is due to the excitation of fatigue, rather than to freshness. It has been clearly proved that the effects of moderate fatigue are excitatory; we also have clear evidence that grown people are more restless when they go to bed tired. We simply do not yet know enough to decide the question, and it is hardly feasible to make a formal experiment on children, in view of the fear of damage. For the present we can merely compare casual observations and personal prejudices. My own suspicion is that most children

I know should be put to bed earlier than they are; for the lowered social tone of their behavior late in the day is highly suggestive of fatigue.

In adults of middle age the total duration of immotility tends to increase as the person lengthens his stay in bed. This tendency, however, is decidedly weak, being only one-fifth to one-third as strong as the tendency to devote a fairly constant time in rest regardless of the length of the stay in bed. It is not unusual for a person to take nearly as much rest on *most* nights of 6½ hours as in the *average* night of 9½ hours. Still, in the long run, a longer stay in bed will bring somewhat longer rest. To tell how much any one individual will gain it is necessary to refer to his own records. For example, we can assure one man that if he wishes to increase his total rest by an average of ten per cent, he can do so by increasing his average stay in bed by twenty per cent. His wife, however, would gain but three per cent by adopting the same practice. Hence, the time spent in bed, while not without influence, is of less importance than the way it is divided between motility and quiet.

The question may arise, "What difference does it make whether the time spent in immotility is long or short, as long as the differences are not made gross?" The answer is, it depends on what effects you consider. There are no "tests" of "general fitness," despite a half-century of spasmodic effort to find them. That being the case, it is scandalous that physicians, physiologists, psychologists, and Efficiency Experts should talk so freely as if there were. Some tasks, in which performance is easily measured, can be performed better when one is not too fresh and relaxed. It remains to inquire what kind of tasks these are. Again, a personal illustration may help.

In my own case, if I have a definite, interesting, and sustained piece of work to do it seems to be carried off more easily if I spend about 12 hours a day on it, and stay not more than 6½ hours in bed. (In such circumstances, it is futile to stay in bed much longer, for I wake up early, "rearing to go.") After one or two days on such a schedule, although I am enjoying it, I become drowsy in the afternoon unless I omit lunch. Blessed as I am with a moderate reserve of fat I do not become weak, and an occasional hunger-contraction serves to keep me active. For a couple of weeks the work comes easy; I am still feeling capable; but later on interruptions are irritating and grow more intolerable as the experiment proceeds. Toward the end of the third week a change of task may show that I have lost some adaptability. For example, I may have to stop writing and turn to calculation to settle some point I have overlooked. In the calculation I may make some queer mistakes. I may do the operations correctly, but when I pass to a new step in the calculation I may do the wrong operation. When such disorganization ceases to be occasional, I had better take it as a warning signal; for unless I lengthen my stay in bed for a few nights, I am likely to yield to any acute infection, such as a cold.

Considered only with reference to a single, sustained task, my shortened stay in bed, with the mild intoxication which it probably engendered, has apparently increased my fitness; considered with reference to unexpected demands of the present, or to preparedness for the demands to be made a few days hence, it has diminished my fitness. Any reference-demand is particular, if not arbitrary. As I write, physicians are announcing that five hundred hours spent in a "dancing" marathon, in cycles of one hour of activity and fifteen minutes of rest, have not injured the fourteen contestants who remain on the floor. They probably are not injured—for walking, or rather, for somnambulism, at the present time. But for many days, during a large part of the time, most of them have been quite inadequate to other demands. What the effect

will be on the demands of the future, nobody can yet say.

An overlong stay in bed seems to set up a habit of relaxation which persists for several hours into the working day. While it lasts one has entirely too much composure for immediate work; it is too hard to excite one; but if this condition is a sign of an adequate cell-repair and of relative freedom from toxicity it means a heightened readiness for future demands.

VI

In brief, there is no general answer to the question, "How long should one stay in bed?" The intelligent individual, who takes proper cognizance of the facts and relations which apply to his own special case, can probably find his own answer. Nobody else can do it for him.

We should now take note of some important facts arising from the alternation of motility and quiet during one's stay in bed. This alternation follows a very curious law, which, in part, is harmonic. Each person has a characteristic rhythm, which seems to be peculiar to himself, and which is not easily broken. When two persons occupy separate beds, placed side by side, they disagree, by at least five minutes, during nearly half the night, on the question of moving or lying still. During no more of the time than the laws of chance require, do they agree within five minutes on this important matter. In other words, under the conditions named, they stir and rest independently of each other. This independence, which is clearly proved, offers two interesting suggestions. First, if two persons desire to rest undisturbed by each other's movements in sleep this can be done by using separate beds. Separate rooms are quite unnecessary unless one person is noisy when asleep or unless he walks about or talks while he is awake, as some ill-bred sleepers do. Second, it appears that lights, and also noises, in themselves, have but little effect on sleep. Otherwise, two persons exposed to the same external disturbances should tend to stir at the same times, more often than is required by mere chance. Actually, they do not. Furthermore, if lights and sounds were important disturbances, blind people, deaf people, and people who are both blind and deaf, being immune to them, should rest more quietly than normal people. Dr. Kreidl and Dr. Herz have proved that they do not. The most effective disturbances originate inside our skins, and upon them. Once they arouse us, light and noise may interfere with a return to sleep; but the latter are not important interrupters unless they are intense, novel, or frequently repeated; or unless we have trained ourselves to respond to them.

The motility of children being greater than that of adults, the chances of mutual disturbance are greater if two of them occupy the same bed. If neither child is "nervous" the question of separate beds may not be of exceedingly great moment; but otherwise, the parent must choose between the formation of a finical habit and the risk of positive injury.

About twice a year some physician or psychologist advises the public to take its rest in broken doses, not exceeding two hours in length, instead of taking it in one long stretch. It is my duty to explain how they get this notion. They get it at second hand, and illegitimately. In 1862, Kohlschütter, then a medical student in Germany, published a thesis on the tenacity, or depth, of sleep, which is now a classic. That is to say, it is often mentioned, but seldom read. I have examined a great many references to it, but with one exception none of them which were made between 1883 and 1927 were made by writers who had read the article. Kohlschütter actually measured the height from which he had to drop a pendulum-hammer striking upon a block of slate, in order to awaken the sleeper at different times of the night.

If some conditions, which actually were not realized, had been fulfilled, these measurements would have expressed the work which had to be done upon the sleeper's ear-drum to produce a fixed response. They then would have indicated the depth of the subject's sleep—*with respect to the particular sound employed*, though not with respect to anything else. Kohlschütter, fully aware of this limitation, nevertheless, called them measures of the "depth of sleep," without specifying the part of the environment to which the sleep was relative; and began to talk of them as though they measured the depth of "general" sleep, which cannot be measured at all. Having rejected over 40 per cent of all the measurements he made, because they deviated from the law he was seeking, he plotted the remainder to a curve, representing the dependence of "depth" on the duration of sleep. Since 92 per cent of the area under this curve lay between its beginning and the point representing the end of the second hour, it gives the impression that 92 per cent of all the "sleep" it portrays occurred within the first two hours. An examination of the actual data renders such an assumption ridiculous. For most of our subjects—though not for all—the longest stretches of immotility do occur within the first hour to hour and a half after retiring. The differences between this period and others, however, are of a secondary order of importance. This finding is consistent with that of Kohlschütter, and of all others who have since used his method. It has been obscured by his judicious selection of data and by the comments of those who have not considered it necessary to examine facts before attempting to interpret them. Mr. Edison, by taking cat-naps during the day, seems to have managed to do with rather short stays in bed at night. So, apparently, did John Wesley, who asserted that he required about six and one-half hours for sleep, and could not well subsist with less. What Mr. Edison actually has taken, on the average, and all together, is unknown; the press has created a myth concerning him, which he has partially denied. Until more and better evidence is available, most of us will prefer to do our sleeping while we are in bed, and at night. However, we need not regard the matter as closed. The inconclusive character of the results may have been due to the poor type of experimentation employed.

Another word might be said on the question of "broken doses" of rest. Dr. Czerny reports that when young children take an afternoon nap their sleep at night, while slightly delayed and slightly shortened, is deeper than when the nap is omitted. His method—that of electrical stimulation—is open to criticism; but we have some results on adults which are less questionable and which tend to bear out the argument. Mr. Garvey, in time, will probably be able to settle the question beyond doubt, as far as children are concerned. Meanwhile, the effect appears to be probable, as a result of persistence of a habit of relaxation. The feeble, the "nervous," and the insomnic might do well to practice the mid-day nap.

However, most of us, if we keep free from constipation, and from the accumulation of gas in the stomach and the duodenum, if we employ a bed which permits a maximum number of comfortable postures, and if we cultivate the habit of relaxation with the same businesslike care we should devote to the study of music, will get enough rest in the course of six and one-half hours to nine hours to equip us for the day, and to make the day's work enjoyable.

Sleep, as we have pointed out, is a necessity no less than a luxury. Overindulgence in sleeping is possible. It is vicious when it interferes with more interesting activities.

THE GREAT GOD FOOTBALL

BY JOHN R. TUNIS

"RETURNING lettermen are Nagurski, Kabela, Hovde, Lekeseles, Brookmeier, Westphal, Pulbrabek, and Teeter. Emlein and Ukkelberg will supplant Apman and Angevik; and Norgaard and Burquist will provide promising material to guard the flanks."

No, this is not, as you might imagine, a list of future citizens of these United States who have passed or are about to pass the rigid requirements of the Quota; but simply a sample of up-to-date football publicity sent out last summer by one of our large Middle Western state universities.

For at present every college worthy of the name of an educational institution maintains a press bureau whose function is to keep the name of the university before the public gaze. This is successfully accomplished not merely by issuing bulletins of the academic progress of the organization—for after all education is a matter in which but few of us are interested—but chiefly by bombarding the press of the land with minute and detailed references to the athletic activities of the university in question, and particularly to its football eleven. Moreover, no longer do these press bureaus wait until the opening of the doors of learning to begin grinding out material for publication. Heavens, no! The advance notices from college press agents start pouring in upon the helpless sporting editors of the nation's newspapers as early as mid-August. By Labor Day the campaign is on in earnest, and the sports pages are full of "Intensive Training to Start To-day," and "Preliminary Practice Begins at Notre Dame," or "University of Pennsylvania Squad Takes to Seashore for Early Conditioning." While vacation throngs are starting back to city homes, bits of pre-season comment such as the following may be culled from any newspaper:

"Farmington, L. I.—Comparative quiet settled over the New York University football training camp here today after the arrival and opening workout. But the coaching faculty [a descriptive title, this] admitted this evening that the quiet is no more than a Sabbath lull before a gridiron storm of incessant drilling to-morrow."

Truly an apt analogy. And midsummer is merely the Sabbath lull before the storm of football propaganda from the colleges and technical schools and high schools, and even the schools for the training of officers for our Army and Navy. The volume and stridency of the propaganda steadily increases as the practice sessions become more stern and important in late September, as the early-season games begin in October, and as the end of the year and the "crucial contest"—for nowadays every big football game is a "crucial contest"—approach in the first weeks of November. By this time the sporting pages of the American newspapers have been filled for months with columns of football news and comment, relevant and irrelevant. By this time the chaff has been fairly well separated from the wheat, and the winning teams—as true sports-lovers of the most sports-loving nation in the world, we obviously have no use for the losers—have been classified, ticketed,

and documented. There are the Eastern teams, as a rule of small account in the final reckoning, the teams of the Western Conference, the Pacific Coast Conference, the Missouri Valley Conference, the Southwestern Conference, the Minnesota Conference, the Oklahoma Conference, the Rocky Mountain Conference, and a dozen other conferences large and small, important and unimportant from a sporting viewpoint. There are also several roving teams that make a business, a regular profession of football.

These roving teams are delightfully and refreshingly frank about the game, making no pretenses at all that their halfbacks are members of Phi Beta Kappa; nor do they seek to deny that their coach, with the help of an agile newspaper writer six hundred miles away, syndicates his views in the sports pages daily throughout the land to his own profit. There is no pretense made that he is hired to be the moral guardian of the football squad, no twaddle about the manner in which through his precept and example he influences "his boys" for Christian good. No, these teams are a rough and ready lot. They do not intend to allow the abnormal functions of a university such as lectures and study to interfere with football. On a Saturday one of these elevens will play in Portland, Oregon; the players will dress hastily and catch the evening express from the Coast an hour after the game, in time to run out upon the Yankee Stadium, New York, the following Saturday afternoon. They practice by throwing footballs at one another as they tramp from diners to sleepers, or vice versa. Their studies, if any, are broadcasted to them by radio; yet their degrees are rendered to them at the proper moment—which is to say when their football usefulness to the university is at an end. Much of this, perhaps more, you may learn if you wish, in fact whether you wish or not, by opening the sporting pages of any American newspaper between September and Christmas in any given year.

It is obvious that the sporting public wants all this sort of thing or the newspapers would never publish it. Yes, the sporting public does want it, adores all this football news, eats it, swallows it, almost—I was going to say—wallows in it. And no wonder, too, for the truth is that football is to-day the Great American Game, at least from the spectators' point of view. True, we still hear baseball called our national game. But it is easy to prove the falsity of the statement. Turn back to the files of any newspaper in early October and you will discover that on the final days of a World's Series there are always seats, and plenty of them, to be obtained. While the novelty lasts, while people are talking baseball, during the first two or three days of the Series, the stands are crowded; but as soon as it drags along over a week-end interest abates and the stands are spotted with empty patches. Whereas football . . .

A baseball World's Series crowd of eighty thousand is mentioned in the newspaper headlines; on the other hand a football crowd of eighty thousand is a commonplace. At the approximate moment when the Yale Bowl is filled with a gathering of this size, larger numbers are watching Michigan play Illinois at Urbana, Pennsylvania tackle Chicago at Franklin Field, and California play Stanford at Berkeley. For a series of five or six successive Saturdays in October and November each year football proves its right to be called the King of American Sports.

But, as a matter of fact, football is more to the sports follower of this country than merely a game. It is at present a religion—sometimes it seems to be almost our national religion. With fervor and reverence the college man and the non-college man, the athlete and observer approach its shrines; dutifully and faithfully they make their annual pilgrimage to the football Mecca, be it Atlanta or Urbana, Cambridge or Los Angeles, Princeton or Ann Arbor. From far and near they come, the low and the

high, the humble in their sports coupés from the neighboring city, the elect in their special cars from all parts of this football-mad nation. (In case you think this to be merely a flight of rhetoric, let me assure you that a railroad official told me during a recent Harvard-Yale game at New Haven that special cars from sixteen different systems were parked in the yards about the station.)

So devoutly does the American sporting Babbitt worship at the shrine that even the ministers of other and older faiths are duly impressed. Thus, for example, Dean Willard Sperry of the Harvard Theological School:

"The only true religious spirit to be discerned among large bodies of undergraduates to-day is in the football stadium. One of the deepest spiritual experiences I ever had was one Saturday afternoon a few years ago in the Harvard Stadium. It is just that spirit which transforms football from a form of athletics to a religion, which our universities must diffuse through wider channels."

This new religion has its dogma: the doctrine that only through so-called "college spirit" can a man be saved. According to this doctrine in its purest form, anything done for the purpose of bringing victory to the team is justifiable; any news—learned no matter how—about another eleven, any bit of information garnered publicly or privately must be put to use; any amount of time spent in following and cheering and "supporting" the team counts toward the salvation of the faithful. No less than the undergraduate, the graduate is a traitor to his creed does he fail to turn up in the stadium on the day of days, the Homecoming Day, the Big Game Day, the Day when the college demands his all. So the undergraduate tears away on Thursday afternoon in his rickety flivver to drive the five hundred miles to the town where the big game is to be held, and the graduate comes down by express or special train for the same purpose; and if each has a flask upon his hip—well, anything is excused when one realizes the holy motives pervading their acts on behalf of the dear old college.

The religion of football has its high priests and acolytes, its saints and sanctuaries, as do other religions. The saints are those mighty ones of the game who have gone on, whose names are mentioned with hushed breath by sports writers and football fans alike. The high priests are the saints of the present day; sometime in the future they, too, will have passed away, sometime they, too, will have Memorial Gates and Drives and Locker Buildings constructed in their names and their memory. To-day Saint Hugo Bezdek and Saint William Roper, Saint Knute Rockne and Saint Chick Meehan fill the places of the great departed. Places which have become more lucrative, let it be added; for to-day the nest of the high priest is well feathered, and the newspaper ghost-writer and the syndicate manager offer him a means of profit not always open in such measure to the men of the days of Percy Haughton.

The acolytes of the religion are of course the players themselves. They serve and wait upon the Great God Football in his sanctuaries—the gridirons of school and college. These humble flagellants are, need it be said, seldom admitted to the inner holy of holies. The hierarchies that rule the game are composed of the Athletic Directors, Graduate Managers, Graduate Treasurers, Chairmen of Football Committees, and the rest who, with the Head Coaches, are merely names for the lowly graduate and undergraduate to bow down before and worship. The hierarchies and the Head Coaches look with benign approval upon the solemn hocus-pocus of the new religion, for after all, High Priests like everyone else must eat three times daily.

The president of a large college, when he was discussing football informally one day, pointed out a curious thing about this new religion of ours. He mentioned

man's natural hunger for ritual in one form or another, and remarked that so fundamental is this emotional craving that when our churches do away with ritual—as the Protestants have largely done away with it in the United States—it springs up in other and most unlikely places. And certainly nowhere has the love of the average man for ritual been more completely and more fully satisfied than by the rich and intricate ceremony of modern intercollegiate football.

This ritual has pervaded the game little by little, a bit here and a bit there, without anyone being fully aware of what was going on; it has become a part of college life without anyone permanently attached to the colleges realizing what has happened, until to-day it is fixed and standardized from Maine to California. Everyone who has attended an American university large or small is familiar with its manifestations. By way of preparation for the annual football festival there are mass meetings at which the High Priests and Acolytes of the religion speak briefly but passionately and fervently, preaching devotion to the Divine Being. They usually manage to work their audience up to such a pitch that a snake dance follows; headed by the student band playing football songs (which after all are the hymns of the cult), a thousand bareheaded undergraduates swarm across the campus in the dark, swing up Main Street, blocking traffic and pulling the trolleys off the wires, hooting and jeering at the house of Professor Jackson of the Greek Department, who once dared question the sacredness of the gods they worship; and then crowd on to the field back of the gymnasium, where a huge bonfire is lighted and more cheers and songs are heard until everyone is too hoarse and too tired to continue.

And then on Game Day itself, the day of the great festival, there are the bands parading to the field in uniform, the varsity band leading the procession with its stalwart drum major, the freshman band—in costumes somewhat less elaborate—bringing up the rear. There are the frenzied shouts of greeting as the players race upon the field, the cheers for the captain of the team, for the opponents of the day, for the university; these are the opening prayers, as it were, of the ceremony. Then there are the annual demonstrations of ingeniously organized pageantry, always so important a part of this football ritual; the cheering section that on a blast from a directing whistle suddenly spells out CALIFORNIA in vivid colors or that forms a big blue Y or a big red H made up of colored cards or handkerchiefs. There is the marching and countermarching of the bands between the halves; each year their performance becomes more elaborate, each year they add to the traditional rites some new marvel of disciplined display. And if, perhaps, by some lucky chance, the afternoon of the game happens to fall on Armistice Day, so much the better. From the top of the stadium, silhouetted against the dying sun, a bugler in khaki stands with his bugle against his lips. A hush falls upon ninety thousand bareheaded spectators and the piercing notes of taps are scattered over the vast arena, penetrating with an exquisite melancholy the hearts of the worshippers. At long last the game is over; there they stand, uncovered in their temple, chanting their Doxology, their closing words of prayer:

"In praise of Old Nassau, my boys. . . .
In praise . . . of Old . . . Nassau. . . ."

II

Football to-day is a complicated affair. Before the time when the merchants of a college town and the Chamber of Commerce subscribed money to the Athletic Association, realizing that a hundred thousand persons in twenty-four hours can leave a good deal of surplus cash about, before the time when big games were called by name to attract given bodies of citizens—Rotary Day, Kiwanis Day, Dad's Day, and so

forth—football was a simple business. An old Yale football player relates how when a Blue eleven went to play Harvard at Cambridge one of the players, stopping off at Hartford to visit a young lady, missed the train, and a crew man on the sidelines had to be pressed into service. In those days when it was necessary for an official to take charge, some neutral spectator who happened to be watching was requested to lend his aid. To-day the officials—their number has increased until at present there are almost as many officials as players upon the field—are hand-picked for each game by a High Commissioner who receives a salary of ten thousand dollars for the job; a job which does not appear to be working out over well, either. Last season more than three thousand dollars was spent for spies to watch the officials and report upon their fairness and the quality of their officiating. The reports, it seems, were not constructive enough, and this fall there is talk of spies being set to watch the spies at an additional cost of three thousand dollars, and so on. Truly, a complicated business, this modern football.

But football was not always quite so involved. In fact it is fair to say that football stole up and caught the colleges unaware; almost before they knew it the vast machine which is modern intercollegiate football had been erected and firmly installed in collegiate life. Thirty years ago it was a game. To-day the colleges are waking up to realize that what they have on their hands is a first-class octopus which is strangling many of the legitimate pursuits of the educational institution. As the late President Wilson said before the War:

"The side shows are so numerous, so diverting, so important if you will—that they have swallowed up the circus, and those who perform in the main tent must often whistle for their audience, discouraged and humiliated."

This, perhaps, represents the opinion of the average educator. I say the average educator, because some college presidents are as completely hypnotized by the effects of football as the most fervent undergraduates. But the majority undoubtedly feel it to be harmful; harmful because it gives both to the students and to a public that knows nothing of colleges an entirely wrong idea of the purpose and functions of a great educational institution. "Yale," said a nine-year-old boy, "is the college that has good football teams." And many boys five times his age share his belief about Yale University.

The purposes of a university and the things a college education accomplish have been defined in many and various ways; but certainly, if four years in a seat of learning has any effect upon its students, it should help them to differentiate between the false and the true, between the sham values of life and the real values. Herein lies the greatest objection of the educators to football. The religion of football, they argue, teaches the most ephemeral of values, brings into prominence in an intellectual institution men who are looked up to solely on account of their ability to catch a thirty-yard pass or turn an opposing end and, instead of assisting the undergraduate to distinguish between what is best and what is worthless in life, tends to befuddle his judgment with its hysterical appeals to his emotion and its irrational standards, and by this setting up of false gods may mislead him for years until he learns for himself, in the world without, to distinguish between the things that are of enduring worth and the things that are not.

Thus it happens in many a college that even while the Athletic Association is issuing its Daily News Letter to the press of the country, at the very moment when new coaches and assistant coaches and supernumeraries are being hired by those in charge of the game, there is a large and spontaneous, though often unorganized feeling against the whole thing within the campus. In other words, there are in most American

colleges to-day two factions: football and anti-football. The football faction is well organized, powerful, articulate, embracing most of the students, the athletic directors, their staffs, many of the influential graduates and members of the Board of Trustees, and occasionally even the president himself. For there is no denying the fact that a winning football eleven is a great help to the president of every college, large or small, endowed or unendowed. Thus the head of a vast state educational factory, who depends upon funds from the annual grant of the state legislature and who must go before them personally each year to plead his cause, will surely find his way smoothed and his path easier if he can point to a winning football team the previous fall, if he can show how much publicity (and, therefore, prestige) the eleven has brought to the great Commonwealth of Illinois (or Nebraska, or Minnesota, or Iowa, or Utah) by its row of triumphs upon the fields of sport. Even the head of a conservative Eastern college richly endowed may also consider a victory in football to his advantage in many ways. The president of a large and ancient university on the Atlantic seaboard said recently in private conversation:

"Of course I wish for a victory over Blank more than anyone on the team. Why? Because it means that my work will be ever so much easier for weeks thereafter; everyone will be in such good humor that things will run much more smoothly and quietly among both students and professors. Yes, more than anyone I want the team to win next Saturday."

But, beside the football faction, there is in every college in the land another faction, smaller, less powerful, vastly less noisy, but, nevertheless, growing rapidly. This faction is anti-football. They deplore sincerely the huge complicated business which is modern football; they regret the extent to which it has grown, and they would like to take steps to change it. Some of them would like to do away with it entirely. Said one President to me not long ago:

"Many thinking graduates, undergraduates, members of the faculty, and college presidents would be happy to see football abolished if it could be done without upsetting the athletic systems of the colleges generally."

Yet so far the anti-football faction has been powerless to act, powerless at any rate to act effectively. Why? Well, suppose you were a college president convinced of the absurdity of the religion of football and desirous of destroying it. How would you proceed?

By a bull, declaring that football was no more? Such a step would be condemned to futility from the outset. Most outsiders do not realize that the college president of 1928 is not an autocrat. Like the president of a large corporation or the President of the United States, he has very limited authority; like all presidents, he is responsible to others. To a Board of Trustees, to an Alumni Committee, to some body of graduates who, if they do not actually control many of his actions, at least are able to throw stumbling blocks in the way of his desired reforms.

But let us suppose that he does make a gesture against football. Even if it is a constructive gesture, such as Dr. Hopkins made a year or two ago by suggesting that football be limited to the two upper classes, pressure will immediately be brought to bear to frustrate his attempt. The President will suddenly find many forces arranged against him. The graduate who is head of the railroad system that transports thousands of people to the stadium every Saturday, the graduate who is connected with a corporation that benefits by the presence of eighty thousand persons in town one day a week, the graduate who cares nothing for the intellectual prestige and everything for the football prestige of the college—these and others will oppose him bitterly. Because the power they possess is many-sided, often

they will be able to hinder and delay not only this reform but any other reform that the President may attempt to introduce. In fact they may even drive him from office, not directly on account of his opposition to football, but on some other charge of inefficiency or trouble-making. Even with the support of college officials and graduates who share his view, the President can do little to change the fundamental nature of intercollegiate football. The octopus has far too tenacious a hold.

So the average college president lets ill enough alone. He postpones the day of reckoning with the football hierarchy. Next year, perhaps, when his new plan for a salary increase for the professors has gone through and the money has been raised for the new chemical laboratory . . . but not now. Better do nothing, say nothing which might jeopardize his position. Next year, perhaps, or the year after that. And things being as they are, can you blame him?

III

I suppose you cannot. Yet I should be more inclined to sympathize with him if he and those about him would do one or two obvious and not impossible things. For one thing, he might cast a thoughtful eye upon the propaganda which emanates from his own institution. I have already given a sample or two of this propaganda; let me give a few more, the sort of stuff that leaves me cold when college presidents explain to me in detail how football has been spoiled not by the colleges but by the outside public.

Harold E. Grange—the middle name is Edward—was born in Forksville, Sullivan County, Pennsylvania, on June 13, 1903. His father, Lyle N. Grange, in his youth had been the king of the lumberjacks in the Pennsylvania mountains, renowned for his skill, strength and daring. His mother, a sweet and lovely girl, died when "Red" was five years old and it was this which determined his father to move to Wheaton, Illinois. The family consisted of the father, Harold, a younger brother Garland, who entered Illinois in 1924, and a daughter who soon married.

This is the opening paragraph of a biographical masterpiece sent to the newspapers by the publicity department of the University of Illinois. Why on earth should stuff of this sort come forth from an educational institution supposedly devoted to the cause of sound learning? That is what some of us would be happy to learn.

So long as the colleges persist in maintaining publicity bureaus and press directors to keep the nation informed of the doings and sayings of their heroes in sport, they can hardly accuse the public of having spoiled football. And the college or university, large or small, that does not do this sort of thing is certainly an exception. Most colleges call the mimeographed matter they broadcast to the press a "Sports Letter"; others prefer to entitle it "News of Sports" or "Athletic News Service," while others send out their copy minus any high-sounding name at all. Some of the larger universities supplement their routine propaganda with a pictorial magazine entirely devoted to sports. From two hundred news releases which flooded the sporting department of one New York daily in ten days last summer, it was possible to learn that at the University of Chicago the men have been engaged in physical work to keep in trim all summer; that "Truck Weaver, the two hundred and thirty pound guard, has been working on a downtown building as a laborer; Rudy Leyers, fullback, has been working as a hodcarrier, while Harold Bluhm, quarterback, has been pushing a wheelbarrow on the new Jones Chemical Laboratory." One also discovered that Boston University, after waiting fifty-nine years for "decent football facilities," at last has a field of its own; that at West Point the students are marched into football mass meetings much as they are marched to classes and to drill; that at Penn State Hugo Bezdek

is "stumped." It appears that the quarters where the players live were used during the past summer by the Institute of French Education, and the French accent and culture have so corrupted the football squad that "orders have gone out to burn all French periodicals and books found in the buildings." Read this announcement from the University of West Virginia and you might imagine yourself reading of the doings of a professional boxing promoter:

> At the home office at Morgantown there is a big job of assembling ticket application blanks, announcements of games, times to be played, prices of tickets, preference of orders, souvenir cards, etc., etc. Director Stansbury also has some new features to present in the way of window-card and automobile-banner advertising which proved very popular with the fans over the state last year. Several requests have already reached the office for materials of this nature by agencies who usually handle Mountaineer tickets.

Frankness in the broadcasting of sports went far last summer when Purdue University, not content with the usual methods of sporting propaganda, sent broadcast a large poster with the word FOOTBALL written across the top. Directly underneath are shown three members of the university team in action, and lest the observer mistake their identity, the names of the three stars are boldly printed in block lettering. On the side is the university schedule, in lettering smaller than the names of the stars aforesaid. Could the press agent for Mr. Ziegfeld do more than that?

These things make one a little skeptical when the college authorities express their belief that the public is responsible for the football mania. Nor do their declarations about the good done by the money received from football always ring quite true. Every year toward the end of the football season, when reports about the vast sums taken in by our colleges flood the press, a rush of printed matter fills the sports pages of the newspapers with arguments to prove how wisely and how well these millions are used. Attempt to question the sacredness of football and any athletic director will immediately overwhelm you with a flood of unanswerable statistics. He will show that football is the godfather of games within and without the walls of the university, that with its gate-receipts are built swimming pools and squash courts, that from its profits spring crews fully armed and golf and tennis teams fully clothed. A new baseball cage was built out of football earnings. The lacrosse team made a southern trip upon them. They helped finance the rifle and chess teams, the polo and the debating teams. They maintained and paid for all intramural sports: sports between classes, between the clubs and societies, sports between the dormitories. In fact, they did almost everything but pay the salary of the President. The word intramural to an athletic director takes on a holy significance when he is talking; the intramural sports idea, "athletics for all," is hammered home for all it is worth to show how beneficial modern football really is.

Lately, however, I have wondered whether football does quite so much to promote athletics for all as its supporters so loudly claim. Perhaps this is a misleading impression. Yet at any rate it is shared by Professor Thomas E. French of Ohio State University, for in his report to the National Collegiate Association in 1924 he says:

"Compared to the amounts spent on intercollegiate sports, the budgets for intramural sport are comparatively small. Ohio is spending this year $13,000, Minnesota $11,000, Michigan $10,000, and others from $7,500 to $3,000."

But in the very year in which Professor French was speaking, football receipts at Ohio State University were $275,723.75. Of this sum $127,017.83 was expended upon a million-six-hundred-thousand-dollar stadium, and $13,000 upon intramural athletics!

Thirteen thousand out of $275,000. Professor French can hardly be charged

with exaggeration when he says that the sum spent on intramural athletics at Ohio State is comparatively small.

Is this exceptional? Not in the least. Stanford University, to take a college upon the West Coast, took in during the same year $194,000 in athletic receipts, and after paying for a football stadium, a basketball stadium, team expenses and equipment, spent the generous sum of $7,500 on intramural sport. Harvard University in the same year received over a million dollars from football. Of that sum nearly $300,000—or more than one-quarter—was spent upon various intercollegiate teams, traveling expenses, coaches, rubbers, trainers, doctors, uniforms, and supplies. When a college spends $74,000 for coaches, $5,000 for rubbers, and $6,000 for medical services in one short season of two months, it might appear that intramural athletics would be likely to receive less than their share from the remainder.

The fact is that the attitude of the universities of this country toward football is often hypocritical in the extreme. Certainly their press releases and their statistics of expenditures for football do not square with their protestations that they wish to put an end to the evils which have crept into the game. If they really desire to keep the interest of the students and the public upon the main tent, they might as well start the good work of reform right in their own side-shows.

IV

If they should attempt to do so they might find themselves in receipt of aid and comfort from an unexpected quarter —the undergraduate body.

The religion of football is firmly enough established in the United States to be able to smile at the pin pricks it receives in the nature of Carnegie Foundation reports and other adverse criticism; but it is a fact that from time immemorial even greater religions have flourished and waned as the soul of man in search of new food to satisfy his spiritual hunger turned aside from the well-established creeds of the moment. To-day, strong and powerful as is the Great God Football, signs are not wanting to show that American college undergraduates are beginning to doubt its divinity.

For one thing, the enormous size of our larger universities tends to weaken the overwhelming interest in athletics and in football especially. Any college graduate of thirty years ago will tell you of class rushes, class suppers, class proms, and the like, such as have no counterpart to-day. He will talk of football games and of baseball games and track meets held between college classes, all of which seem strange and impossible to the modern undergraduate. Intense class feeling began to die out years ago; the classes to-day are far too large in the great universities to permit of much class feeling or class loyalty being shown. So also, the feeling so wrongly called "college spirit" is losing ground in many of the large educational institutions throughout the country.

"Here at Michigan," a man told me recently, "the students feel lost in the great mass of outsiders who come to see the games. They are beginning to feel that the team is not much more theirs than a professional football team."

The report of the Faculty-Student Committee on the Distribution of Students' Time, published in 1925, states that at the University of Chicago seventeen per cent of the men and twenty-eight per cent of the women attended no football games during a recent season. Possibly the fact that the university is situated in a city which offers rival distractions is partly responsible for these figures; but if so many students had been absent from a football game twenty years ago the situation would have called for a football revival meeting.

To-day in many large colleges and universities, especially throughout the East, nobody cares and nobody knows whether or not you attend the big games.

As President Hopkins of Dartmouth said to me recently:

"When I was in college a man would have been considered white-livered and altogether objectionable as a citizen of the community who was not present at every football game. Now except for some great dramatic spectacle during the season, undergraduates will be found upon the golf links, the trout streams, and the Outing Club trails, and in canoes on the river on the fall afternoons of the most important games."

A year or two ago the best end on the Harvard football team—a man who had scored the only touchdown against Yale for a long period of years—refused to go out for football because he preferred to row. There was no compulsion brought to bear upon him, and he was allowed to do as he pleased. The same season one of the outstanding candidates for the Dartmouth team did not try for a place on the eleven because he had set his heart on making Phi Beta Kappa. His wishes were also respected. Are these isolated, scattered instances? On the contrary, they can be duplicated in most of the large colleges of the country, certainly in most of the Eastern ones. A year or so ago at one of these institutions which had been having an especially disastrous football season, several of the players were joking and fooling in the locker room after a sloppy practice session. That evening at the training table a graduate—who had returned for a few days to assist in coaching—reproached them violently for their attitude, and attributed the failure of the team to this spirit of carelessness. Curiously enough, the entire squad was resentful of his criticism. One of the men said that he was sick of football because of the seriousness of men like this alumnus. "We've been told about the courage and the carefree attitude of men going into battle in the Great War, but this Yale game is so important we can't even smile a week beforehand."

When the American undergraduate is talking like this one feels the Great God Football tremble. Surely there is a chance for a healthier outlook on sport in the United States when the young men in the colleges are beginning to feel and to think so sensibly about their games. For it is the undergraduates and not the alumni who are most likely to lead the way to a change. As George Owen, the Harvard football star, said a few years ago in a magazine article, "The attitude of the alumni is the most discouraging thing of all. As long as the team is winning they are peaceful and contented. However, let the team lose a few games and the graduates are up in arms; the coach is rotten and it becomes the fundamental duty of everyone to try to find a new coach who has been turning out successful teams. No consideration is taken of the character of the coach. He may have the finest influence in shaping the character of his pupils, he may have given them a finer sense of sportsmanship, a finer appreciation of the value of team play, and a better understanding of the relation of athletics to the whole educational scheme of the college; but if the team doesn't win he is a failure."

No, the graduate still sees football with the eyes of 1908, while the undergraduate is beginning to see it with the eyes of 1928. Last year the Harvard *Crimson*, the student newspaper at Cambridge, decided not to overemphasize athletics, decided to give them the space they deserved and nothing more. For this attitude it was roundly attacked by a famous graduate, a former All-American end. Yet the editors stuck to their policy. At about the same time the Yale *Daily News* came out with a series of intelligent proposals regarding football, the principal one being that the game should be put on much the same basis as in England, with student coaches as well as players. The important thing about these expressions of undergraduate opinion is not that they may lead to any immediate results, but that the undergraduates dare to make them. Twenty years ago these senti-

ments would have been considered heretical. In another twenty years they may be considered old-fashioned.

Now it is impossible for anyone to study the colleges of this country, the Eastern universities particularly, without being conscious of the fact that the undergraduate attitude on sports is changing. This does not mean that football will die out and waste away, that football coaches had better cast about for other jobs, that our stadia will crumble and decay, that Athletic Directors will have to return again to the role of humble citizens each fall instead of potentates of sport. It does not even mean that the college president who proposed any major reforms in the game would not still be playing with dynamite. It means simply that a saner attitude is gaining ground among the American undergraduates, and that some day football may cease to be a religion to them and become merely a sport. For football as a game, unless all signs to the contrary fail, will never die out.

And after all, why should it? With all its faults and the faults that creep in with it, football to-day is a superb spectacle. Considering it simply as a game to watch, what other game can compare with it? Where is its movement, its color, its variety equalled in the range of modern sport? Is it not incomparably better than the national sport of any country of Europe? Those who have seen a Cup Tie at Wembley with its hundred and twenty thousand spectators will confess to you that beside a Yale-Princeton game at New Haven it is a dull affair indeed. Pelota? Bull fighting? No, they are second-rate sports, for the spectator at least, beside intercollegiate football. For where is the game to thrill and move the observer as can our modern football, where is the game to bring your heart up suddenly as the back catches a punt in an open field, sidesteps a charging end, swings past another, straight-arms a third, and sets out at last a free man while the stands rise with a spontaneous roar and the goal posts loom directly ahead? Where is the game to bring forth the art of war with none of its destruction, to combine strength and skill, strategy and science? Football in its place, football as a game, has no rivals; with all its faults it is much too fine a sport and much too splendid an entertainment to lose.

Why on earth should we lose it? Why not stop this business of elevating football into a religion, why not do away with the hokum about the moral good it does to the participants and about the idiotic college spirit manifested in cutting classes to cheer the departing team? Why not give up the cant and the buncombe with which football is filled, stop talking about the noble purposes it fulfills, and take it for what it is? A game and nothing more. A game which ought not to interfere in any way with the educational program of the undergraduate, which ought not to be considered the be-all and end-all of college life, in which it matters not at all who wins or who loses; but a magnificent game none the less.

No, not *a* game, *the* game of the twentieth century; the game that beside being a sport to play is also one of the most regal spectacles of the present day.

In short, why not take football for what it is: The Great American Game? And let it go at that.

CHILDREN OF THE EARTH

A STORY

BY ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS

ELI GREEN walked along the road from the town, his shoes, where the leather was worn through, letting his feet feel the prickly stubble made by the pounded stone. Step after step, and he drew his hips forward, his head bent beyond the line of his body, reaching out. He was unaggrieved, thinking nothing, but now and then, as his feet plodded evenly, one after the other, his steps spoke to his mind in disjointed sayings that clung about words as "home . . . all right . . . victuals . . . yes . . . Dovie . . . yes . . . shoe busted . . ."

Neither discontent nor content concerned him. His shoulders jogged up and down in his torn shirt, and he rubbed the hard dust of the road from his eyes with the back of his hand after a car passed. "A ride," his steps said, "ask . . . no . . . no use . . . home. . . ." His head settled, relaxed over his neck, his neck swayed, relaxed and careless above his chest. His chest, bared by the torn shirt, was dusty and burnt by the sun. He passed farm after farm, each one owned: Bancroft, Blackburn, McNab, his mind being aware of each change of ownership as he passed from one to the next. He felt that the road was his as much as it was any man's, and the thought gave him pride, as if he had achieved a witty saying. A witty pleasure glowed faintly in his body, and he thought connectedly for a short space. "As much mine as any man's," he said, speaking aloud.

He began to realize how little difference lay between owning a farm and not owning. Swaying along, his feet lifting one after the other, his hips pressing forward, his shoulders beating up and down beneath his neck, he knew acutely or vividly for one instant the small difference between himself and Bancroft, between himself and Blackburn. Bancroft would walk a road much the same as he would go, first one foot and then the other, his sides beating up and down, and if his shoes were out at the heel he would step with the same gait. "If you have e'er a thing to sell you sell hit pretty much the same as anybody else," he said, "Bancroft or McNab, hit's all one, or Eli Green . . . All eat their victuals . . . when they can get 'em." He stopped and counted the pieces of money in his small pouch, a tobacco bag which he had hidden in the pocket of his shirt. The sum, turned out and carefully felt in the half-dark, was forty-two cents. Three ladies had given him the dimes and nickels, and a child had given him the cents. He put the bag away and went forward, thinking nothing, again his feet conversing with disinterested comment on what he did, saying, "Home . . . shoes . . . now . . . forty-two . . . all right . . ."

Moonlight lay over the trees as a cloud washing down from the sky and lapping into the boughs. He went forward evenly, scarcely slackening his pace to take the low hill that bent the road upward past a field and a pasture. Sheep were grazing among the stones of the upland, McNab's sheep which had been

brought that day from a lower farm three miles away. Two shepherd dogs ran about among the flocks caring for the sheep, and up at the top of the rise, among some scattered trees, a step sounded in the stubble—McNab looking about, taking his count, making all safe for the night. Now and then a lamb would cry out, a cry of content rather than distress, and the dogs ran about, encircling the flocks. When Eli had left the hillside and had come out on the rolling upland he turned from the main road and went a short distance as a crossroad led him. His feet plodded now, back at their sayings, an affirmation settling each foot and flavoring each syllable, as "yes . . . home . . . yes . . . sleep . . . all right . . ."

His house seemed small in the wide moonlight, seemed scarcely recognized against the immensity of the earth. He plodded onto the small stoop and went in at the door without changing his pace. He flung his hat to the floor and sat in the chair by the window, reaching then for a drink of water and spilling great drops from the dipper on his shoes and the boards beneath.

"You could keep you slobbers in your mouth," his wife, Dovie Green, said. "How much you bring home to-night?"

"I allow I must have about forty or forty-five cents, Dovie," he said. "I had a right hard day and not much luck neither."

"You're a triflen, good-for-nothing, low-down, o'nary man, and you got no more sense 'n a cockroach. You don't even know how to beg right," Dovie said.

"A way to talk to a man that's walked nine mile since sundown," Eli said. "You can beg for your own self next time. You're a sour-tongued woman, and see if I beg for you after this!"

"Cockroach!"

"You used to be more mincy with your words, Dovie Peters. I recollect when you was a-courten me how choicy and mincy you used to be. Afeared to say more 'n, 'Old bad man he'll get you if you ain't good.' Mincy with your words you used to be."

"I see you walk up to the door of a house and say, 'I got sickness in family and see a right hard time. Could you help a poor farmer that's seen a bad crop year?' I hear you. Looken like a durned fool all the time and nobody believe a word you say. God knows! No more gumption 'n a rat. Not even sense enough to tell a good lie. When you set out to lie why don't you tell something folks would feel sorry to hear? God help you! Not even sense enough to beg."

"You go out and beg a piece for your own self. I don't go for you no more. Always raisen a rippet when I come home, tired after where I walked all day up and down the streets in the town. Hit's a dog's life."

"Cockroach you are."

"I taken notice the day I come home with the five dollars a lady in the town gave me you was sweet as courten times and you drove Lester and Irene and Boggie off to bed right after supper so's to have a chance to be sweet on me with nobody, not even youngones, to hinder. Courten times you had on then."

"Cockroach!"

"And now because I come home with only forty cents on me she says 'Cockroach' and such-like hard names. What call you got to name a body a name like that? If I set-to I can call hard names too. I can damn-to-hell equal to any man. You're a hard-to-please woman, Dovie Green, and I can't please you."

"I told you what to say in the town, and I'll bet you didn't have get-up enough to say hit. Not enough gizzard in you to tell a story to make folks sorry and make folks give. A low-down cockroach of a man I married, and I could 'a' run off twice since with the peddler. I'm no stay-at-home woman, easy and meek with no other man to look to."

"I told the story you made out. I told hit all day, every place I went. I like to 'a' got in jail one place over hit. A lady said, 'If you're in so bad a fix as

that the county hit'll look after you. There's a county physician,' she says, 'will call at your house to-morrow. Where d' you live?' she says. I had to come away fast and never look behind me once. Wife and five youngones all sick with the pneumonia is too much to tell. Folks don't countenance such a yarn, or they want to send a doctor. What'd you do to see a doctor ride up to the door? In jail you'd land us afore a week."

"You ought to have enough get-up to know how to ease off on the story when you see how things are. Some folks would take the story and say ne'er a word and some would want to send the doctor or the priest or the preacher. You have to calculate quick and ease up the story to suit the foks you tell hit to. I married a sorry lout-man. And your old mammy here complainen about a misery in her knee all day. I got a heap to try me and a heap to complain on. A cockroach I married before the preacher. What a fool I was, and now I'm pestered all day by the mother of a cockroach a-sitten around a-thumpen her cane on the floor and a-callen out for water to drink. I'm no stay-at-home with ne'er other man to my string. I could run off with Castor Johns, the peddler, any day he comes by. I'll go where I'll not hear e'er old woman thumpen the floor for a spell. Cockroach!"

"You call me cockroach agin and I'll . . . I already lied enough for you, Dovie Green, to go to perdition three times over. I even lied in court the day Jake McNab lost the gilt, swore in the magistrate's house with my hand in the air, 'S'elp me God' we never seen a sign of hit, and hit salted down in our cellar hole under the house then, and your belly full of tripe and hog heart hash that very minute. If the court had 'a' given you a vomit right then it would 'a' seen a sight, would 'a' seen Jake McNab's hogmeat run outen your mouth."

"Well, you eat your victuals now I set before you and go outside and look in the shed. I am a better hand to provide than my own lawful husband. You got a big night's work ahead and you might as well set to."

"If hit's somebody's calf or shoat or sheep you got shut up there you can just turn hit loose, for I don't expect to butcher e'er other piece of stock or property that belongs to my neighbors. Hit's too risky after the way we got in the magistrate's court to be witnesses over the gilt. You go out, Dovie, and turn that-there sheep loose, or whatever hit is, but I know hit's a sheep because I heard one bleat out when I first came home. You can take this-here knife and cut the string and set that sheep out on the road to wander."

"I'll not do e'er thing of the sort, Eli Green. I had a time to get that-there sheep inside the shed, worked a right smart while and tried to gentle hit with a bite of clover, and worked not to let your mammy know or the youngones. Hit's not McNab's sheep. As like as not hit's a stray been lost since a right smart while, as much mine as anybody's. You can roll up your sleeves and cut hits throat and pull the hide offen, and you can hang the mutton up to cool against to-morrow. Roast mutton is right good. and this-here was a right fat lamb."

"Ne'er a lamb of Jake McNab's will I butcher. I already see enough trouble over the gilt. God's sake, Dovie! Ne'er a one will I kill. I hear steps a-comen along the pike, and as apt as not hit's McNab out a-looken for a sheep that's astray. I'll tell him hit's here safe in our shed and he can have hit right off."

"You will not do e'er thing of the sort, Eli Green. I worked all day to get that-there sheep. I was plumb tuckered to get us a sheep to eat and here he wants to turn hit out. You mind your own."

The steps outside came nearer, walking briskly and skipping to the lilt of a song. Then a voice began to sing:

O Father, O Father, go dig my grave,
Go dig hit long and narrow;
The hangman is looken for me to-day,
And I die for him to-morrow.

"Who's that?" Dovie asked. "Who's that outside, you think?" She turned the wick very low in the lamp and shaded the dim light with her hand. "Who's that?"

"Hit's maybe Amos Pinkston a-goen home after dark. Been out to prank with the boys. Amos, hit is."

"Don't let him in. He mought as well go on furder. You got no time to prank this night." The voice sang again, coming nearer, the step now close at hand:

O Mother, O Mother, go make my bed,
Go make hit long and narrow;
The law is a-looken for me to-day,
And the jury will get me to-morrow.

"Hear how he can whistle like a song bird. Hear what a slight he's got to warble a tune."

"Don't open him the door, though," Dovie said. "We got no time for company to-night."

The singer knocked hard at the door and he called, "Hello, there, hello!" Then he pushed the door open and stood looking within, his hand on the latch. Dovie left the light low and kept her seat beside the table, but she turned toward the door and the man outside said:

"What makes you so slow to open to a neighbor, Eli Green? 'O Father, O Father, go dig my grave.' If here ain't Dovie Green up past bedtime. You'd think you-all had a moonshine still inside, the way you keep the door shut and don't say 'come' to a knock. I don't see e'er thing hid either. Good evening, all."

"Come on, Eli, you can, and eat your victuals I already set out on the table," Dovie said. "If Amos wants some too he can come. Here's a plate."

"Yes, come on, Amos," Eli said. "You're welcome to what there is. If you can stand my fare you're welcome as long as hit lasts."

"Thank ye just the same but I won't choose any. I already had my supper," Amos said. "I'll just tune up against you eat a spell, and if I sing a little, why folks don't have to listen that can sing better." He sang or he whistled again or he worried the fiddle to make it turn a tune. Then he hushed the music to listen and he spoke in comment:

"What's that I hear, a noise outside? Have you took to sheep-raisen, Eli? I hear a sheep inside the house, out back somewheres."

"That-there's the lease youngone, got a bad cold inside his nose," Dovie said. "Hit cried and coughed out right hoarse just now."

"If little Boggie has got such a misery as that inside his throat you better give a dose of ipecac or paregoric right off to clear up his head. Where's the paregoric bottle. I'll give him the right dose myself. I see the paregoric here on the shelf above the water bucket."

"Never mind to bother yourself, Amos. I'll give what paregoric is needed by my own youngones," Dovie said.

Amos sang again, twitching the fiddle under the bow, hitting the top of a tune as he sang and patting his foot in a dance.

O Father . . . grave,
Go make hit long and narrow . . .
The hangman . . . to-day
. . . to-morrow.

The sheep bleated while Amos tossed his head in his rhythmic song, his voice skipping over and under the words. When he had finished his stave he quit the music and said again:

"Little Boggie, he needs a right sharp dose of paregoric. He's got a masterful cough ahold of him. I'll pour out the dose right now, and you wake little Boggie and make him swallow the drops. I always was right fond of little Boggie. I hate to see him take with disease."

"Never mind the drops, Amos," Dovie said. "Paregoric is pison anyhow, and don't be so free with the bottle."

"Hit's pison in small doses, they say, but a right sharp dose acts contrariwise, acts like a purge. He needs a right smart little purge, Boggie does." He

settled to music-making again, dragging out three tunes in a medley. When he paused he said:

"Did you hear what's come to Jake McNab to-day? He was a-driven sheep up from the lower farm and they scattered out over the branch where he aimed to ford. He lost three and he was right put about. I heard it said he found all but one against dark set in."

Eli heard this, making his supper from the food on the table, and he thought of Amos as sly and knowing, as knowing more than any man ought. The food held him to the table, his hunger making an open pouch-shaped funnel in his throat. He heard a slow beat of wheels on the road, as if some wagon were coming from the main highway into the county road and drawing near the house, a laden wagon drawn by one horse. The coming became a familiar sound, as some rise and fall of rhythm he recognized, and he knew that the wagon would belong to the peddler, Castor Johns. Dovie had turned the light up when she had called him to the table, and now she ran the comb through her short hair and fluffed a lock over her temple. He was indifferent to Dovie's act, as if it were his own, as if they, the two together, approached Castor Johns with whatever prettiness they had. He ate his food with appetite, taking all that the table held, no great quantity. He poured the last of the drips over his bread and drank the sour milk, and his mind was dull before the fact of the sheep Dovie had tied into the shed. The food was dry and without savor, and he thought of hot dripping mutton greasy in the pan, coming from the oven, on his plate, on his tongue. When Amos should go he would, himself, turn the sheep out and send it on a gallop back along the road but, anticipating this act, he thought quickly of hot fried mutton, its savors bringing water to his dry mouth. He thought of how easy it would be to kill the sheep and to cut two roasts out of it, to bury all the rest of the carcass somewhere or to let the dogs get it, to make it seem as if Bancroft's hounds had killed it and had eaten a part of it away. He turned the imagined savors about in his mind and approached the deed negligently, dreamily willing to assist Dovie in this device.

The peddler had left the wagon and had come to the door where he stopped, looking in, waiting until the musician had finished scraping the fiddle. Then Johns began to sing, suiting his song to some tune the fiddle carried, and he looked at Dovie with soft eyes.

> All in the merry, merry May,
> When the blowth was on the tree-o,
> I gave my love one loven kiss,
> And she gave one to me-o.

"Hit's Castor Johns," Amos said, "on the road away after night. You're just in time for what's about to happen, Castor."

"What's that?" Dovie cried out. "What's he said now?"

"He's just in time. Come in, Castor. What makes you so late on the road? Do you think to buy and sell all night?"

"High water up the creek. What's that-there sound I hear inside the door there?"

"Little Boggie, got a bad cold, he has. He coughs right hoarse. I been after Dovie to give a dose of paregoric. If he coughs agin I aim to give the dose myself."

"You can tend to your own, Amos Pinkston," Dovie said. "What I said awhile ago. You keep your hands offen the paregoric."

"Paregoric is pison," Castor Johns said. "I always fear to have much to do with paregoric."

"Hit's pison to you if you don't need hit," Amos said. "But if a youngone needs hit right bad hit acts contrariwise."

There was a flare of voices coming along the road, and Amos swept the chairs back quickly from the middle of the floor and began to play a dance tune, tapping his foot. The voices came

nearer and broke at the doorway into several sounds, greetings, outcries, protests, and a throng of men and girls came into the room.

"If hit ain't a surprise party," Dovie said. She hurried about, confused, her anger slipping away before the greetings of the guests. "Whoever said I wanted a party to-night? If here ain't Blondetta and Tanny and Elmiry. Come in, all. I'm right put about but I reckon all are welcome. Come in. Make yourself free. Come in."

There were bursts of greeting and admonition. "Shake up a tune, Amos. We got to get back home afore the moon lays. How's your old mammy, Eli? In bed since dark, I reckon. Shake up a tune and shake 'er up fine. I'm right natured to dance to-night. . . . We sent Amos along afore to give you a warnen of how soon we'd come. Play up a dance and howdy-do all. . . . Here's Castor Johns, come to see Dovie I know, and we all here to hinder."

"Look at Tanny and Dick, new-style dancen. You call that-there tango, don't you? Look at Tanny's short skirt. I see Tanny's garters."

"I see Elviry's garters since a year ago."

"What's that? Love of . . . what's that sound inside?"

"Hit's little Boggie, got a bad cold," Amos said. "He's coughed three times now, and three times is a charm. You can't risk to wait till he coughs agin."

He poured out a spoonful of the paregoric and held it carefully poised as he started for the inner door. "Hit's pison if you don't need hit," he said, "but Boggie he needs hit mightily. He must have this-here withouten delay."

Eli saw the spoon moving toward the door behind which Boggie was asleep and he leaped forward. Dovie leaped forward too, and Eli said, "You won't give Boggie e'er thing outen a spoon, Amos. Are you plumb bereft?" Dovie knocked his hand upward and spilled the fluid. Amos laughed then and went back to his fiddle.

"Play a Charleston piece," one said. "You ought to see little Boggie dance the shimmy piece. Wake up little Boggie and let him dance the shimmy."

"Naw, don't wake Boggie," Amos said. "He's got a right bad cough and he needs his rest."

Eli watched Dovie take the sharp knife from the table and go out the door, and presently she came back, a strand of rope in her fingers. He knew that she had opened the door of the shed and let the sheep out. His thought became lighter in quality and he began to make the guests welcome, passing among them and shaking hands. "You're right welcome, Tanny Webster. Howdy do, Dick Smith. You're welcome, Blondetta Quire. Welcome all." The dancing went forward, Amos calling figures, or Castor Johns sang again and again, a new song or an old one, as the music allowed. Then a great lamb, more than half grown, came bounding through the back door and went frisking about, bleating with a sort of wild joy. One tried to force it out at the door but it escaped and came back to the throng.

"I know what sheep that is," Johns said. "That's McNab's sheep, a pet his youngones raised in the house on a bottle. Come on, Flossie. See, hit knows hits name. Flossie, Flossie! Well by ginger, look at that. Little Flossie wandered into Eli Green's house and won't stay outside."

"Mrs. McNab, she drove hit outen the house a-Tuesday. Said hit was big enough now to stay outside. Flossie, Flossie!"

"Hit's took a big risk to wander so far away from home," Amos said. "Nobody knows what a risk Flossie took."

"Hit's a contrarious sheep. Wants to stay in. Wants to use in doors. Hit's ashamed and wants to hide behind Tanny. Left her manners at home, Flossie did."

Amos scraped hard at the fiddle then and the dancers formed for a reel. They turned about with a greater clatter of feet, Dovie leading with Castor, Eli

dancing with Elviry. The sheep ran about among them, refusing to go out at the door. It wove a continuous path among the dancers, now and then crying out with excitement and pleasure.

"It's late, it's late," one said. "And the moon, it's set. We best go now." Nobody heeded this and the dance ran on.

"The best dancen floor up Dover creek," another said. "I always said I rather dance at Eli Green's . . . If you want a dance, I said, let's go to Eli's and Dovie's."

Castor sang, making joy for all the girls, making a song for all the men who could not sing but who had need of singing.

> A young man came a courten fair,
> Howdy do man, O howdy do high!
> And my true love she went anear,
> Howdy do, howdy do all.

"Hit's late. The stars are out and hit's dark for sure. Go, we must."

They went all together out at the door. The sheep kept among them, as if it would know among them the security of flocks. All prepared to go, saying their good-byes over and over. The stars were a myriad of small sparks over the great roof of the sky, receding and multiplying if the eye tried to fathom or count the number. The fields on every side were lost in the blackness. All stood together in the doorway pointing upward and telling what they knew of the dark.

"Once I saw a star fall. But I never see where it went to," one said.

"Where would hit go to, now, I wonder?"

"If a star fell, where would it go?"

"They say the stars are worlds or suns. People like us a-walken around on some. They say so."

"A better kind of people 'n us down here, maybe."

"God help 'em, I'd hope to find better."

"God knows! Better I hope."

"If they make out to be worse they are surely a no-account, o'nary set as ever God let live, as ever God-almighty gave breath to."

"There's a queer gray streak across the sky," one said, pointing it out. "Like a veil slaunchways across. Hit's called the Milky Way, I've heard it said."

"Oh, how many stars it takes to fill the sky!"

"Oh, God ha' pity on us all," Dovie said then. "Look at 'em!"

"Milky, that's a name for hit now. Hit is milky for a fact."

"Milky, it is, like a veil, and yet it's lasty. Up there . . . I see it there again and again."

"Oh, since I was borned! Did you ever see the like? More stars 'n' common to-night."

"That bright star up yon way, I heard a man say it mought be called Mars, or maybe he said Jubiter. I disremember which."

"Hit's a bright star enough. They say the stars are worlds or suns. People like us there."

"A better kind, maybe."

"God help 'em, I hope so. Better."

"God ha' pity on us all, better I hope."

VICE AND THE VOLSTEAD ACT

BY HENRY F. PRINGLE

THE proponents of reform legislation—those sincere and earnest ladies and gentlemen who would achieve the millennium by introducing bills—are well aware of the efficacy of an appeal to the emotions. Statistics are dull stuff. Logic is often worthless. But swift progress toward the desired goal of remedial enactment can be made if it is possible to show that the situation under attack causes suffering, sickness, crime, death, or depravity.

This is known to every lobbyist, amateur or professional, who haunts the corridors of our state and federal legislative buildings. It is the best weapon of the press agents in his employ. Every newspaper editor starting a circulation-building campaign against some local evil instructs his reporters to bring in "human interest yarns." And it was, I think, skillful play upon the emotions of the voters that brought about one of the most striking social-reform experiments in history—the ratification of the Eighteenth Amendment and the passage of the Volstead Act.

An emotional appeal is most effective, of course, when it can be directed against a specific evil; and so the drys were doubly wise when they selected the saloon as the immediate objective of their crusade. Everyone was familiar with the saloon, at least from the outside. On Saturday nights men reeled from its glittering front. It had been condemned by many a ballad long before prohibition was seriously considered. It was simple enough, then, to point out that the saloon broke up families, caused husbands to abuse their wives, dissipated the earnings of fathers, and deprived children of schooling and shoes. The most convincing argument of them all, beyond doubt, was that the saloon fostered and encouraged commercialized vice. Do away with the grog-shops, the prohibitionists promised, and thousands of girls will be saved from lives of sin. All these arguments, it should be noted, were emotional by their very nature.

In the year 1928, with the first decade of Volsteadism drawing toward its close, no one is startled to hear that eminent men of science have questioned the peril of a moderate use of alcohol. Such well-known authorities as Dr. Raymond Pearl of Johns Hopkins and Dr. Logan Clendening of Kansas City have so spoken. And even in the dim, prehistoric days of the temperance movement it was possible for the wets to find respectable allies who believed with sincerity that alcohol was not harmful, even was beneficial if not taken to excess. If liquor had its champions, however, commercialized vice had virtually none. The conception that it was a necessary evil and should be regulated by the state had been discredited in the United States years before the Eighteenth Amendment became a probability. So the argument that to do away with liquor would put an end to vice was tremendously effective. How to prevent the sale of intoxicants was obvious: pass a law.

The most superficial examination of the writings of the early drys reveals their extreme optimism on this point and their utter disregard of the complexities of enforcement. In a sympo-

sium entitled *Substitutes for the Saloon* we find an article by Robert A. Woods which is fairly typical of the prohibition crystal-gazers. When the organized liquor traffic vanished, Mr. Woods predicted, "the traffic in sex demoralization . . . will find its main outward defenses and its most trusted reinforcements destroyed by a single blow."

> It may be suggested (he wrote) that the degree to which prohibition will reduce sexual immorality will depend on the degree to which it can be enforced. This, in general, can hardly present serious difficulty. . . . There will, of course, remain a greater or less number of isolated nests where crude alcoholic drinks will be made or supplied and in these crude forms of immorality will be likely to be found. . . . From every point of view, it is clear that prohibition will directly reduce the number of recruits of both sexes for prostitution in marked degree.

It has been apparent for some time, needless to say, that Mr. Woods and his co-workers were over-confident in their prophecies regarding the ease with which prohibition could be enforced. The Eighteenth Amendment did not do away with the liquor traffic, even the organized traffic; for the illicit trade is an unofficial big business of America. And now it is being declared, not only in New York but in other large cities, that commercialized vice is increasing to a point where it is virtually as serious a problem as it was twenty-five years ago. The speak-easy, born of Volsteadism, is held responsible—ably assisted by night clubs and dance halls. Where they do not encourage vice in the commercialized sense, they are breeding places for individual immorality among boys and girls, some social workers now admit. Competition has begun to cut into profits, however, and in many cases prostitution is added to the attractions in the hope of profits. It is almost unanimously conceded, inquiry develops, that girls arrested for prostitution are to-day much younger than in the days of the saloon. Vice in its new form is held to be more difficult to stamp out.

The first indication of what is going on is found in the reports of the Committee of Fourteen of New York City. This organization, having endeavored for a quarter of a century to put down prostitution, has stated that the speak-easies and night clubs are serving as new centers for vice and that "the hostess of the night club and speak-easy is the modern American counterpart of the Geisha girl." In New York City, the committee is forced to conclude, the problem is comparable to that of two decades ago. The Committee of Fourteen, it must be remembered, is not a wet organization seeking to undermine prohibition. Most of its members, it is safe to venture, were sympathetic toward ratification of the Eighteenth Amendment. Its statements regarding the present situation in New York City are based on careful, statistical examination of seven thousand five hundred separate investigations. It has worked in close co-operation with the authorities and I am assured by Magistrate Jean Norris, the only woman judge in New York and an authority on the subject, that she believes the Committee's findings to be, in the main, correct. The accuracy of its work is further supported by Miss Alice Smith, chief probation officer of the Woman's Day Court. In its 1926 report, made public about a year ago, the Committee said:

> It is common knowledge that the Volstead Act has been responsible for the springing into existence in the City of New York of numerous so-called night clubs and speak-easies. Prostitution has been quick to take advantage of these new conditions by using such places as rendezvous, and we again have the old and vicious connection of prostitution and alcohol, in perhaps an even more vicious form than previously.

During 1927 the Committee continued its investigations, its ability to do so increased through the co-operation of the American Social Hygiene Association. Its latest report—recently the subject of flaring headlines in the press and violently criticized in some quarters

—is even more sensational. Regarding the speak-easy and the night club it says:

The Committee feels that the speak-easy club situation is in some respects as serious, if not more so, than the Raines Law hotel which called the Committee into existence nearly a quarter of a century ago. For one thing, they are attracting young men and young women of a class who never would have visited the old-time Raines Law hotel. Some of these "clubs" are cloaked with an apparent respectability which is likely to throw the unsophisticated off their guard. Outside of the prostitution problem, they provide for the young man and the young woman the lure of music, entertainment and dancing, coupled with alcohol and a free and easy atmosphere—and they are open all night. Moreover, they have or can furnish the facilities for carrying out prostitution. The saloons or the Raines Law hotels never catered to that class.

Generalities are, of course, dangerous as well as cruel. The Committee of Fourteen must be aware that many decent girls are employed in the night clubs. Its attack is directed against the resorts where the girls are not entertainers in the sense that they can dance or sing. They are employed in large numbers, often through advertisements inserted in the newspapers. Of them, the Committee declares:

The hostess of the night club and speak-easy is the modern American counterpart of the Geisha girl. She is employed by the club or speak-easy proprietor for the main purpose of increasing the sales of liquor, food and other drinks; incidentally she is to provide æsthetic, social and sexual entertainment for the men customers. Her sex appeal largely accounts for her success. She is the successor of the old-time drink rustler who worked in bars on a commission basis many years ago. She was divorced from the saloon business together with her sister, the *professional* prostitute, long before the Volstead Act went into effect. . . . The speak-easies and night clubs are now too numerous to succeed from the sale of liquor without the added attraction of "hostesses." Their use in these places did not become general until the last two or three years. The greatest demand appeared in the fall of 1927 when agencies and clubs became bold enough to advertise for recruits.

These advertisements, the Committee has found, attracted girls from various parts of the United States. Other hostesses are drawn from dance halls and some "are known to have been inmates of houses of prostitution in Albany, Detroit, Troy, and other cities still tolerating such resorts."

From a source such as the Committee of Fourteen such statements are food for thought. During the eight years that have passed since 1920 numerous attacks have been made on the Volstead Act. It has been blamed for everything, from rolled stockings to the crime wave. Here, though, is criticism born of careful inquiry and not emotion. Those who labored for prohibition in the belief that it would end, or materially reduce, prostitution, seem to have been misled. Even the old saloon, indubitably linked with vice, may not have been as evil as the modern speak-easy.

II

The question immediately arises whether New York is typical of the rest of the country. Is the Volstead Act flouted more industriously by her citizens—so often declared an aggregation of wet Al Smith Democrats? The city has taken pride—and with justice—that during the past decade she has been able to cut down commercialized vice to a minimum. New York was one of the cleanest cities in the world. Is she now paying the penalty for declining to obey the liquor law, for assisting in the repeal of the state enforcement act? Or are the new conditions widespread?

In an effort to learn the conditions in communities of more than average reputations, I sent letters to social workers and police officials in a number of the larger cities. I pointed out that the New York Committee of Fourteen, known by reputation to all of them, had declared the speak-easy responsible for a situation more grave than had existed

for some years. Was it true in their localities, too, that arrests for prostitution were increasing? Did this, if so, have anything to do with illicit sales of liquor? Was the problem, in their opinion, as serious as that prior to prohibition? Did lax enforcement of the Volstead Act have any bearing on it? Were girls charged with prostitution now more youthful?

The answers to these queries varied widely. In no other city as yet have studies comparable to that of the Committee of Fourteen been made. I discovered again, as I had before, that social workers are, as a class, reluctant to admit that prohibition is a failure. This, I think, is chiefly because their revenues are usually derived from church people—a group strangely prone to believe statements by the Anti-Saloon League that the Volstead Act is a national blessing without defects. Thus several men and women wrote that it was true that immorality was increasing and commercialized vice, also. This had, however, nothing to do with prohibition. It was caused by the automobile, greater freedom between the sexes, indecent dressing on the part of young women, and the laxity of parents. Police officials were also inclined to deny that the laws were being violated, possibly because they are charged with enforcement of them. It is fair to say, for these reasons, that the answers to my questions probably underestimate rather than exaggerate the situation.

The Chief of Police of Cleveland, Ohio, wrote, for example, that "the Volstead Act is being enforced here," but admitted that women arrested for prostitution were much younger than before prohibition. He offered no explanation. Miss Alice P. Gannett, Head Worker at the Goodrich Social Settlement of Cleveland, wrote me:

> . . . it is very difficult to say whether the difference in the problem of prostitution and the so-called wildness of young people is due to prohibition and the many bootleggers in every neighborhood or to the increased use of the automobile. . . . Here . . . the automobile problem is the big one with our adolescent girls. Drinking, of course, is connected with this and gains added attraction from the fact that it is illegal.

Miss Alice M. Barrows, Chief Supervisor of Dance Halls in San Francisco, conferred with numerous officials in her city before venturing an opinion. There was, she said, "little difference in the conclusions" that they reached. Investigation disclosed a definite increase in sex offenders among younger women, although the "street walker" type had decreased. The increase, Miss Barrows felt, had a specific connection with the speak-easy; the situation is now more grave than prior to prohibition, she was certain. Lack of enforcement of the Volstead Act is responsible "for the lowering of the age" and for the fact that a higher type of girl than formerly is involved. Miss Barrows wrote:

> Liquor is being given to boys and girls at a younger age than was possible through licensed saloons. Sex delinquency follows and often some form of prostitution results eventually. It is the *age* question. . . . Licensed liquor trade meant the protection of minors. Prohibition removed the license and in so doing removed all *control of the customer*. The difficulties of enforcement of the Volstead Act have resulted in uncontrolled distribution to minors, either directly or indirectly. The net proceeds produce a younger group of sex traders. The number of arrests has not varied greatly, however.

A social worker in Wilmington, Del., who requested that her name be kept confidential, felt that the problem was about the same as it had been for years. Prostitution, she believed, had a connection with the speak-easy, but the free use of automobiles was also a factor. The situation "would be greatly improved" if the Volstead Act were enforced more rigidly. Mrs. Mary M. Adams of the Southwark Neighborhood House of Philadelphia did not believe that there was much commercialized vice in her region, but said that "the number of speak-easies has increased

and more young people are drinking." Police Chief Michael H. Crowley of Boston wrote that he could see no link between the speak-easy and prostitution. There had been "no marked increase" in vice since the enactment of the Volstead Law. Then he said:

> The problem of obliterating this vice is more serious now than prior to prohibition. The road-houses and inns where liquor is consumed at the tables, although not, perhaps, sold on the premises, afford an opportunity for the youth of to-day to indulge in vice.
>
> While the lack of enforcement of the Volstead Act might have some bearing on existing conditions . . . it is not entirely the cause. It appears that the cause might lie in the homes of our youth . . . the lack of parental control and the insubordination of the youth . . . the absolute indifference toward the laws of morality.
>
> It is true that women arrested during the past few years have been much younger than women arrested for prostitution prior to prohibition.

Miss Jessie F. Binford, director of the Juvenile Protective Association of Chicago, said that there had been "a great increase in prostitution . . . since the election of Mayor Thompson" and that the "situation is possibly worse than it has ever been in the city." She did not feel, though, that non-enforcement of the Volstead Act was responsible; many factors were behind it. Miss Blanche F. Miller, a Justice of the Peace in Tacoma, Washington, admitted that drinking was the cause of many crimes, "including prostitution." Her data did not, though, indicate an increase in vice.

A settlement worker of Indianapolis, also requesting anonymity, said without hesitation that prostitution was increasing and was obviously connected with illicit liquor resorts. It was, she felt, more serious than before prohibition, that lax enforcement of the Volstead Act was a contributing cause, and that the girls arrested were younger than prior to 1920. She wrote:

> I consulted the police department here, but they feel that automobiles are largely responsible. I do not altogether agree with them, as violations are very flagrant in our city. It seems to me that conditions are quite appalling, and I do not think that enforcement of the Volstead Act would entirely eliminate prostitution, but it would help a great deal.

Such were among the representative answers to my inquiries. It is only fair to point out that, in some cases, I received the replies months ago. It required weeks of work, on the part of some of my informants, to examine the necessary data. It is possible, but not at all probable, that conditions have grown better since the answers were received and tabulated. In general, the social workers were united in facing the facts of the prohibition problem. Miss Louise Bignall of the Associated Charities of Knoxville, Tenn., said that prostitution was "much more serious" than before prohibition and that "younger girls are buying and drinking whiskey." She echoed that most depressing of all the reports—"the prostitutes taken into custody are usually much younger." Miss Zilpha M. Guilfoy, a social worker of Decatur, Ill., could see no relationship between the speak-easy and prostitution. Offenders are more youthful but "this is due to conditions brought about by the War."

III

The facts thus brought out are discouraging enough. But it is highly improbable that the pendulum will swing back so far that the vice which existed thirty years ago will be tolerated. Those days will never return. There are several reasons for this, the outstanding one being that the public attitude toward commercialized immorality has changed radically in the last three decades. The viewpoint of the police has also shifted. Disorderly houses paid for protection in the old days, as does the man selling liquor to-day. Convictions for prostitution were infrequent, and the penalties were light. It is possible that corrupt officials in rare cases still receive bribes

from such places. The normal reaction of the police is best reflected, however, in the experience of an investigator for the Committee of Fourteen.

A complaint had been received that a house in Manhattan, not a great distance from Fifth Avenue, was a resort of the type supposed to have disappeared. Inquiry confirmed the rumors and, its facts in hand, the Committee notified the police department. It was gratified to find that the information was received with surprise and indignation.

"*That* place?" asked, incredulously, the police official first interviewed. "Why I've known about *that* place for a long time. I thought it was a *speak-easy!*"

It is not, perhaps, out of place to describe briefly what the Committee of Fourteen has sought to accomplish. The organization is not, it should be noted, crusading for personal morality. It has never fought the saloon, except when the saloon sheltered vice. It has no interest, as has the Comstock Society, in smutty books, art studies in the nude, the younger generation, or any form of censorship. When, years ago, it found that the liquor interests protected prostitution, it attacked the liquor interests. When the brewers offered to co-operate in exterminating this evil, the Committee accepted their co-operation and for years worked efficiently and in harmony with them.

The officers of the Committee of Fourteen include, at the present time, such men as Dr. James Pederson, a New York surgeon, Percy S. Straus of R. H. Macy & Co., and Edward J. McGuire, a former first assistant District Attorney for New York County. Its secretary and general counsel, George E. Worthington, is a graduate of the University of Wisconsin, and was formerly associate director of the legal department of the American Social Hygiene Association. The Committee is by no means "a reform organization" as the term is ordinarily understood. Frequently assisted by the churches, it has no definite affiliation with them. I have examined the list of contributors and I find that they include Jews, Catholics, and Protestants. It has had, I am quite sure, absolute independence in formulating its policies. Certainly weight must be given its conclusion that conditions brought into being by the Volstead Act have aggravated the one problem it fights—commercialized vice.

Few people will deny that there is a natural kinship between the liquor traffic and the traffic in vice. Now that it has vanished, a veil of sentimentality has been thrown around the saloon. No one calls publicly for its exhumation, of course. Even the wettest of politicians, crying out that the liberty of man demands light wine and beer, denies heatedly that he has any yearning for the brass rail, the shining mirrors, and the affable, yet dignified, barkeeper of a day that has passed. But tears are still permitted to fall, in private, for the "poor man's club." Its keynote was, after all, good fellowship. Most of its patrons drank mellow beer instead of gin. It was the exceptional saloon-keeper who tolerated vice. Such are the laments.

Like nearly all sentimentality, this is hokum. Much as he may have abhorred it, personally, the average saloon owner was forced to permit his place to be a rendez-vous for the women whom civilization has for centuries pretended to despise. Often, as a matter of fact, he shared in the returns. The temptation of decent saloon-keepers to do likewise was vastly increased when, in 1896, State Senator John Raines, the son of an up-state Methodist minister, accomplished the passage of an amendment to the excise law. This provided that hotels, alone, could serve drinks on Sunday, the most profitable day in the week. A "hotel," according to the statute, was a saloon with ten bedrooms, a kitchen, and provisions for furnishing sandwiches. (One for each table was enough for an entire day, since the law did not require its consumption.) Within a few years hotels of this type sprang

up in all parts of New York, eventually becoming so numerous that competition was keener than it had ever been in the past. No demand for the required rooms existed, with the result that they were often used for prostitution. In no other way could their overhead be met. It was to end this condition that the Committee of Fourteen was organized in 1905. Its success was demonstrated by a reduction in the number of these resorts from 1,205 in Manhattan and the Bronx in 1905 to but 87 in the entire city in 1911.

After this victory the committee turned its attention to saloons that were outwardly decent enough, but that were known to foster prostitution. Prohibition was, by this time, so imminent that both the brewers and the distillers gave an attentive ear when told that unless they cleaned house they would be put out of business. The Brewers' Board of Trade went so far as to engage its own secret operatives, who worked with the investigators of the Committee of Fourteen. In cases where vice was tolerated, I am assured, the brewers enforced decency by means of the mortgages and leases which they held. By 1916 there were comparatively few saloons that allowed, at least openly, anything that savored of the old regime.

But the saloon had earned its bad name and so it was abolished. The millennium was in sight. Enforcement would be simple, and prostitution, where it remained, would swiftly be stamped out. Even the wets, no doubt, agreed that as far as commercialized vice was concerned a step forward had been taken.

IV

If, as the Committee of Fourteen maintains, the speak-easy is increasing prostitution, some indication of the growth should be available in a statistical analysis of the arrests and arraignments for this and allied offenses. In New York City the data bears out the indictment, although it is only accurate to point out that the larger number of arrests might be partially due to greater activity by the police. The figures show, whether they prove anything as to causes, a more or less steady increase in prostitution arraignments in the Woman's Day Court. In 1920 the number was 1,312. Since then the figures are: 1921, 1,668; 1922, 1,884; 1923, 1,900; 1924, 1,757; 1925, 1,330; 1926, 1,742; 1927, 2,457. The drop in 1925, the Committee of Fourteen believes, was due to the action by former Police Commissioner Enright in abolishing the current system of dealing with prostitution and establishing a Special Service Squad consisting largely of inexperienced men. During this time few arrests were made and "the underworld took advantage of the circumstances to become more strongly entrenched." It was then that vice began its alliance with the night clubs and speak-easies. The recent increase, the Committee sets forth, is due in part to efficient and effective co-operation on the part of Police Commissioner Warren with its own investigators. Indications point to the probability that the proportionate increase in prostitution arraignments will continue for 1928. An ugly feature of the current situation is the growth in the number of men taken into custody. This means but one thing: that the exploiter is returning to his loathsome trade. For years he has been almost unknown in New York.

Not long ago I had the depressing experience of sitting on the bench with Judge Jean Norris in the Woman's Day Court. Before her passed an almost constant stream of women. Vice, sometimes believed alluring and romantic, is invariably drab, down at the heels, and pitiful when seen by daylight. These girls and women, many of them not yet twenty years old, mumbled their stories, admitted their guilt or pleaded their innocence. But they revealed little regarding the problems caused by the speak-easy. Later, in her chambers, Judge Norris said that she agreed with

the findings of the Committee of Fourteen.

"I have been on the bench since 1919," she said, "and conditions are infinitely worse than they were during the first few years after the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment. As a matter of fact, many of the arrests are the direct result of overtures made by the habitués of speak-easies who use these places to ply their trade. Frequently, according to the testimony adduced at the trials, the back rooms of speak-easies are used for the purpose of commercialized vice. The speak-easy is unquestionably responsible for an increase in prostitution, just as it is responsible for individual immorality. The girls brought before the Woman's Day Court are much younger than ever before."

Miss Smith, in charge of the probation work at the court, talks with hundreds of wayward girls each month. Like Judge Norris, she agreed with the findings of the Committee of Fourteen. She had found, she said, that the speak-easy was often the cause of the fearful trouble in which these girls find themselves. Sometimes, bored with home or with labor in factories and stores, they had gone to these places in the hope of adventure and amusement. In recent months there had been many reports that girls were being lured into them.

V

There is a general belief that most of the resorts selling liquor in New York are in the vicinity of Times Square and Greenwich Village. This is not, however, the case. Scores of neighborhood speak-easies, encouraged by the police attitude of "hands-off" have been opened in all sections of the five boroughs. Just what the total number is can only be conjectured. An Assistant United States Attorney, upon resigning his office some months ago, estimated that there were 22,000 of them. Another official who had grappled with the problem said there might be 50,000. Neither had any real idea of the number, except that it was large. Under the license system, incidentally, only 12,000 places were selling liquor in New York City in 1918. Then, too, there were "blind-tigers" and "blind-pigs" operating in violation of the law. Their number, however, was not very great.

There are indications that the supply of speak-easies at the present time exceeds the public thirst. They are "now too numerous," Mr. Worthington writes in his report, "to succeed from the sale of liquor without the added attraction of 'hostesses.'" And in this there is a close parallel to the vicious system bred by the Raines Law. So many hotels were opened under this statute that expenses could not be met by the sale of liquor alone, and prostitution stepped in. Similarly to-day, the speak-easy owner is finding that the path to wealth is not as clearly marked as he had believed. Expenses are high, since a wide variety of graft must be paid. Competition is bitter. And so vice is encouraged. Let us again examine the statistics of the Committee of Fourteen. During the past year 157 night clubs and speak-easies, most of them picked at random, were investigated. Of this number 132, or nearly 85 per cent, were identified with prostitution. Of the 441 women observed in these places, 291 or 66 per cent "were known to be prostitutes" according to the Committee.

I shall refrain from going into details regarding the conditions that have been uncovered. The Committee has uncovered three general classes of disorderly places that operate in connection with the sale of liquor. The first, and probably the most vicious, is almost identical with the old-time house of prostitution. Usually there is a restaurant and bar on the ground floor, but the entire house is owned or leased by the management. There are resident women. These houses are surprisingly numerous, fifteen of them having been discovered in 1927 by the investigators

of the Committee. They are located in widely separated parts of the city.

The second classification is the speak-easy which serves as a rendez-vous. In this group the Committee has included many of the night clubs. Women are encouraged to loiter at these places and in many cases are given posts as "hostesses." Often they are paid no salaries but are allowed a percentage on the sale of drinks. In regard to hostesses, I have suggested, generalizations are unjust. Every girl who persuades a visiting buyer from Detroit to buy champagne is not a prostitute. The Committee believes, however, that in all except the most respectable (not necessarily the most expensive) night clubs the girls are, at least, in grave danger. The night club has no rooms for assignation. Its proprietor often shares, however, in the profits of the women who make his place their headquarters and so is culpable under the law.

The third type is probably less important; the speak-easy where men are able to make contacts with women, but where the management takes no actual part in the traffic. The owner is aware of what is going on, but refrains from interference because he fears that if he objects his patrons will buy their liquor from a competing speak-easy. An entirely separate problem, and one on which insufficient data has as yet been gathered, has been found among the negro cabarets in Harlem. The Committee of Fourteen believes it possible that here "both white and colored girls" are being exploited for prostitution. The Harlem situation is already being reflected in the Woman's Day Court where the number of negro women brought before the bar has increased to a marked degree.

For five or six years now the City of New York has taken justifiable pride in its success in eliminating the more open forms of prostitution. Its red-light district disappeared so long ago that few remember it. Street-walkers are comparatively unknown. How long this will continue to be a subject for self-congratulation depends, very largely, on steps that can be taken at the present time. Apparently prohibition, as it is now enforced, did not put an end to commercialized vice. Can prohibition be enforced, in New York and in other parts of the country? The outlook is not encouraging, particularly in the large cities. Former United States Attorney Emory R. Buckner, who prosecuted liquor violations and made the padlock famous as a means of putting fear into the hearts of speak-easy owners, has estimated the cost of adequate enforcement at $15,000,000 a year for New York State alone. This is with the provision that jury trials are to be abolished. Otherwise, he believes, the cost will be $75,000,000.

It is not impossible, of course, that an awakened public opinion may demand that the police raid "disorderly" speak-easies. It is a fantastic thought. Possibly those places which violate only the Constitution of the United States will be permitted to operate without interference, while those which harbor prostitution will swiftly be closed. It is not, however, very much stranger to contemplate than the present picture of judges, politicians, state and federal office-holders and prominent citizens gathering at formal dinners and violating the Volstead Act without a moment's hesitation. This happens at every big hotel nearly every night of the year.

Organizations like the Committee of Fourteen, it is quite certain, will find it more difficult to wipe out vice fostered by the speak-easy than was their experience with the saloon. The bootleggers have no Board of Trade to lend its assistance. Being beyond the law already, speak-easy proprietors cannot be intimidated by the threat of legislation that will put them out of business unless they mend their ways. They operate for one purpose—to make money. If more can be made by an alliance with vice, they will undoubtedly continue to give prostitution their cordial assistance.

RACE PREJUDICE AND THE NEGRO ARTIST

BY JAMES WELDON JOHNSON

WHAT Americans call the Negro problem is almost as old as America itself. For three centuries the Negro in this country has been tagged with an interrogation point; the question propounded, however, has not always been the same. Indeed, the question has run all the way from whether or not the Negro was a human being, down—or up—to whether or not the Negro shall be accorded full and unlimited American citizenship. Therefore, the Negro problem is not a problem in the sense of being a fixed proposition involving certain invariable factors and waiting to be worked out according to certain defined rules. It is not a static condition; rather, it is and always has been a series of shifting interracial situations, never precisely the same in any two generations. As these situations have shifted, the methods and manners of dealing with them have constantly changed. And never has there been such a swift and vital shift as the one which is taking place at the present moment; and never was there a more revolutionary change in attitudes than the one which is now going on.

The question of the races—white and black—has occupied much of America's time and thought. Many methods for a solution of the problem have been tried —most of them tried *on* the Negro, for one of the mistakes commonly made in dealing with this matter has been the failure of white America to take into account the Negro himself and the forces he was generating and sending out. The question repeated generation after generation has been: what shall we do with the Negro?—ignoring completely the power of the Negro to do something for himself, and even something to America. It is a new thought that the Negro has helped to shape and mold and make America. It is, perhaps, a startling thought that America would not be precisely the America it is to-day except for the powerful, if silent, influence the Negro has exerted upon it—both positively and negatively. It is a certainty that the nation would be shocked by a contemplation of the effects which have been wrought upon its inherent character by the negative power which the Negro has involuntarily and unwittingly wielded.

A number of approaches to the heart of the race problem have been tried: religious, educational, political, industrial, ethical, economic, sociological. Along several of these approaches considerable progress has been made. To-day a newer approach is being tried, an approach which discards most of the older methods. It requires a minimum of pleas, or propaganda, or philanthropy. It depends more upon what the Negro himself does than upon what someone does for him. It is the approach along the line of intellectual and artistic achievement by Negroes, and may be called the art approach to the Negro problem. This method of approaching a solution of the race question has the advantage of affording great and rapid progress with least friction and of pro-

viding a common platform upon which most people are willing to stand. The results of this method seem to carry a high degree of finality, to be the thing itself that was to be demonstrated.

I have said that this is a newer approach to the race problem; that is only in a sense true. The Negro has been using this method for a very long time; for a longer time than he has used any other method, and, perhaps, with farther-reaching effectiveness. For more than a century his great folk-art contributions have been exerting an ameliorating effect, slight and perhaps, in any one period, imperceptible, nevertheless, cumulative. In countless and diverse situations song and dance have been both a sword and a shield for the Negro. Take the Spirituals: for sixty years, beginning with their introduction to the world by the Fisk Jubilee Singers, these songs have touched and stirred the hearts of people and brought about a smoothing down of the rougher edges of prejudice against the Negro. Indeed, nobody can hear Negroes sing this wonderful music in its primitive beauty without a softening of feeling toward them.

What is there, then, that is new? What is new consists largely in the changing attitude of the American people. There is a coming to light and notice of efforts that have been going on for a long while, and a public appreciation of their results. Note, for example, the change in the reaction to the Spirituals. Fifty years ago white people who heard the Spirituals were touched and moved with sympathy and pity for the "poor Negro." To-day the effect is not one of pity for the Negro's condition, but admiration for the creative genius of the race.

All of the Negro's folk-art creations have undergone a new evaluation. His sacred music—the Spirituals; his secular music—Ragtime, Blues, Jazz, and the work songs; his folk lore—the Uncle Remus plantation tales; and his dances have received a new and higher appreciation. Indeed, I dare to say that it is now more or less generally acknowledged that the only things artistic that have sprung from American soil and out of American life, and been universally recognized as distinctively American products, are the folk creations of the Negro. The one thing that may be termed artistic, by which the United States is known the world over, is its Negro-derived popular music. The folk creations of the Negro have not only received a new appreciation; they have —the Spirituals excepted—been taken over and assimilated. They are no longer racial, they are national; they have become a part of our common cultural fund. Negro secular music has been developed into American popular music; Negro dances have been made into our national art of dancing; even the plantation tales have been transformed and have come out as popular bedtime stories. The Spirituals are still distinct Negro folk songs, but sooner or later our serious composers will take them as material to go into the making of the "great American music" that has so long been looked for.

But the story does not halt at this point. The Negro has done a great deal through his folk-art creations to change the national attitudes toward him; and now the efforts of the race have been reinforced and magnified by the individual Negro artist, the conscious artist. It is fortunate that the individual Negro artist has emerged; for it is more than probable that with the ending of the creative period of Blues, which seems to be at hand, the whole folk creative effort of the Negro in the United States will come to a close. All the psychological and environmental forces are working to that end. At any rate, it is the individual Negro artist that is now doing most to effect a crumbling of the inner walls of race prejudice; there are outer and inner walls. The emergence of the individual artist is the result of the same phenomenon that brought about the new evaluation and appreciation of the folk-art creations. But it should be

borne in mind that the conscious Afra-american artist is not an entirely new thing. What is new about him is chiefly the evaluation and public recognition of his work.

II

When and how did this happen? The entire change, which is marked by the shedding of a new light on the artistic and intellectual achievements of the Negro, the whole period which has become ineptly known as "the Negro renaissance," is the matter of a decade; it has all taken place within the last ten years. More forces than anyone can name have been at work to create the existing state; however, several of them may be pointed out. What took place had no appearance of a development; it seemed more like a sudden awakening, an almost instantaneous change. There was nothing that immediately preceded it which foreshadowed what was to follow. Those who were in the midst of the movement were as much astonished as anyone else to see the transformation. Overnight, as it were, America became aware that there were Negro artists and that they had something worth while to offer. This awareness first manifested itself in black America, for, strange as it may seem, Negroes themselves, as a mass, had had little or no consciousness of their own individual artists. Black America awoke first to the fact that it possessed poets. This awakening followed the entry of the United States into the Great War. Before this country had been in the war very long there was bitter disillusionment on the part of American Negroes—on the part both of those working at home and those fighting in France to make the world safe for democracy. The disappointment and bitterness were taken up and voiced by a group of seven or eight Negro poets. They expressed what the race felt, what the race wanted to hear. They made the group at large articulate. Some of this poetry was the poetry of despair, but most of it was the poetry of protest and rebellion. Fenton Johnson wrote of civilization:

I am tired of work; I am tired of building up
somebody else's civilization.
Let us take a rest, M'lissy Jane.

You will let the old shanty go to rot, the
white people's clothes turn to dust,
and the Calvary Baptist Church sink
to the bottomless pit.

Throw the children into the river; civilization
has given us too many. It is better to
die than it is to grow up and find out
that you are colored.
Pluck the stars out of the heavens. The
stars mark our destiny. The stars
marked my destiny.
I am tired of civilization.

Joseph Cotter, a youth of twenty, inquired plaintively from the invalid's bed to which he was confined:

Brother, come!
And let us go unto our God.
And when we stand before Him
I shall say,
"Lord, I do not hate
I am hated.
I scourge no one,
I am scourged.
I covet no lands,
My lands are coveted.
I mock no peoples,
My people are mocked."
And, brother, what shall you say?

But among this whole group the voice that was most powerful was that of Claude McKay. Here was a true poet of great skill and wide range, who turned from creating the mood of poetic beauty in the absolute, as he had so fully done in such poems as "Spring in New Hampshire," "The Harlem Dancer," and "Flame Heart," for example, and began pouring out cynicism, bitterness, and invective. For this purpose, incongruous as it may seem, he took the sonnet form as his medium. There is nothing in American literature that strikes a more portentous note than these sonnet-tragedies of McKay. Here is the sestet of his sonnet, "The Lynching":

Day dawned, and soon the mixed crowds came to view
The ghastly body swaying in the sun:
The women thronged to look, but never a one
Showed sorrow in her eyes of steely blue;
And little lads, lynchers that were to be,
Danced round the dreadful thing in fiendish glee.

The summer of 1919 was a terrifying period for the American Negro. There were race riots in Chicago and in Washington and in Omaha and in Phillips County, Arkansas; and in Longview, Texas; and in Knoxville, Tennessee; and in Norfolk, Virginia; and in other communities. Colored men and women, by dozens and by scores, were chased and beaten and killed in the streets. And from Claude McKay came this cry of defiant despair, sounded from the last ditch:

If we must die—let it not be like hogs
Hunted and penned in an inglorious spot,

Oh, Kinsmen! We must meet the common foe;
Though far outnumbered, let us still be brave,
And for their thousand blows deal one death-blow!
What though before us lies the open grave?
Like men we'll face the murderous, cowardly pack,
Pressed to the wall, dying, but—fighting back!

But not all the terror of the time could smother the poet of beauty and universality in McKay. In "America," which opens with these lines:

Although she feeds me bread of bitterness,
And sinks into my throat her tiger's tooth,
Stealing my breath of life, I will confess
I love this cultured hell that tests my youth

he fused these elements of fear and bitterness and hate into verse which by every test is true poetry and a fine sonnet.

The poems of the Negro poets of the immediate post-war period were widely printed in Negro periodicals; they were committed to memory; they were recited at school exercises and public meetings; and were discussed at private gatherings. Now, Negro poets were not new; their line goes back a long way in Afra-american history. Between Phillis Wheatley, who as a girl of eight or nine was landed in Boston from an African slave ship, in 1761, and who published a volume of poems in 1773, and Paul Laurence Dunbar, who died in 1906, there were more than thirty Negroes who published volumes of verse—some of it good, most of it mediocre, and much of it bad. The new thing was the effect produced by these poets who sprang up out of the war period. Negro poets had sounded similar notes before, but now for the first time they succeeded in setting up a reverberating response, even in their own group. But the effect was not limited to black America; several of these later poets in some subtle way affected white America. In any event, at just this time white America began to become aware and to awaken. In the correlation of forces that brought about this result it might be pointed out that the culminating effect of the folk-art creations had gone far toward inducing a favorable state of mind. Doubtless it is also true that the new knowledge and opinions about the Negro in Africa—that he was not just a howling savage, that he had a culture, that he had produced a vital art—had directly affected opinion about the Negro in America. However it may have been, the Negro poets growing out of the war period were the forerunners of the individuals whose work is now being assayed and is receiving recognition in accordance with its worth.

III

And yet, contemporaneously with the work of these poets a significant effort was made in another field of art—an effort which might have gone much farther at the time had it not been cut off by our entry into the War, but which, nevertheless, had its effect. Early in 1917, in fact on the very day we entered the War, Mrs. Emily Hapgood produced at the Madi-

son Square Garden Theater three plays of Negro life by Ridgley Torrence, staged by Robert Edmond Jones, and played by an all-Negro cast. This was the first time that Negro actors in drama commanded the serious attention of the critics and the general public. Two of the players, Opal Cooper and Inez Clough, were listed by George Jean Nathan among the ten actors giving the most distinguished performances of the year. No one who heard Opal Cooper chant the dream in the "Rider of Dreams" can ever forget the thrill of it. A sensational feature of the production was the singing orchestra of Negro performers under the direction of J. Rosamond Johnson—singing orchestras in theaters have since become common. The plays moved from the Garden Theater to the Garrick, but the stress of war crushed them out. In 1920, Charles Gilpin was enthusiastically and universally acclaimed for his acting in "The Emperor Jones." The American stage has seldom seen such an outburst of acclamation. Mr. Gilpin was one of the ten persons voted by the Drama League as having done most for the American theater during the year. Most of the readers of these pages will remember the almost national crisis caused by his invitation to the Drama League Dinner. And along came "Shuffle Along"; and all of New York flocked to an out of the way theater in West Sixty-third Street to hear the most joyous singing and see the most exhilarating dancing to be found on any stage in the city. The dancing steps originally used by the "policeman" in "Shuffle Along" furnished new material for hundreds of dancing men. "Shuffle Along" was actually an epoch-making musical comedy. Out of "Shuffle Along" came Florence Mills, who, unfortunately, died so young but lived long enough to be acknowledged here and in Europe as one of the finest singing comediennes the stage had ever seen and an artist of positive genius. In 1923 Roland Hayes stepped out on the American stage in a blaze of glory, making his first appearances as soloist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra and later with the Philharmonic. Few single artists have packed such crowds into Carnegie Hall and the finest concert halls throughout the country as has Roland Hayes; and, notwithstanding the éclat with which America first received him, his reputation has continued to increase and, besides, he is rated as one of the best box-office attractions in the whole concert field. Miss Marian Anderson appeared as soloist with the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra and in concert at the Lewisohn Stadium at New York City College. Paul Robeson and J. Rosamond Johnson and Taylor Gordon sang Spirituals to large and appreciative audiences in New York and over the country, giving to those songs a fresh interpretation and a new vogue.

Paul Robeson—that most versatile of men, who has made a national reputation as athlete, singer, and actor—played in Eugene O'Neill's "All God's Chillun" and added to his reputation on the stage, and, moreover, put to the test an ancient taboo; he played the principal role opposite a white woman. This feature of the play gave rise to a more acute crisis than did Gilpin's invitation to the Drama League Dinner. Some sensational newspapers predicted race riots and other dire disasters, but nothing of the sort happened; the play went over without a boo. Robeson played the title role in a revival of "The Emperor Jones" and almost duplicated the sensation produced by Gilpin in the original presentation. There followed on the stage Julius Bledsoe, Rose McClendon, Frank Wilson, and Abbie Mitchell, all of whom gained recognition. At the time of this writing each of these four is playing in a Broadway production. Paradoxical it may seem, but no Negro comedian gained recognition in this decade. Negro comedians have long been a recognized American institution and there are several now before the public who are well known, but their reputations were made before this period. The only new reputations made on the

comedy stage were made by women, Florence Mills and Ethel Waters. In addition there are the two famous Smiths, Bessie and Clara, singers of Blues and favorites of vaudeville, phonograph, and radio audiences. Of course there is Josephine Baker, but her reputation was made entirely in Europe. Nevertheless, these magical ten years have worked a change upon Negro comedy. Before Miller and Lyles brought "Shuffle Along" to New York, managers here could hardly conceive of a Negro musical comedy playing a Broadway house. When Williams and Walker, Cole and Johnson, and Ernest Hogan were in their heyday, people who wanted to see them had to go to theaters outside the great white-light zone. George Walker died before the "new day," and up to his retirement from the stage he kept up a constant fight for a chance for his company to play a strictly Broadway theater. Since "Shuffle Along," hardly a season has passed without seeing one or more Negro musical comedies playing in the finest theaters in New York. In fact, Negro plays and Negro performers in white plays on Broadway have become usual occurrences.

Odd has been the fate of the younger poets who were instrumental in bringing about the present state of affairs. It is a fact that none of them, with the exception of Claude McKay, quite succeeded in bridging over into it. Three of them, Roscoe Jamison, Lucian Watkins, and Joseph Cotter, are dead, all dying in their youth. Fenton Johnson is almost silent. And Claude McKay has for the past four or five years lived practically in exile. However, several of the older writers are busily at work, and there has sprung up in the last three or four years a group of newer creative writers. Countee Cullen and Langston Hughes have achieved recognition as poets. Jean Toomer, Walter White, Eric Walrond, and Rudolph Fisher have made a place among writers of fiction. And Claude McKay, after a period of silence as a poet, has published his *Home to Harlem*, a generally acclaimed novel. These are names that carry literary significance, and they take their places according to individual merit in the list of the makers of contemporary American literature. In addition, there are more than a score of younger writers who are not yet quite in the public eye, but will soon be more widely known. Writers such as these are bound to be known and in larger numbers, because their work now has the chance to gain whatever appreciation it merits. To-day the reagents that will discover what of it is good are at work, the arbiters of our national letters are disposed to regard their good work as a part of American literature, and the public is prepared to accept it as such. This has not always been the case. Until this recent period, the several achievements in writing that have come to light have been regarded as more or less sporadic and isolated efforts, and not in any sense as having a direct relation to the national literature. Had the existing forces been at work at the time, the remarkable decade from 1895 to 1905, which brought forth Booker T. Washington's *Up from Slavery*, W. E. Burghardt Du Bois's *The Souls of Black Folk*, Charles Chesnutt's stories of Negro life, and Paul Laurence Dunbar's poetry, might have signalled the beginning of the "Negro literary renaissance."

During the present decade the individual Negro artist has definitely emerged in three fields, in literature, in the theater, and on the concert stage; in other fields he has not won marked distinction. To point to any achievement of distinction in painting the Negro must go back of this decade, back to H. O. Tanner, who has lived in Europe for the past thirty-five years; or farther back to E. M. Bannister, who gained considerable recognition a half century ago. Nevertheless, there is the work of W. E. Scott, a mural painter, who lives in Chicago and has done a number of public buildings in the Middle West, and

of Archibald J. Motley, who recently held a one-man exhibit in New York which attracted very favorable attention. The drawings of Aaron Douglas have won for him a place among American illustrators. To point to any work of acknowledged excellence in sculpture the Negro must go back of this decade to the work of two women, Edmonia Lewis and Meta Warrick Fuller, both of whom received chiefly in Europe such recognition as they gained. There are several young painters and sculptors who are winning recognition. But the strangest lack is that with all the great native musical endowment he is conceded to possess, the Negro has not in this most propitious time produced a single outstanding composer. There are competent musicians and talented composers of songs and detached bits of music, but no original composer who, in amount and standard of work and in recognition achieved, is at all comparable with S. Coleridge-Taylor, the English Negro composer. Nor can the Negro in the United States point back of this decade to even one such artist. It is a curious fact that the American Negro through his whole history has done more highly sustained and more fully recognized work in the composition of letters than in the composition of music. It is the more curious when we consider that music is so innately a characteristic method of expression for the Negro.

IV

What, now, is the significance of this artistic activity on the part of the Negro and of its reactions on the American people? I think it is twofold. In the first place, the Negro is making some distinctive contributions to our common cultural store. I do not claim it is possible for these individual artists to produce anything comparable to the folk-art in distinctive values, but I do believe they are bringing something fresh and vital into American art, something from the store of their own racial genius: warmth, color, movement, rhythm, and abandon; depth and swiftness of emotion and the beauty of sensuousness. I believe American art will be richer because of these elements in fuller quantity.

But what is of deeper significance to the Negro himself is the effect that this artistic activity is producing upon his condition and status as a man and citizen. I do not believe it an overstatement to say that the "race problem" is fast reaching the stage of being more a question of national mental attitudes toward the Negro than a question of his actual condition. That is to say, it is not at all the problem of a moribund people sinking into a slough of ignorance, poverty, and decay in the very midst of our civilization and despite all our efforts to save them; that would indeed be a problem. Rather is the problem coming to consist in the hesitation and refusal to open new doors of opportunity at which these people are constantly knocking. In other words, the problem for the Negro is reaching the plane where it is becoming less a matter of dealing with what he is and more a matter of dealing with what America thinks he is.

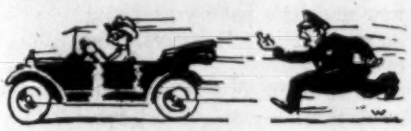
Now, the truth is that the great majority of Americans have not thought about the Negro at all, except in a vague sort of way and in the form of traditional and erroneous stereotypes. Some of these stereotyped forms of thought are quite absurd, yet they have had serious effects. Millions of Americans have had their opinions and attitudes regarding their fellow colored citizens determined by such a phrase as, "A nigger will steal," or "Niggers are lazy," or "Niggers are dirty." But there is a common, widespread, and persistent stereotyped idea regarding the Negro, and it is that he is here only to receive; to be shaped into something new and unquestionably better. The common idea is that the Negro reached America intellectually, culturally, and morally empty, and that he is here to be filled—filled with education, filled with religion, filled with morality, filled with culture. In a word, the

stereotype is that the Negro is nothing more than a beggar at the gate of the nation, waiting to be thrown the crumbs of civilization. Through his artistic efforts the Negro is smashing this immemorial stereotype faster than he has ever done through any other method he has been able to use. He is making it realized that he is the possessor of a wealth of natural endowments and that he has long been a generous giver to America. He is impressing upon the national mind the conviction that he is an active and important force in American life; that he is a creator as well as a creature; that he has given as well as received; that he is the potential giver of larger and richer contributions.

In this way the Negro is bringing about an entirely new national conception of himself; he has placed himself in an entirely new light before the American people. I do not think it too much to say that through artistic achievement the Negro has found a means of getting at the very core of the prejudice against him, by challenging the Nordic superiority complex. A great deal has been accomplished in this decade of "renaissance." Enough has been accomplished to make it seem almost amazing when we realize that there are less than twenty-five Negro artists who have more or less of national recognition; and that it is they who have chiefly done the work. A great part of what they have accomplished has been done through the sort of publicity they have secured for the race. A generation ago the Negro was receiving lots of publicity, but nearly all of it was bad. There were front page stories with such headings as, "Negro Criminal," "Negro Brute." To-day one may see undesirable stories, but one may also read stories about Negro singers, Negro actors, Negro authors, Negro poets. The connotations of the very word "Negro" have been changed. A generation ago many Negroes were half or wholly ashamed of the term. To-day they have every reason to be proud of it.

For many years and by many methods the Negro has been overcoming the coarser prejudices against him; and when we consider how many of the subtler prejudices have crumbled, and crumbled rapidly under the process of art creation by the Negro, we are justified in taking a hopeful outlook toward the effect that the increase of recognized individual artists fivefold, tenfold, twentyfold, will have on this most perplexing and vital question before the American people.

The Lion's Mouth



TELL IT TO THE TRAFFIC COP

BY G. H. ESTABROOKS

"PSYCHOLOGY has become a science. We must no longer talk about such vague things as souls and minds. Man is a machine, free will is a delusion, and moral responsibility a myth."

That sounded good. Here at last was a clear-cut statement suitable to a hard-boiled scientist. I took it to the head of my department.

"There," I said, "is a platform on which we can make of psychology a science worthy of the name."

"What's that?" he said as he read the statement.

"You heard what I said. On that platform we can build a psychology which will command the respect of other sciences."

He smiled indulgently.

"Tell it to the traffic cop," he muttered.

"What's that?"

"You heard what I said. Tell it to the traffic cop."

There was insult in his voice and pity in his tones. My spirit rose in grim determination. Here at last was to be a showdown. We scientists cannot forever be treated like dumb driven cattle. That spark of the hero which is present even in a henpecked husband asserted itself.

"All right! I will."

Lizzie honked and rattled down the main street. Ahead was a red traffic light. Beside it stood a blue-eyed, snub-nosed son of Ireland. He raised his hand impressively for me to stop. I seized my courage savagely in both hands and sailed grandly by. That was a magnificent sensation. Often had I longed to cross these menials of the law. Now was the supreme moment. I would dare all in the name of pure science. I could see through my mirror that the chase was on.

Two blocks beyond he overtook my panting Ford and crowded me into the paving. His movements were deliberate but careful as becomes one who thinks himself dealing with a hardened criminal.

"Well, buddy, what's the bright idea?"

"My man," I said with great condescension, "I am a psychologist. According to my science there is no such thing as free will or moral responsibility. Man is a mere machine. Please allow me to proceed."

"What in h——! Say, what the —— do you think this is? Show me your license."

I did so.

"And now what in —— do you mean by passing that red light? The Judge will give you six months for this."

"My dear man, don't be a fool. I am in no way responsible for passing your red light. I am a psychologist. Man is a machine. There is no such thing as moral responsibility. Free will is an illusion. Please step aside. I am in a hurry."

Slowly a great understanding dawned in his blue eyes. They became soft and understanding. He grasped my point of view. So does science triumph over mere everyday prejudices.

"Oh, yes," he said softly. "I understand. You're quite right. I'm very sorry I stopped you."

"It's all forgiven," I replied graciously. Exaltation filled my heart. The era of science had arrived.

"I wonder if you'd give me a lift down the road? I've a little matter of business to attend to. It's in your direction."

"Why, certainly. Jump in."

Lizzie rattled gayly along. All the world was bright and glorious in the light of truth's great conquest.

"Just turn in here, will you, and drop me. You can get out the other side."

I did so. We stopped in front of an imposing building. He motioned two men in blue uniforms to approach. Probably his friends. He muttered something to them and they came to my side of the car.

"All right, buddy, jump out," said my passenger.

"What's that?"

"You heard what I said, get out."

"But I don't want to get out. Why should I get out? I'm not stopping here."

"That's what they all think."

The title over the door took my eye. It read "Bunkville State Hospital for Mental Diseases." This was awful.

"Now look here. This is a mistake. I'm a scientist. Psychology teaches that man is a machine. There is no such thing as moral responsibility. I demand you release me."

"Yeah? So's your old man. Out you go and tell it to the doctor."

The doctor looked very sympathetic and understanding. He was one of the institutional assistants but a very intelligent chap indeed.

"Now look here, doc. I believe in my convictions. Man, according to behaviorism and all truly scientific psychology, is but a machine. There is no such thing as moral responsibility. Free will is a delusion. You cannot hold me responsible for what I do. In the name of pure science I demand my freedom."

"Yes, yes, certainly. You are quite right. Been sleeping well lately?"

"Why, yes. What's that got to do with it?"

"Nothing, nothing at all. Appetite all right? Any headaches or bad dreams?"

"Say, what's the idea. There's nothing wrong with me. I'm a psychologist and in the name of pure science—"

"Yes, yes, certainly. I understand. Just put this thermometer in your mouth now and let's have your pulse. You'll be all right in a few days. Just a little overworked."

"I'm damned if I'll put that thermometer in my mouth or let you feel my pulse. I demand to see the head of this institution."

The situation was beginning to look serious. I decided to make a clean breast of the affair to the doctor in charge, explaining that the whole episode was in the nature of a bet between myself and the head of my department.

The great nerve specialist listened to my story with amused interest. The whole thing seemed to connect with his funny bone, and he finally exploded into a howl of mirth.

"Well, well, professor," he said as he wiped the tears from his eyes, "science must have its martyrs. A week's stay here will probably do you good."

"I've got to get back to my laboratory. I'm busy and, see here, this whole thing is a joke. You know that."

"Yes, I know. But your Uncle Samuel can't always see the point. You are at present under arrest for violating traffic laws. If I analyze the situation correctly you have only two possible moves. One is to remain here under observation for a week. The other is, er . . ."

"Yes?"

"Well, your friend the policeman is still waiting downstairs. He'll give you the chance of telling it to the judge."

I flatter myself that in the real emergencies of life I think quickly.

"Thanks," I shot back without an instant's hesitation. "I'll stay right here."

A week later I was back in the laboratory. My superior said not a word.

Merely that covert smile, that tantalizing clearing of the throat, and those veiled allusions which drive one to violence. Like the old darky who underwent a similar treatment, I felt like saying, "Boss, if you-all don't break dat zasperating silence, dere's gwine to be murder roun' heah."

There was a light touch on my shoulder, and one of my colleagues placed an article before me. It was by a great psychologist. He had underlined a certain passage. "We must accept the notion of free will and moral responsibility as at least a working hypothesis whatever our philosophical tastes may be."

I scored a bull's eye on his head with the offending volume and left the laboratory.

Lizzie rattled gayly on her way. A whistle sounded and her brakes screamed their protest. We came to an abrupt halt. My heart skipped two beats then started on a sprint. The same blue eyes, pug nose, and bruiser's jaw confronted me.

"I am very sorry, officer. What have I done?"

"Nothing, buddy, nothing. Thought I'd like to have a look at you, that's all."

I thought I had better take the bull by the horns.

"Say, officer, I'm awfully sorry about that last time. The truth is I had been working very hard and it sort of went to my head."

"Feeling all right now?"

"Fine. It was just a case of overwork. A little rest did wonders."

"All right," he growled, "but watch your step. Can't never tell when you nuts are going to come unscrewed again."

I swallowed the insult meekly as becomes a citizen of these United States and drove on.

Back in the laboratory I looked up the original source of all my trouble. Once again I read the declaration of my faith: "Psychology has become a science. We must no longer talk about such vague things as souls and minds. Man is a machine, free will is a delusion and moral responsibility a myth."

I cut the passage out and enclosed it in an envelope directed to the author of the book. With it I sent a note containing a single typewritten sentence, "Tell it to the traffic cop."

BUDGETS—THEIR CARE AND PREVENTION

BY FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN

"MY DEAR," said I to Agnes, "I have been forced to an important decision to-day. We must keep a budget."

Agnes looked at me in consternation. "But what's got into you so suddenly?"

"I have been talking to Tom Jenkins," I replied. "A successful man—who keeps a budget. He has made it clear to me that a modern family like ours needs to plan its expenditures scientifically. A family, after all, is like a corporation, isn't it? And what would you think of a corporation that didn't plan its expenditures scientifically? What would you think of a corporation that kept its cash loose in its trousers pocket? Tom says that a family needs to keep its accounts carefully so that it will know where its money has gone. The Steel Corporation knows where its money has gone. But do we? What became of those fifty dollars that you drew out of the bank on Monday? How much do you spend annually on hair-waves? *You don't know.* But the Steel Corporation would. Does that suggest anything to you?"

I could see that my relentless logic was beginning to take effect. But Agnes was not convinced at once. "Isn't there a good deal of arithmetic in keeping a budget?" she asked. "I seem to recall your saying that you bade arithmetic an

enthusiastic farewell when you graduated from school and hoped to have as little as possible to do with it in the future. Well . . . "

"*You* could do the arithmetic, Agnes," said I with an air of inspiration. "And I could help," I added hurriedly. "And I could make the graphic circle. Do you know what a graphic circle is? Tom told me all about it to-day. It's like a picture of a pie, with the sections for Food, Shelter, and things like that done in colors. It makes the financial status of the family vivid."

"Is that an advantage?" asked Agnes.

I disregarded her. "All the budget keepers make graphic circles. I'll buy the compass and the crayons to-morrow."

"Well," said Agnes, "I may not know where our money has gone, and I'll bet that Tom didn't show you how that would help you to get it back again, but I know where it's going to go. For a compass and crayons, for example."

You see, you can't expect a woman to appreciate right off the importance of behaving like a corporation. Agnes, I regret to say, made further unbusinesslike objections. Before we got through I even had to promise to do most of the arithmetic. But the right will ultimately triumph. In a couple of hours we had decided to begin budgeting the very next day, and I had consulted a book on budgets loaned to me by Tom Jenkins and had made a note that I must purchase not only a compass and crayons, but a change purse, a small account book with ruled lines for the family (or corporation) ledger, black ink, red ink, erasers, ink eradicator in case of accidents, and a pad of scrap paper in case of arithmetic.

Promptly at eight o'clock the next evening we set to work. I laid out my purchases in an imposing array, and immediately fell to with the compass. "How big do you think the pie should be?" I asked, the spirit of the thing beginning to get hold of me. "And what would be a good color for Clothing? A natty brown, perhaps? Brown is being much favored this season, I believe. Or possibly something a little choicer? I have a stunning orange crayon here."

"Not so fast," said Agnes, who had her nose in *The Principles of Family Finance*. "First we have to decide what our standards of living should be. What are our standards in Shelter, Clothing, Food, Service, Savings, and the Higher Life?"

"Help!" said I feebly. "How do you mean standards? And what's the Higher Life?"

"The Higher Life," explained Agnes from the book, "is otherwise known as Advancement. It includes expenditures for Mental Development (including Education, Reading, and the Arts), Social Development (including dinner-parties), and Physical Development (including sports and vacations). But let's not think about the Higher Life just now."

"No," I replied forcibly, "nor ever lead it. We'd have too hard a time to learn the language. 'Mr. Peters regrets that he will be unable to attend Mrs. Yates's Social Development, as he will be in the Adirondacks on his Physical Development.' But I wish you'd tell me what goes where in the budget. Where do you put tooth paste, for instance? Is that Food? Or is it the Higher Life? (Remember that the young man with the gleaming teeth wins the appointment as sales manager.) And how about—well, how about having your umbrella re-covered?"

Agnes put down the book and was lost in thought. "Shelter," she said doubtfully after a while.

"Very good," said I. "But suppose you wanted to go out to dinner and couldn't do it because it was raining and you hadn't had your umbrella re-covered. In that case wouldn't you be justified in putting the re-covering of the umbrella under Food? Surely, if you needed to take a taxi to get to dinner and otherwise you would go hungry, the taxi would be Food, wouldn't it? You admit that? Well, then, the analogy—"

"But that's just like you," interrupted

Agnes. "Always looking at things from your own point of view. Now put yourself in the umbrella's place for a moment. A poor, shabby umbrella, ashamed to look its fellows in the eye. . . ."

"Clothing!" I cried in triumph.

"Besides," added Agnes, "what is an umbrella, considered in the abstract, but a substitute for a raincoat? And a raincoat is Clothing."

"Look here," I put in sharply, "we'll never get anywhere like this. We must be systematic. We must begin somewhere." I picked up my orange pencil. "Let's begin with Clothing—my Clothing for a starter. Now, what does the book say?"

"It says we must consider carefully our standards in Clothing. Then we must consider what we have on hand, item by item. Then we must calculate what our needs for the coming year will be and what our standards will require us to pay. Then, and only then, can we purchase scientifically."

"All right. We'll begin scientifically at the bottom. SHOES." I took a piece of paper and wrote down SHOES.

"What are your standards of living in shoes?" asked Agnes.

It was like a catechism. "My standards of living in shoes," I began cautiously, "are to live in them all the time except when I'm in bed. How's that? I think I walloped that one."

"How many shoes have you on hand?" pursued Agnes. She paused a moment. "That reminds me—what are you going to do about those old black shoes of yours? You never wear them, and yet you never seem to want me to give them away. You always say they may come in handy some day for working round the place. And for that matter, you talk a good deal about working round the place, but when do you ever do it? How about spading up the vegetable garden next Saturday afternoon? And the ashes ought to be taken out."

"I'm not paying any attention," said I coldly. "I'm counting shoes."

There was a long silence.

"Are you still counting?" asked Agnes at last.

"No," said I. "I'm thinking. Does this infernal budget system actually expect me to deduce from the number of my shoes and socks and neckties how many I'm going to get next year?"

"It does," replied Agnes.

"But that's absurd. I don't buy that way. No sensible man buys that way. Listen. Take socks, for instance. You know what my sock drawer looks like, don't you? On the top of the pile are my favorites. I wear them whenever I can. Underneath them are my seconds, my margin of safety: socks that used to be black but have gone gray with age; socks that somebody in a moment of misguided enthusiasm darned in purple; and a few widowed rights or lefts whose spouses may turn up next week in the wash or next May in the trunk in the attic. I *can* dip into the seconds if I run out of favorites; when I'm strapped, in fact, I go on wearing seconds for days and days; but when I'm flush I wear them just long enough to get to the haberdasher's for an orgy. A riot, in fact. An adventure of the soul among masterpieces.

"Agnes," I continued with rising fervor, "I am beginning to see light. Here are two opposing systems. The budgeteers buy their socks by schedule. (That, incidentally, explains Tom Jenkins's socks.) My system is different. I buy when I can, and when I can't, I go into my reserve. It's an economical system: I can always wear the old gray socks if I must. It's elastic. And it gives me a maximum of the lust of purchase. Where's the chance for the lust of purchase in buying socks *in cold blood* —two pairs in August, two in January, two in April? No waiting for the mood, no yielding to impulse, no frenzy of buying—in short, no fun. I'm against it. It's impractical, theoretical, ridiculous, and stuffy."

"But a corporation—" began Agnes.

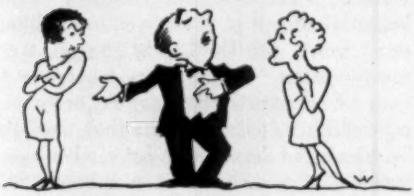
"Corporation!" said I. "And where's

the kick in being a corporation? Agnes, do you honestly think the Steel Corporation has a good time?"

"Well," suggested Agnes, "they can always fall back on arithmetic."

I rose resolutely to my feet. I picked up the crayons and compass. "Don't you think the children would like to play with these? A present from thoughtful daddy."

And I started for the nursery.



THE ART OF GENTLE-BOASTING

BY CHARLES B. HALE

I LAID down the distinguished foreign critic's article on the foibles of our poor country with a sigh of admiration. "Here," I said, "is genius." Not that he ascribed any new vices and shortcomings to us; they were as old as Mrs. Trollope or Dickens and had been dragged into the disinfecting light of truth many, many times. But how graciously and inoffensively this man implied that he was the embodiment of all the virtues whose opposites he condemned, and how very neatly he avoided the slightest semblance of bragging; what a perfect modesty! All of this inspired me with a great thought.

The universities give courses in salesmanship, advertising, and methods-in-general of imposing on a supine public. Why no courses in boasting? Everybody boasts, of course, just as everybody has always advertised; but the present technic is so crude, so very unorganized that I intend, one of these days, to win fame everlasting by suggesting this great need to some service club in luncheon assembled. Only think about it and the value of the scheme becomes brilliantly apparent.

As matters stand, John Smith takes a downright useless course in the Romantic Poets, or still worse, a course in Philosophy where he may learn—small danger, but very real—that painful liberality of mind which is always making the opinions of opponents seem unreasonably reasonable. Change all this in accordance with my suggestion, and what have you? A mind no longer assailed by doubts or conscience, and one that is well equipped to advance its owner in the goods of this world.

This course of mine would first of all teach students to eliminate idle or useless boasting. Nothing is so great a waster of energy which ought to be usefully employed. And the abuse is well-nigh universal. I remember that I myself—in extreme youth, of course—once engaged in a perfectly idle boasting match with another small boy whose parents were much richer than mine. He recounted the treasures his house contained, and I recall with some sinful pride that I matched him every time and finally floored him by declaring that among *my* family heirlooms was preserved the rod with which Moses divided the waters of the Red Sea. *Horresco referens*, and yet I have seen with these mortal eyes pieces of the true cross, and Mark Twain said he had seen, I think, two complete skeletons of John the Baptist.

But I must add immediately, lest I be considered purely a destructive critic, that my course will include constructive study in boasting. (The word *constructive* will get me by with any luncheon club.)

We can borrow a respectable air of learning by appealing to the philologists, who might as well be put to some practical use. They say that the word which is at present *gentil* in French came into English three times, once as gentle, once as genteel, and once as jaunty. Just so there are three kinds of boasting, and although it would take entirely too much space to explain all of them fully—I should also be giving away my stock in trade—let me treat them briefly.

First of all, let us not make the vulgar error of supposing any of these three varieties useless. Jaunty-boasting, for instance, offends the chosen; but anybody who has ever listened in at a political convention can tell you that it is meat to the politicians. The chosen are few, and do not vote as they should; but the apparently inelect are without number and either credulous or unresentful when their intelligences are insulted.

Suppose a candidate has, shall we say, "known about" the strange disappearance of governmental funds, and is questioned pertinently by his opponents, whose party is comparatively pure because, for some time, it has not been in control of any funds to squander. Only a very inexperienced person will believe that any real answer is necessary. The candidate rolls out phrases like "the gr-r-reat Republican Party, Defenders of our Sacred Constitution" or "the glorious record of the party of Jackson and Jefferson" and, thus wrapping the flag about him, he covers his nakedness.

Of course, to a great many people this answer-evasive boasting is not at all deceptive; but it works, and this question of ultimate truth or falsity is just another one of these damnable academic quibbles.

Jaunty-boasting must be restricted to crude jobs. However it may work on crowds, it is worse than useless socially. It is too blatantly self-assertive; it offends the good taste, the eardrums, and worst of all the ego of everybody—even the most reasonable, unassertive ego. And genteel-boasting is similarly limited; it must be used only with the unenvious and the semi-intelligent. It is necessary to be careful. "When I was in Paris last year" will hardly ever do. In the first place, so many people have been to Paris that you are likely to start an avalanche of that sort of thing which can be extremely painful. In the second, the more suspicious people who have not been to Paris will not like the reference any better than they would out-and-out jaunty-boasting. The better-natured and more impressionable people may be moved; but on the whole, it is better to put your point thus, "That building certainly does look like Sainte Chapelle, don't you think so? Strange you never see pictures of such a beautiful building as Sainte Chapelle." Now this is quite subtle, and not a bit too elaborate, as at first it may seem. Analyze it, and you will see. You flatter your victim by appealing to his experience and inferring that of course he has been abroad. It doesn't matter whether the building does look like Sainte Chapelle, and you run practically no risk of insulting him if he hasn't been abroad. He probably will say "yes" anyway and think you a very pleasant and experienced person. You add the last sentence, however, to make it perfectly but inoffensively clear that you have seen the church itself, not its picture. Naturally if your victim is one of those hopelessly frank persons who say, under these circumstances, that they have never been out of Kansas, your effort is wasted.

On the whole, the objection to this sort of boast is that it is impractical. There is no practical advantage to be gained from proving that you have a *Mayflower* ancestor, or that you always eat dinner in six courses and full dress. You may even rouse envy unless you are very skilful.

The consummate art is gentle-boasting, of which the inspirer of this article is such a master. Narrow and strait is the way, and few be the people who walk in it; but, oh, the bacon they drag home! The gentle-boaster never starts anything; he seizes opportunities. You must positively never take the initiative. Better whole days without results than a false step. Moreover, never assert. The supreme, the epic art of gentle-boasting lies in denial. Suppose, to take a very trivial example, you are playing bridge, and you make game when you should have been set—if accidentally, so much the better. At

the end of the hand etiquette demands that your partner say, "How in *hell* did you manage it?" There is only one correct answer. "It was just luck; I'm afraid Work wouldn't like the way I did it." If you don't go out labeled as great a player as Work, or greater, then I am Ananias, and there is no faith in men—"all perjur'd, all dissemblers, all forsworn." To stimulate a partner slow in comment you may perhaps sigh in evident relief when the hand is finished or even say, "Well, we squeezed through"; but this is doubtful taste.

Thus you gradually build yourself the reputation of being a "sharp un" and modest withal. Is anybody so dull as not to see the value in this—the dollar and cent value? It can be worked on buyers, lawyers, clients, the reading public; on the butcher, the baker, and the electrician, for its beauty is that it is too subtle to be dangerous, and yet not a bit too subtle to be effective. It works everywhere.

Still it needs practice. Hence the value of collegiate courses in boasting. So far we know too little about it, except for the occasional and necessarily casual observation of a natural virtuoso working among or on us. Let research scholarships be founded in departments of, say, psychology; psychology has been made to stand a lot and should not mind a little more.

An art should be dignified. Let us banish that noisome word *brag* from the language. Perhaps even boast is a little strong. Vaunt—yes, vaunt is better; by all means vaunt, and vaunticians, and doctors of vauntistry.

One final word. It may be you think this whole scheme merely the theorizing of one of those uselessly benevolent persons who dream lovely dreams about elevating mankind but do nothing practical to make them realities. There I have you, for I can practice what I preach. Look back over this article and see if I do not do my own share of boasting, not of the jaunty variety, which I have called crude, but of the other two. What, if not genteel-boasting, is that *horresco referens* business? Upon reading it did you not feel somewhere in the back of your consciousness, "This learned person must be well acquainted with the Classics?"—which I certainly am not, having had to look up the number of r's in *referens*. This trick is slightly worn from over-use, but good for years to come notwithstanding.

And as for gentle-boasting—the diabolical subtlety of it!—does not the beautifully self-deprecatory, frank paragraph just above say in almost so many words, "Here is a person, an honest, modest person who shows us even his own faults"?

AT THE END OF A CAMPAIGN

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

WHEN this number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE begins to circulate the Presidential campaign will have only about a fortnight left to run. It is hardly a rash anticipation to believe that by that time it will be considerably heated. At this writing conspicuous people are taking sides in it in an unusual way. What is most hoped for from it by the forward-lookers is that it will contribute very much to break the taboo upon discussion of various subjects which are of great political and ethical interest.

One of these subjects is Prohibition. Most of the politicians on both sides seemed to be agreed that this was a subject that ought not to be discussed, as voters in both parties were divided in mind about it. Neither Convention dared to take any position in its platform that might alienate either the Drys or the Wets. Both talked about law observance for better or worse. Mr. Raskob and Mr. Du Pont stepped out of all their business shackles to promote the repeal of the amendment; Mr. Durant offered a tidy sum of money for the best plan to get the Amendment and the Volstead Act enforced; Dr. Butler freed his mind about the whole Prohibition effort but remains a Republican; Mr. Henry Curran will vote for Smith on this issue, though he too remains a Republican, and so it goes. Never before since the Prohibition amendment was adopted has there been an opportunity for any general expression about it at the polls. There is such an opportunity this fall, and it will be exceedingly interesting to see what comes of it.

There is another great subject of discussion that is considerably forbidden to the newspapers, which are hindered from free discussion of it because of possible results that would be prejudicial to their business interests. The *Atlantic Monthly* has done what it could to put this subject on the platform, and its efforts have been interesting. Heflin has ranted about it, but his deliverances are wild cries that do not appeal to the intelligence. What John Roach Straton may have said one would have to examine too many newspapers to discover. Perhaps he has beaten up the Pope; but after all Dr. Straton and the Holy Father are both fundamentalists in religion and are probably on the same side in a good many things. At any rate, in this part of the country at least, the objections to Governor Smith as a Catholic have not made headway and have not been much discussed mainly because the mass of the readers and hearers have not been interested to discuss them. They are intellectual, theological questions, that most people do not want to bother their heads about, whereas Prohibition is something that affects actual physical life in every block of every city, and in almost every square mile of the whole territory of the United States. If we should have a discussion of the Roman Catholic Church it might not be very informing, and the very thing which

might bring it on would be too much effort to prohibit it. Nevertheless, one of the great issues of this campaign is anti-clericalism, not directed mainly against the Church of Rome as it exists usually in Europe, but aimed to rescue our government from the domination of the Methodist Board of Morals.

There has always been a good deal of religious government in the United States. When it is confined to the direction of family life it is largely good, though far from perfect; but when it finds expression in the legislatures and laws it is apt to be evil. Everybody ought to be religious, including all the voters, but government ought to be secular. If it is not, it easily becomes the instrument by which one lot of voters impose their prejudices on another lot.

People have an idea that what the majority does is right and that it is no hardship to embody the wishes of the majority in the laws of a country. Mr. Durant, who offered a prize for the best way to make the Eighteenth Amendment effective, argued that he believes the majority of the voters do not want the Amendment repealed and that, therefore, it should not be repealed. He is right in thinking that it cannot be repealed until the majority want it repealed. But Mr. Durant does not discuss at all whether in this matter of drinks it is proper that a majority should compel a minority to accept its opinion and orders. One of the great questions connected with Prohibition is to what extent in the details of human life the majority should rule. If life were altogether regulated by majorities progress would stop short; for it is minorities, beginning small, that get new understanding of all problems and change life. Majorities never get anything first. They are strongholds of conservatism and useful in that capacity, but minorities are the yeast in the dough; and the bread of life cannot be produced without them. What is history as we know it if it is not a record of minorities struggling towards change, and majorities sending them to the cross, the stake, the gallows, the hangman's noose, and electric chair? Things are better now. We are not so rough with minorities as our ancesters were. We do not flog Quakers at the cartwheel. Tar and feathers are going out of style. We are more tolerant than we were but nothing much to brag about yet.

For example, one read in the papers the other day that a warrant was out in Boston for Doctor Kallen of New York for talking blasphemy in a speech in Boston at a Sacco-Vanzetti memorial meeting on August 23rd. Doctor Kallen is a scholar, reputable, and of distinction as a teacher. His observation that the papers gave as the warrant of the Boston police in wanting to catch him was that "If Sacco and Vanzetti were anarchists, so were Jesus Christ, Socrates," and several others. That statement was held by the police to violate an ancient statute of Massachusetts against blasphemy.

Now, "anarchist" is not necessarily a contumelious epithet. It simply means a person opposed to laws. "At its best," says Webster's dictionary, "anarchism stands for a society made orderly by good manners rather than by law, in which each person produces according to his powers and receives according to his needs." There is much in the teaching of Christ which is consistent with the conception of such a society as that and there is slight endorsement of many of the regulations and institutions of the society in which we actually live. Whatever Doctor Kallen may have said, as briefly reported in the New York papers, his purpose was clearly to defend and honor Sacco and Vanzetti by comparing them with Christ and not at all to disparage Christ by comparing him with Sacco and Vanzetti.

Oh, well, that nonsense will doubtless take care of itself, and indeed the case was promptly held up for further consideration, but who on earth is the power behind the police of Boston; the power

that gets up the extraordinary proscriptions of books and of which this absurd blasphemy charge was credible because of previous foolishnesses not unlike it? Christ, it is true, said, "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's." He was certainly not the kind of anarchist who wears his hair pompadour, throws bombs, and leans on violence for the removal of what seem to him to be obstacles to Utopian expectations. Christ was not at all like that, but neither was he in accord with the management of this world as he found it. Of that management he was the great upsetter as he was also the great anti-cleric. He fought government by a priesthood and went to Golgotha as the result of his outspokenness in that particular. The civil law he treated with respect, but taught a better way to regulate life.

LESTER LINCOLN used to say of a girl who visited his mother's family that she came into the room mouth first. That happens often, especially in a presidential year like this when discussion is more than usually stimulated. The Boston police may be described as having come mouth first into the case of Doctor Kallen, who, of course, would love to be tried in Boston for blasphemy. Mr. William Allen White, as everyone must have noticed, entered mouth first into an examination of Governor Smith's political record and had to withdraw most of what he said for investigation and revision. It was very much the same with Doctor Straton. Another case, not concerned with politics, was that of Dr. Vernon Kellogg, who in an article in *Scribner's Magazine*, lately spoke of Sir Oliver Lodge as a careful and honored operator in the domain of physics, but utterly careless and credulous when he dealt with spirits and easily fooled by one medium after another. No one who knows anything about Sir Oliver needs to be told that he brings the same mind and care to his spiritist inquiries which he has prosecuted for forty odd years, as he does to the researches in physics which have won him so great a reputation. "A dual personality" Doctor Kellogg calls him, which is the same thing as was said years ago of Sir William Crookes of Crookes' tubes, who was also an investigator of spirits and a believer in communication with them. Doctor Kellogg came mouth first to his conclusions about Sir Oliver. The rule for all writers whose words find their way into print is to avoid positive assertions when discussing matters about which they have no adequate knowledge. In ordinary life and conversation people constantly talk of things they don't know about and constantly give out opinions that are not based on knowledge and have no value. This makes for conversation and discussion and is useful in that if they talk to someone who knows more than they do their mistakes may be corrected and they may learn something. But when opinions of this kind are put out in print, that is a different matter and likely to embarrass their authors.

Doctor Kellogg, who made a break about Sir Oliver Lodge, and William Allen White, who made a break about Governor Smith, have one thing in common and that is Emporia, Kansas. Doctor Kellogg was born there, though he does not live there. Mr. White lives there and operates on the world from that point though he was not born there. Perhaps there is something in Emporia that gets into the blood and impairs discretion.

WHAT have we done that we should have so many floods? Where does all the water come from? How is it accumulated to be let down on us so disastrously? The latest pluvial demonstration is a washout in the Catskills. Before that there were disastrous inundations in Vermont and, last year, the submergence of the Mississippi Valley. It has been very wet this summer even for people who were not flooded. In Washington valuable trees in the parks have been damaged by excessive rain-

fall. Why so much water? Could not the prohibitionists divert their energies a little to prohibiting excess of water? They might not succeed immediately in their effort, but they might easily do at least as well as they have done in prohibiting rum. Are all these floods sent to us as a reminder that nature does not care for legislation but will take its course no matter what there may be in the Constitution? Or are they perhaps evidences of the displeasure of Providence with our over-zeal in collecting war debts? They might be and, though one cannot speak positively about it, a marked reduction in our demands on Europe would be an interesting experiment in meteorology and well worth doing anyhow whether it improved our weather or not. Probably it began hot and floody as we have had it in Noah's time before the inundation, a fact that will not need to be brought to the attention of our British-Israel brethren who figured out that the Great Tribulation would begin last May and are doubtless mentally hospitable to calamity.

Why do so many people go crazy nowadays? Last month in this department allusion was made to the vast provision of stimulants of one sort or another for the people of the United States. In connection with that provision there might suitably have been mentioned the great increase in the number of demented persons and the struggles to provide asylums enough to hold them. In New York alone there are about 50,000 insane people in state hospitals. In the whole of the United States, according to the *World Almanac*, there were 267,000 people so cared for. That is a little more than two to every thousand of population. That makes it seem as though our understanding of life was still inadequate. Is prohibition a factor in it, or is it a by-product of the machine age and industrialism.

Change is doubtless trying to mental balance, and the rapid changes in life in the last twenty years may have an unsettling effect on mental conditions. Meanwhile foreign observers pick up some curious reports about us. There is Mary Borden who had a piece in the London *Spectator* for June about The American Man. "What is he like really, the real American," she asks, "whose father and grandfather were American born? There are first of all very few of them. One to a thousand of those others, black, yellow, or brown, who speak strange languages, would be a generous estimate."

Wrong, madam; there must be many more descendants of American-born grandfathers than that. One in a thousand! More likely, ma'am, several hundred in a thousand. There were twelve million odd people in the United States one hundred years ago. What do you suppose became of them? They must have been preponderantly of British derivation, for emigration up to 1840 was mostly British. Indeed, the big incursion of Irish in the forties was British too. The Germans came strong after '48, but the old stock was not so feeble that it disappeared in competition. But while the descendants of the American forefathers are by no means so scarce as the *Spectator's* contributor supposes, and American-born grandfathers are not the rarity she thinks, still there is, of course, a mixture of breed in the United States that is almost unprecedented in its variety.

Is that bad or good? Is it a source of weakness or of strength? Those biologists who swear by the Nordics seem to think that it is a source of weakness; but very good information is back of the other opinion that it is a source of strength. The talents of various races show up here. Newcomers get the American environment for what it is worth, American food, American schooling, and even American ideals, appalling as that may seem. To check immigration was probably right, but those persons who regret that the United States is not populated by homogeneous Anglo Saxons are probably suffering from misplaced regret.

Personal and Otherwise

SEVEN years ago Philip Curtiss entitled a skit in the Lion's Mouth "The Mucker Pose." Now ***James Truslow Adams,*** with Mr. Curtiss's permission, employs the same title for his frontal attack on a tendency among educated and gently-bred Americans which certainly has not abated since 1921. Mr. Adams, a member of a New York Stock Exchange firm until 1912, has subsequently become one of the ablest historians and social commentators in the country. His *Founding of New England* won the Pulitzer Prize for the best book on the history of the United States published in 1921; he followed it in 1923 with *Revolutionary New England, 1691–1776;* he has also written many magazine articles on current problems, including "Racial Amnesia" (January, 1928) and "Is Science a Blind Alley?" (February, 1928) in HARPER'S. He lives in Brooklyn. To return to the title of Mr. Adams's present article: Mr. Curtiss writes us, "I did not invent the phrase. I described the state of mind one day to Charlie Buchanan, the music and art critic, and he capped it with the phrase—as I said in the original article. So I suppose that the real way to score it would be 'Buchanan to Curtiss to Adams'—two put-outs and one assist."

Laura Spencer Portor (Mrs. Francis Pope) of the staff of the *Woman's Home Companion* has long been a welcome, if occasional, contributor of HARPER'S stories and Lion's Mouth papers.

In the leading article of our August issue, ***Charles A. Beard*** answered the question "Is Western Civilization in Peril?" with the conclusion that it is not, the pessimism of many present-day writers to the contrary notwithstanding. In this issue, in the first of a new series of HARPER papers on the condition of present-day Europe, he slays another specter which has been troubling many of us: the specter of dictatorship triumphant over democracy. No one can read his present article without realizing that there's life in the old public yet, even in Europe. Dr. Beard, formerly professor of politics at Columbia, has written several volumes of American and European history; he and his wife, Mary R. Beard, are co-authors of one of the best American histories, *The Rise of American Civilization.* He is also the editor of the new book of comment on the state of Western civilization, *Whither Mankind?* He has recently returned from a trip to the Balkans, in the course of which he visited Prague, Vienna, Budapest, Belgrade, Serajevo, Athens, and other places in that part of the world, made a survey of the government and administration of Jugoslavia at the instance of the American-Jugoslav Society, and lectured before the University of Berlin.

We recommend ***Samuel McCoy*** for the versatility prize. After many years of newspaper experience, he was sent by the New York *World* in 1923 to investigate the case of a prisoner flogged to death by a "whipping boss" in a Florida lumber camp, and wrote a series of articles on the abuses of the Florida prison system which led to the revision of the state laws dealing with convict leasing and the corporal punishment of prisoners, and to the winning by the *World* of the Pulitzer award "for the most disinterested and meritorious public service rendered by any American newspaper during the year." How many men could carry through successfully such a job of hard-boiled investigation and reporting and then produce a bit of sheer poetry in prose like "The Wine Peculiar to Cyprus," which Mr. McCoy wrote after leaving the *World* to travel abroad? Nor is the evidence of his versatility complete until we add that he is publishing this month a life of John Adams.

For the benefit of readers new to HARPER'S we record that ***Katharine Fullerton Gerould*** (Mrs. Gordon Hall Gerould) is the author of one of the finest American short stories, "Vain Oblations," of *Lost Valley* and other books, and of many and diverse HARPER articles, the most recent of which was "The Sense of the Future," published last August; and that she lives in Princeton, New Jersey.

A revolution has taken place in the movies. For an interpretation of its possible results we turn to ***Gilbert Seldes,*** who in *The Seven Lively Arts* and in his critical papers for the *New Republic* and the *Dial* has shown a rare understanding of the motion picture and its artistic possibilities. Mr. Seldes has just published *The Stammering Century*, a history of nineteenth-century life in America.

A few months ago we should have identified ***Stephen Vincent Benét*** by listing his novels and earlier books of verse; now we need only remind the HARPER audience that he is the author of *John Brown's Body*.

It is exactly two years since ***John Macy,*** author of *The Spirit of American Literature*, *The Story of the World's Literature*, and other books, heaved a bomb into the feminist camp in the form of a HARPER article called "Equality of Woman with Man: A Myth." Mr. Macy listened to the uproar which ensued, he read the protests of indignant readers, and yet apparently he did not entirely change his mind; for now, after an interval of meditation, he indulges in further generalities.

As the psychologist in charge of the Simmons Investigation of Sleep conducted by the Mellon Institute of Industrial Research of the University of Pittsburgh, ***H. M. Johnson*** throws as much light as any man of science can now throw upon that mysterious state in which we spend a third of our lives.

If there is any other American writer on sport who understands as does ***John R. Tunis*** what real amateurism is and what the proper place of sport is in a well-balanced life, we should like to know his name. Mr. Tunis, tennis critic of the New York *Evening Post* and former sports editor of the *New Yorker*, has written three articles for us during the past year: "The Lawn Tennis Industry," "The Great Sports Myth," and "The Olympic Games"; the material in them has been expanded to form a part of his new book, *Sport$—Heroics and Hysterics*, just published by the John Day Company.

Our third and last story of the month comes to us from ***Elizabeth Madox Roberts,*** of Springfield, Kentucky, the author of that fine first novel, *The Time of Man*, and of *My Heart and My Flesh* and *Jingling in the Wind*.

Henry F. Pringle has portrayed Judge Landis and Mayor Walker of New York in HARPER'S, and last April he discussed in our columns "Politicians and the Press." He is also the author of a recent life of Governor Smith. He now discusses the new form in which prohibition is presenting one of the oldest of urban problems.

No one could be better fitted than ***James Weldon Johnson*** to deal with the effect of advancing Negro art upon race prejudice. He has shown himself to be a poet in *God's Trombones;* as editor of *The Book of American Negro Poetry* and *The Book of American Negro Spirituals* he has revealed his thorough acquaintance with the achievement of others of his race both in poetry and in music; and as secretary of the American Association for the Advancement of Colored People he has faced time and again the ugly manifestations of prejudice.

The poets of the month are ***Henriette deSaussure Blanding*** (Mrs. Chauncey Goodrich), a California writer whose delicate lyrics often appear in HARPER'S; ***Marcia Lewis Leach,*** a new contributor from New York; ***John Frazier Vance,*** of the staff of E. P. Dutton & Co., a short story of whose we shall shortly publish; and ***Geoffrey Johnson,*** an English poet who joined the ranks of HARPER writers with a sonnet in our October issue.

In the Lion's Mouth appear ***G. H. Estabrooks,*** of the department of psychology at Colgate University, a new contributor; ***Frederick Lewis Allen*** of the HARPER staff, whose "Bigger and Better Issues" appeared last month; and ***Charles B. Hale,*** another new contributor, who might, if he wished, boast gently of being associate professor of English at the University of Maryland.

Since 1909—the year, incidentally, in which he joined the faculty of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts—*Daniel Garber's* landscapes have been winning prizes at the big American exhibitions with impressive frequency. His summer studio is at Lumberville, Pennsylvania, on the Delaware River; most of his paintings are of scenes in the cliffy Delaware Valley, and he is at his best—as in the frontispiece of this issue—in revealing it when autumn brings a haze into the air and the trees cast shadows of an autumn blue.

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The course of events at the Olympic Games so abundantly justified Mr. Tunis's misgivings as expressed in his recent article (completed two months before the Games began) that before they were over many a correspondent had begun to express in his dispatches grave doubts as to the amount of international good will fostered by such contests. Some of the competitors certainly shared these doubts. An English friend of the Magazine, a thorough sportsman who rowed in the English crew which contested the finals with the California eight, has written us as follows:

> I sent you a cable from Amsterdam to the effect that Mr. Tunis was right in his estimate of the Olympic Games; I was referring to the March issue ["The Great Sports Myth"]. Since my return I have read the August one and am just as greatly impressed with it. If I were not still so exhausted by the strain of that fortnight in Amsterdam, I would write you of certain incidents there, some amusing and some quite the reverse. At all events, I hope that if you are seeing Mr. Tunis, or writing to him, you will give him my compliments and tell him that one who has suffered feels just as strongly on the subject of the Olympic Games as he does.

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Professor Munro's "Quack-Doctoring the Colleges" has brought a sheaf of letters both of praise and of disapproval. What Professor T. Atkinson Jenkins of the University of Chicago says in criticism of the article and in defense of the Antioch experiment deserves to be put in the record:

Many of your readers, besides myself and my family, read with enjoyment and profit Professor Munro's "Quack-Doctoring the Colleges" in the September HARPER'S. The old topic, No Royal Road to Learning, is entertainingly discussed. Timely and worth remembering, also, is the warning of the dangers which beset the boys and girls who must work their way through college.

Yet there is danger that the general argument against "get-educated-quick" methods, excellent as it is, may be mistaken by some to be an argument against all experimentation and progress in the college world; this probably was not intended. Surprising indeed it is to find, in an article headed Quack-Doctoring, a mention of several reputable colleges, among them Swarthmore, and to read, "There is the Swarthmore idea," as if President Aydelotte's honors courses (not original with him, nor confined to Swarthmore) were to be classed among the quackeries and nostrums. This, of course, would be absurd, and was probably not intended. The honors courses aim to destroy the idea that real learning is an easy and perfunctory process, one never made difficult to the sons and daughters of the wealthy and socially prominent.

The longer reference to Antioch College and its idea of six months of study and six months of outside work is to my mind not a happy inspiration. President Morgan is quite able to speak for himself, but it may be said that if Antioch had one-tenth of the endowment enjoyed by the college in which Professor Munro teaches, if Antioch could afford to employ a larger and more highly trained faculty and to build better laboratories, the results might soon make Antioch safe from this sort of unsympathetic criticism. The Antioch experiment, crippled and hindered as it is, may yet prove to have great social significance. No one can deny that many children of to-day, particularly those coming from well-to-do and wealthy families, are showing themselves so out of touch with the common lot, so unacquainted with and unappreciative of common humankind, so unable to cope with real and sustained toil, that their capacity for leadership and general social usefulness is greatly impaired. Many of them seem fit only to be the stubborn defenders of the established order and instinctive enemies of all efforts at progress.

No, there are fortunately many mansions in the collegiate heaven, and it doth not yet appear that any one of them can boast of an exclusive mission to furnish the leaders to the America of the future. Or to change the figure, there will always be room for many sorts of automobiles upon the collegiate highway, and it not infrequently happens that one of the less expensive makes gets there on time and delivers the goods.

Through one of those accidents that will happen even in the best regulated promotion departments, our advertisements of the September issue consistently referred to the author of "America's Debt to a German Soldier" as Brigadier General George McA. Palmer. Our apologies to Brigadier General John McA. Palmer.

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For the benefit of the discriminating book-buyer we have drawn up a list of books, just published or about to be published by Harper & Brothers, which are of special interest to those who have been following HARPER'S MAGAZINE in recent months. If you prefer, whenever you can, to base your choice of Christmas books on a sampling process or on some previous acquaintance with the authors, thus avoiding family scenes and sundered friendships, or if you sometimes actually buy for your own delectation a book which you have thus had a chance to prejudge, you may find it convenient to have this list within reach during the next few weeks.

The Lost Lyrist, a book of poems by Elizabeth Hollister Frost; two small groups of these poems have appeared in our pages and have led to many inquiries about the book.

Money of Her Own, a novel by Margaret Culkin Banning, whose stories and articles are familiar to our audience.

Good Bye Wisconsin, by Glenway Wescott, which includes two stories that first appeared in HARPER'S.

Never Go Back, a novel by George Boas, some of whose satiric studies of university life have amused our readers.

Buck in the Snow, a new volume of poems (a few of them from HARPER'S) by Edna St. Vincent Millay.

Layout in Advertising, by W. A. Dwiggins, a technical treatise which we mention here because it was Mr. Dwiggins who designed the present cover and type dress of the Magazine.

On Doing the Right Thing, a collection of HARPER and other essays by Albert Jay Nock.

Sir Martin Frobisher, a biography by William McFee, a frequent contributor to the Magazine.

Ananias or the False Artist, by Walter Pach, the germ of which was an article written by Mr. Pach for the Magazine ("What Passes for Art," June, 1927).

Music at Midnight, a book of lively reminiscences by Muriel Draper, three brief portions of which —a sketch of Henry James, a sketch of Norman Douglas, and a chapter of London musical recollections—have given HARPER readers a foretaste of its contents.

What's Ahead; and Meanwhile, a collection of Edward S. Martin's wise and friendly Easy Chair papers.

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The following request from a subscriber has been filed for affirmative action, not (we trust) immediate:

THE EDITOR, HARPER'S MAGAZINE
Dear Sir:

I have always expressed a wish that on my grave should be placed the things I liked best, a pot of coffee and a watermelon (and let the juice trickle down). Will you see that HARPER'S MAGAZINE is also there?

Very sincerely,
M. R. ROGERS.

❦ ❦ ❦

The growth of HARPER'S MAGAZINE: Of this issue we are printing 156,000 copies. This is ten thousand more than we printed in the corresponding month of last year, twenty-six thousand more than we printed in November, 1926, and thirty-six thousand more than in November, 1925.

RE-MAKING OUR AMERICAN CITIES

Suggestions for Many Communities Which Contemplate Advertising

A FEW cities have been built to order—built round an industry; but the growth of most of our American cities has been due to favorable economic conditions which early presented themselves, to latent abilities displayed by the citizens, and to raw materials which could be fabricated.

The time has now come to re-make our American cities, using every factor that may increase the civic and commercial assets which any given city possesses. This step is necessary in order that we may keep abreast of economic changes, social requirements, labor conditions, home environment. If we felt that, because of high land values, it was necessary to build many new towns and cities rather than to reconstruct and reshape those already built, the sum required would be a staggering one. The solution of city problems is no more promising in what has been termed tailormade towns, like Hershey, Pullman, Gary, Longview, and others, than it is in an established city conscious of its problems of taxation, expanding land facilities, industrial and commercial possibilities, home atmosphere, park reservations, and other factors including recreation and transportation.

We have witnessed the growth of many suburbs to our larger cities and to those of moderate size, from 50,000 to 100,000 population. This should be an indication that many persons desire the combination of town and country living; and wise provision should be made by those who are guiding forward the progress of cities to meet this preference. We find many cities of varying sizes which have what has been termed a metropolitan area. The 1930 census will take this situation into consideration, and provision will be made that these outside areas—properly a part of the cities themselves—be included in the metropolitan population figures. In many instances there has been outside our cities an uncontrolled growth which has not participated fully in the metropolitan life and activity.

Let us consider a southern city of 200,000 population, for example. This city's newspaper carried the announcement that a plan to place the community foremost amongst American cities had been launched, with the statement that the sales division of the realty board would wage a forty-eight-hour campaign to raise funds for advertising purposes. This was four months ago. An investigation revealed the fact that no movement has as yet been inaugurated for raising money for advertising purposes. No consideration has been given to the essentials that should go into the making of a preliminary survey and report on what ought to be done to re-make the city and build the advertising plan to fit future needs. If necessary, as large an amount as ten per cent of an advertising appropriation could properly be spent in determining the fundamentals needed for re-shaping a city's future. It is not alone a question of advertising for industries. There may be other things which the preliminary analysis will indicate. There may be internal conditions which, if corrected, will attract both men and money to a given center. Some tailormade towns were built to make wise provision for workers.

Let us contrast the situation with that of a Far Western city of less than 20,000 population, where conditions are practically normal for a city of its size. Its citizens believed that there were pulp and paper plant possibilities in the immediate vicinity. There was plenty of wood. They are now making a thorough survey in this particular field so that they may present accurate figures of interest to plants contemplating moving from the East or Middle West. They propose to acquire adequate information about raw materials, power, water, labor, machinery available, kinds of paper that can be made from different materials at hand; to make cost comparisons, an analysis of the pulp and paper situation, and allied industrial facts. With this initial impetus, they plan to re-make the city on a firm economic foundation.

In this day of specialization it is important that our cities, large and small, should take stock and ascertain in what directions they are progressing and in what directions they are drifting. The development and progress of any American city can be guided just as sanely and as soundly as a business enterprise is guided. We have had too

(*Continued on next page*)

RE-MAKING OUR AMERICAN CITIES

(Continued from preceding page)

many well-meaning, but un-thinking, citizens who have believed that the chief essential in community promotion and industrial development is to do something that someone else has already done—usually not recognizing that every such effort has had different causes back of it, and that it requires careful study to decide if it is suited to another locality. Because a neighboring city, or one in the same general class, is advertising is no conclusive indication that the second city should automatically and immediately imitate its exact methods. Reasoning should govern the policy determined by the second city.

The re-making of our American cities involves an advertising program, both at home and away from home. One of the foremost authorities on the subject of sound community advertising says that the plan for advertising a community has two phases: (1) The internal advertising—that work which is done at home, and (2) the external advertising, or the national campaign. Both campaigns are linked together, or should be.

The proper plan, where the local situation warrants constructive activity, is to have a consultant make a survey of what is already at hand, what seems to be the general community drift, what changes should be made, and how the whole economic background ought to be developed—looking at least twenty years ahead. With this background, or preliminary study, the community's leaders can determine how they shall move and with what advertising vehicles. There is a very definite advantage in having someone who is skilled in these matters present a complete picture. Local elements can be harmonized. No partiality should be shown. The citizens are brought to understand just what should be done in determining policies for re-making the community. The city government should of course figure in large measure in this plan, and every factor which helps towards a sane judgment must be carefully weighed. A panorama, looking into the future, is on view for guidance in determining the course that shall be followed. Naturally, a forward-looking program of this character considers some constructive basis of advertising.

Because of local views—many of them often a handicap in determining a future building policy—it is sometimes impossible to concentrate upon this wiser policy of determining the picture before attempting to re-make a city. Some people want action quickly. Others wish to mass together a lot of facts gathered here and there and to adapt them to a local situation. Such a procedure is unsuccessful. Information and details regarding plans of other cities serve only as an indifferent guide. No two cities have the same background. Advertising should follow a definite plan. Our cities, most of them, need re-making, but we cannot re-make them by advertising alone. We must have a plan at the outset. Commercial organization secretaries very often do not have the time, with the many duties which are imposed upon them, to be responsible for the decisions necessary in studying and presenting a policy for the future. They should, however, assist the organization that is employed and recommend the policy to those leaders in their respective communities who can be depended upon to favor constructive, businesslike procedure.

Facts, and the reasonable expectations of the next one or two decades, should govern advertising determinations. Communities should advertise on this foundation. This means the elimination of all personal or group considerations. Some do not care to admit the fact. Others are frank to admit and profit thereby. A community should advertise when there is reason for advertising. Because of changing conditions all over this country—mergers, decentralization, chain-store movements, new inventions, new chemical industries—communities should first prepare and then advertise.

This procedure makes it possible to determine definitely what should be done. Important considerations are brought up for action. The experienced advertising agency can then be appointed and given a working-plan, which it can adopt or amend, as it knows exactly what has been in the minds of those who have sponsored the movement. The agency has a picture. It can function with the commercial organization secretary, the industrial managers, the publicity department, and other local interests that have already expressed their understandings of the situation, in co-operation with the consultant who has been previously secured to unite the groups in the effort to re-make the community.

American cities must face the fact that the answer to their advertising problem lies in knowing what ought to be done to direct development over a given period of years. Our cities must be re-made or re-shaped. Power is an important factor of the future. Utility interests are keenly concerned in all of the communities they serve. They are prepared to help by assisting communities to obtain the necessary outside assistance to determine the future direction. The utilities are interested in seeing that there shall be a future. They are no more selfish than the city itself which desires a contact with the rural community because there is a potential trading asset if the farm prospers.

The re-making of our American cities is a business problem to be considered in a businesslike manner. Advertising is a powerful factor when well directed.

IN THE FINANCIAL WORLD

Value, After All, Is What Counts

By PAUL TOMLINSON

IT is estimated that there are fifteen million people in this country to-day with a personal, financial interest in the stock markets and the future of security prices. Every state in the Union has its quota of investors and speculators; buying and selling orders pour in from all parts of the country, and it is not only the New Yorkers, but the citizens of the United States generally, who furnish the business that is keeping the New York Stock Exchange so busy. How do these fifteen million people buy? On what basis of selection do they place their orders?

IN the bond field there are four thousand leading issues for a total of more than thirty-six billion dollars from which to choose. Heaven only knows how many different stocks there are available. The people who buy these securities all hope to make money, and no one can blame them for that. It is, however, a well-known fact that all of them do not accomplish their purpose, and in a large percentage of cases the blame is exclusively their own. "The public," the papers have reported from time to time recently, "is in a gambling mood." This usually means that the public is rushing into the market blindly, buying anything and everything with the fatuous expectation that any old thing and every old thing will yield a profit. Too often they do not know what they are buying, and frequently they do not seem to care.

IT is safe to say that not over ten per cent of the people who buy securities have ever seen an earnings statement or balance sheet of the corporations in which they are purchasing an interest. How many of them understand what part the rediscount rate established by the Federal Reserve Banks plays in security prices? How many of them know what the rediscount rate is? Many of them seem to think that because the market is active and the general price average is on the up trend, every security quoted is on the up trend too. Many of these people, of course, have made money. Many of them have had "paper" profits, which have been converted into losses when the slumps which invariably follow bull

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markets have come along. Perhaps they overstayed the market in trying to squeeze out the last possible dollar of profit. Perhaps they made a profit and invested it in something else for a loss.

THERE is always a good time to buy, just as there is a good time to sell. We know a man who has had a few hundred dollars in a friend's custody during the past few years, and who at the friend's suggestion has occasionally made a little money in the market. Every time a profit has been realized this man has not only been delighted, but impatient to invest in something else right away and make another profit. He has never been quite convinced when his friend has told him that at the moment he knows of nothing to recommend. All stocks unfortunately do not go up, and no one that we have ever heard of has been uniformly successful in picking winners.

VALUE, after all, is what counts. People want a good investment, and a good investment might be defined as one having value. Here is a stock, listed on the New York Stock Exchange, which has been one of the popular favorites during the past few months. In 1927 earnings per share amounted to $3.77; and if a leading industrial executive is correct in saying that a stock should sell for fifteen times its earnings, this stock should be quoted at about 56½. As a matter of fact it is selling around 180 and has sold considerably higher. Presumably people are not going to pay more for a thing than it is worth, and it is often said that a thing is worth what you can sell it for. If you can sell this stock for $180 a share, it is certainly worth that much, to the seller at least. On the other hand, one finds from an examination of the corporation's balance

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sheet that the equity for the stock is placed at $37.91 a share, an amount considerably less than the figure established by multiplying earnings by fifteen, and only about one-fifth of the market quotation. Are the purchasers of this stock paying any attention to value? Certainly they are not buying it for its income return, for with dividends at the present rate of $2 a year the yield is not much more than one per cent.

HERE is another corporation whose common stock is quoted currently at about $158 a share. Earnings last year were $7.22 a share, and the equity for each share of stock amounts to over $200. One of the largest and most successful corporations in the country, it has a long and consistent record of earnings, and without question its stock represents real value. Why should its stock sell for less than that of the corporation mentioned in the preceding paragraph? Its earnings are twice as large, the equity per share is larger by more than $170, and its business is an established and proven success. If people are considering value only, why should they be willing to pay more for the stock of the first corporation than for that of the second? An explanation of this apparent anomaly may lie in the interpretation of what constitutes value.

THE dictionary defines value as "the property or aggregate properties of a thing by which it is rendered useful or desirable." It is obvious, of course, that if a thing is useful it is also desirable; on the other hand, a thing may be desirable, not necessarily because it is useful at the present time, but because it may prove useful later on. In other words, there are securities with present value and securities with po-

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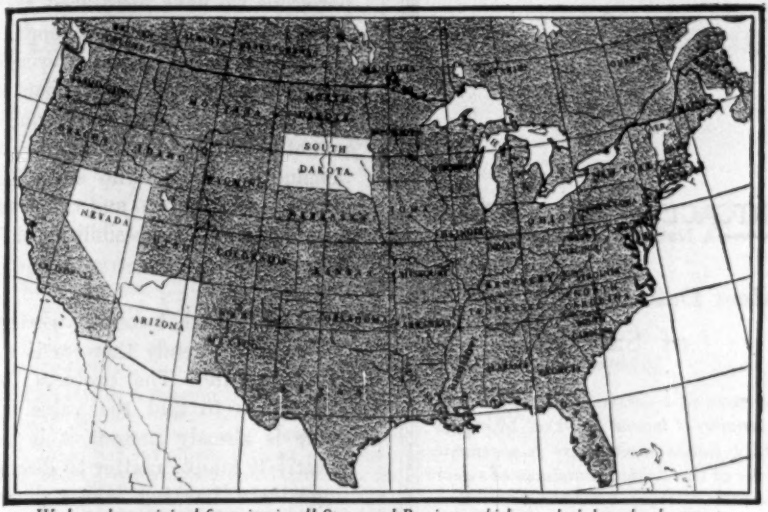

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Investors who demand *safety of principal* and *certainty of income* find that Mortgage Security Bonds meet every requirement because of the definite standards of safety used by the Mortgage Security Corporation of America in measuring the value and stability of the underlying security. These standards have been developed as the result of long and successful experience in analyzing and appraising real estate values.

The mortgages made for more than five years underlying these Bonds, require monthly amortization. Month by month and year by year as the borrowers' loan and interest charges are reduced, the Bondholder's security progressively increases.

An interesting booklet, "The Yardstick of Safety," describes the Corporation's methods of testing mortgage values, along with this amortization feature. It will be sent upon request.

Mortgage Security Bonds are distributed by:

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tential value. The stocks of the corporations we have mentioned are good illustrations of these two kinds. One has proved its value and is everywhere recognized as a sound investment stock; the other is regarded as having large potential value and on that account is in demand by people who are willing to accept a small return and run some risk on account of the possibilities of future gain.

VALUE is what counts, whether the value is already there or is a thing of the future. The problem for the investor is to find the value. When value is already present it is a comparatively simple matter to discover it; investment banking houses have statistical files which give all pertinent and up-to-date information about existing securities; and when a corporation is successful and sound it is easy to establish this fact and determine the value of its securities.

IT is not so easy to tell what the future value of a security is going to be; if it were we could all be rich and make our children still richer. One can have an opinion, but no one can speak about the future with assurance. Who, for instance, could have foretold the colossal success of the telephone and telegraph business? Who knew that talking machines would prove so profitable? How many people have owned valuable oil and mining properties and let them pass into other hands? Who, fifty years ago, ever suspected the future value of New York City real estate?

PEOPLE accumulate fortunes in one of two ways. They buy sound, conservative investments, save their money, and in small but consistent amounts keep adding to their capital; others by shrewd or lucky purchases

Associated Gas and Electric Company

(Incorporated under the Laws of the State of New York, U. S. A.)

CAPITALIZATION
August, 1928

CAPITAL STOCKS AND SURPLUS		
Equity Stocks, 2,274,691 shares without par value: 700,000 shares Class A Stock and 300,000 shares Class B Stock at liquidation price $35 a share; 1,274,691 shares Common Stock at stated value plus surplus but excluding reserves	$45,648,607	
Cumulative Preferred Stocks, including all Convertible Obligations which are now or shortly convertible at Company's option into preferred stocks, all of equal rank, 855,984 shares without par value: 150,722 shares $3.50 Dividend Series at liquidation price $50 a share, and 302,883 shares $6 Dividend Series, 285,638 shares $6.50 Dividend Series and 116,741 shares $7 Dividend Series at liquidation price of $100 a share	78,062,300	$123,710,907
FUNDED DEBT		
4½% and 5½% Convertible Gold Debentures and 5% Gold Debenture Bonds		88,854,200
The aggregate of funded debt and stocks of underlying companies, including $17,979,500 of Associated Electric Company, 4½% Gold Bonds, due 1953, outstanding with the public		$48,921,278

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CONSOLIDATED EARNINGS FROM 1927 ANNUAL REPORT

Gross Earnings and Other Income	$35,296,741
Operating Expenses, Maintenance and Taxes	18,264,655
Net Earnings	$17,032,086
Fixed Charges and Other Income Deductions	9,074,703
Net Income	$7,957,383
Dividends on Preferred Stock	3,453,507
Balance	$4,503,876
Provision for Replacement and Renewals	1,698,731
Balance	$2,805,145
Class A Priority Dividends ($2.00 per share)	975,714
Remainder for Other Dividends and Surplus	$1,829,431

Copies of Annual Report for 1927 and Balance Sheet at May 31, 1928 reflecting recent financing of Associated Gas and Electric Company are now ready.

61 Broadway, New York City

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find themselves possessed of investments which of themselves show large appreciation in value. The second is the quicker and easier way to independence, but also it is the more dangerous. Not everyone can look ahead and be sure that his judgment regarding future value is going to be justified. All telephone and telegraph stocks did not prove valuable; not all the talking machine companies were successful; most people know from personal experience that the oil and mining companies which have failed exceed the successful ones by an uncomfortable margin; people have not invariably made money in real estate. Radio is a successful business nowadays and, no doubt, it has great possibilities of future growth, but this fact does not guarantee the success of all radio companies. The same thing applies to aviation.

INVESTMENTS should not be purchased blindly. The successful investor buys value, and it must be remembered that price is not a bad barometer of this sometimes elusive commodity. Too many people are like the lady who asked us the other day if we didn't think the best way to make money in stocks was to look over the list and buy those that were selling at the lowest prices. Alas, if only she were right! There are, however, lots of so-called investors who follow this scheme, buying a stock for $10 a share because it looks cheap, and ignoring another quoted at $150 because it looks expensive. The truth of the matter is that when a stock sells for $10 there is some good reason for it, just as there is a reason for another selling at $150. And the reason is that probably these two prices represent their respective values. Stocks and bonds and all

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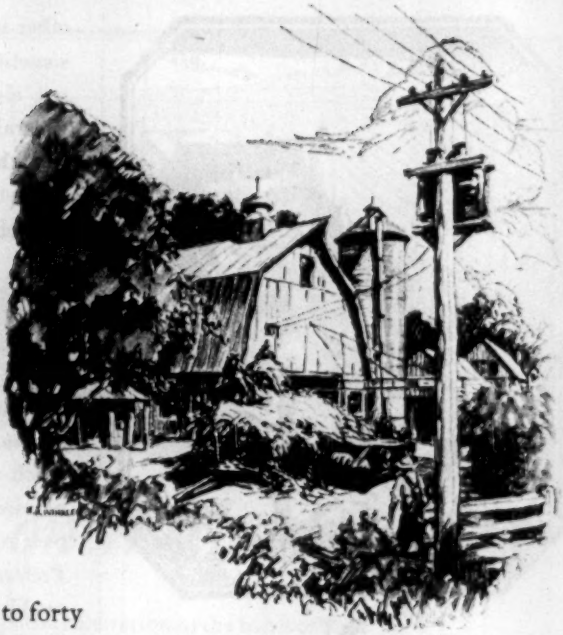

OUT into the country to forty thousand farms, the companies of the Middle West Utilities System are bringing electric power. The efficiency with which power has endowed industry, and the comforts it has brought to the city home, are made available to the farmer from the networks of transmission lines blanketing the countryside.

The inclusion of the farms in a comprehensive system of power supply is the culmination of the diffusion of electric power as widely as the uses of power are diffused. These companies, replacing small isolated plants with widespread transmission systems, have been enabled to deliver power over the countryside as well. By combining the power requirements of wide areas, they are serving the small towns more efficiently and economically, reaching hundreds of communities previously without electric service, and lightening labor and increasing comfort for a large agricultural population.

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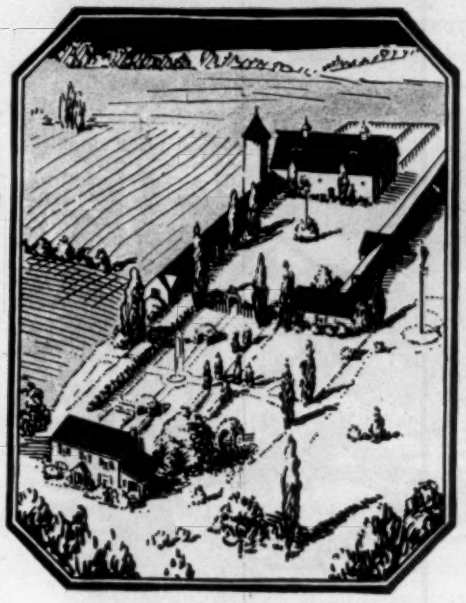

No longer an experiment, rural electrification now is a rapidly growing public utility enterprise—an activity from which America already has benefited greatly.

The practical application of electricity to farming is readily found in the territory served by the Public Service Company of Northern Illinois. Its 2700 rural customers used almost 1,900,000 K.W.H. of electricity in 1927. Now an 80-acre model farm—completely electrified, and managed by a practical farmer—will serve as a company laboratory of rural electrification. Write us for year book, free, and for list of utility investments yielding 6% and more.

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other investments do sell "out of line" sometimes, and their market prices do not always tell the whole story; as a general proposition, however, the security that sells at a very low price is liable to prove as bad an investment as one selling too high.

IN searching for value it is usually easier to find out about bonds than stocks. Bonds are secured by definitely described property and their worth can be ascertained; one knows just how much money is needed to meet interest requirements, and the margin of earnings over requirements is easily discoverable. Preferred stocks too can usually be more readily appraised than common shares; their dividend rate is fixed and they are entitled to earnings after bond interest has been paid. Common stocks, on the other hand, are the most difficult to rate; they get whatever is left after every prior claim on earnings has been paid and this something is frequently a fluctuating and uncertain amount. In speculative markets, when "the public is in a gambling mood," present value is frequently ignored and extravagant ideas about future value are substituted. Perhaps these extravagant ideas will, in the long run, be justified, and the person who has bought the stock outright and who holds on to it will make money. When the public is gambling, however, there are many people who buy on margin and who are likely to carry more stock than they can afford, and on a margin that is not safe. When prices decline—as they do periodically—the stocks with potential value

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IN the cultivation of the habit of thrift lies the sure and certain road to success and happiness.

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A good way to do this systematically is to place a percentage of your income in the securities of sound, well-established enterprises.

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go down more rapidly, and much farther, than those which have already demonstrated their worth. In other words, the securities of a corporation with a profitable, established business are more stable than those which may or may not be valuable later. Is the possibility of gain and the accompanying risk of loss compensation for known value and stability?

THE investor can buy present or potential value. In the one case he has definite information to guide him; in the other, someone's opinion. Definite information will assure him of safety of principal and regular income, and protect him against loss. Opinion may make some easy money for him, but opinion is scarcely as sound a working basis as fact, and one big loss may easily offset many a gain. One big loss, moreover, might easily cripple a man so badly financially that he would have nothing left with which to make it up.

THERE is no substitute for value, and value is not a hit-or-miss thing; it is there or it is absent and, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, the successful investor is he who investigates the worth of a security and who buys only if he is convinced beyond question that it is worth buying. Someone says that railroad stocks are a good purchase; some of them are and some are not. The public utilities have been very successful, but not all public utilities. There are thousands and thousands of industrial

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SATISFACTION in present day investing is assured by the common sense attitude of the large investment house which carries an extensive list of securities from which unbiased recommendations can be made.

To the layman investigating these securities, the wide variation in yields may seem somewhat confusing and perhaps not justifiable. However, the factors controlling this situation can be definitely distinguished and their influence demonstrated.

It is the earnest desire of this institution to eliminate any element of mystery surrounding security values, and to acquaint you with the principles controlling these values which will result in a more intelligent selection and a corresponding degree of satisfaction.

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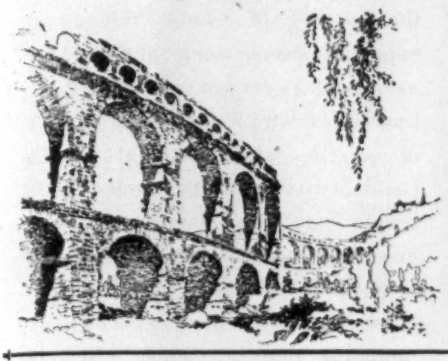

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securities available for purchase and some are as good investments as others are bad. Who knows about these things? The average investor usually does not, but he can find out, and the first step in the obtaining of value is the securing of reliable information. Sometimes people complain that investment bankers are too conservative, and that their advice is against the purchase of securities which have in them the possibility of any large profit. These people forget that investments are the investment banker's business and that from his knowledge and experience he knows that a safe thing is usually more profitable than a gamble. In other words, that value, after all, is what counts.

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Advice to wives

whose husbands don't save money

By a wife

MY husband and I used to be careless with money. Fred made a good salary but we spent practically every dollar of it.

Then something happened that opened our eyes. Fred was taken sick and confined to bed for five weeks. By the time he was able to go back to work we were penniless —worse than that, we had been obliged to borrow money to live.

After that I began to worry about money. What would happen to us if Fred were sick for *several months*? What would happen if he were incapacitated in some way and unable to go on with his work?

How to end money worries

One day a little book called "How to Get the Things You Want," fell into my hands. It was one of the most valuable, interesting and unusual books I ever read. The book made me think of Fred and the hopes I had for him. Here's what it said:

You're interested in having the best possible time while you live—with the least worry and grind and discomfort.

You don't want to pay rent all your life—you hope to own your own home some day. And you don't get any thrill out of the idea of appearing at an office or a mill or a store at the same old hour every morning until you die.

You want to quit work sometime. And when you do quit, you want to feel that you're justified *in quitting —that you've earned it.*

Then the book told how Fred and I and the children could be sure of a steady income even if Fred became totally disabled and unable to go to work again. It told how we could provide money to pay the children's way through college—money to leave our home free of debt. It told how we could provide an income to live on when Fred decided to retire from business. Best of all, it explained how we could do these things on the moderate salary Fred was making.

I showed the book to Fred. He was interested. We decided to follow the plan outlined. In a short time we had taken steps to provide for every single one of the things we wanted. Soon we found ourselves on the road toward a life free of money worries.

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This story is typical. The book, "How to Get the Things You Want," tells how you can become financially independent—how you can provide an income to retire on—how you can end your money worries—how you can do these things and many other things, no matter whether your present income is large or small.

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Reminding us that the Prohibition question is extraordinarily difficult, Mr. Davis considers all the proposals advanced by the Wets — and finds none of them satisfactory.

HAVE BUSINESS WOMEN AFFECTED BUSINESS? — Anne W. Armstrong

Almost everyone agrees that women have made prodigious progress in business. That they have in any way altered or bettered conditions in the business world, this writer denies in a merciless picture of the successful business woman.

THE KELLOGG TREATY — Henry Cabot Lodge

This gifted grandson of a distinguished senator urges a close understanding of certain real — if not apparent — reservations that are incorporated in the famous treaty.

THE CRISIS ON BROADWAY — Kenneth Macgowan

When Mr. Macgowan explains the economic eccentricities of the American theatre in contrast to the well ordered routine of the Continental system, you may well wonder at New York's distinguished achievement.

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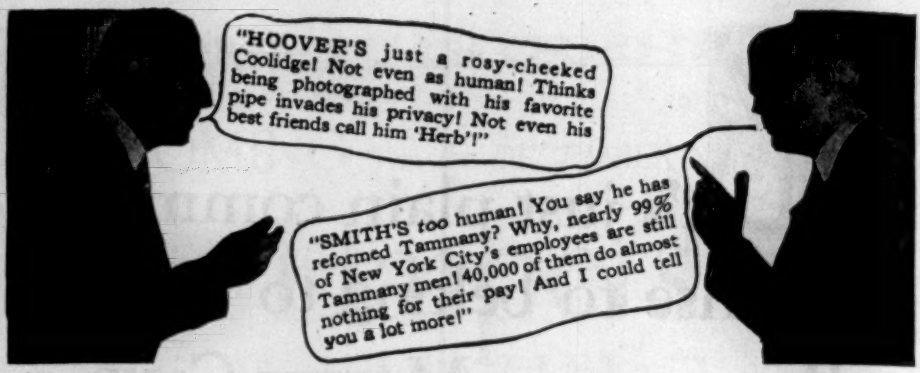
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NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW!

Is HOOVER "Human"?

Although his name is a household word, Hoover's real personality is almost unknown. He avoids the spotlight; dodges interviewers; even bought and destroyed the plates of a book that made him "too romantic." Yet when Hoover's shell of reserve is once cracked, he is a delightful companion, a fascinating conversationalist. RAY T. TUCKER, the veteran Washington journalist, reveals this little-known side in *Is Hoover Human?* in the NOVEMBER NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

Has TAMMANY Reformed?

Is the "NEW Tammany" merely the old grafting organization with its company manners on? Did Al Smith compel the Wigwam to clean house? LOUIS SEIBOLD, famous political writer, tells some astonishing facts about the relation of Tammany to Smith in *The Morals of Tammany*, in The NOVEMBER NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

What IS the REAL Issue?

"Prohibition"? "Personal Freedom?" Or are these names mere symbols for a larger issue, which is as yet not realized clearly by the mass of voters? STRUTHERS BURT discusses what he calls, "mankind's most ancient battle" in *The One Great Issue* in The NOVEMBER NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

Is FOOTBALL Worth $1,000,000?

In the face of rampant "professionalism" in college teams, most thinking men would admit that football is overemphasized. "No!" says SAMUEL GRAFTON, and gives some cogent and little known reasons in *A Million Dollars for Football!* in The NOVEMBER NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

Is MUSSOLINI Hiding a Dagger?

When rapidly increasing populations like those of ITALY and JAPAN inhabit limited territories, the world has a right to ask what they mean by "Imperialism". Italy's answer has been given by COUNT CARLO SFORZA, one of her foremost diplomats, in *Italy and the Peace of Europe*, in The NOVEMBER NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

Will WOMEN Control POLITICS?

What will happen in this election if the 14,000,000 eligible women all vote? Is Hoover "the women's candidate?" Are all women "drys"? Read EUNICE FULLER BARNARD'S striking revelations in *Madame Arrives in Politics*, in The NOVEMBER NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

Do COLLEGE BOYS Learn More from "Frats" than from "Profs?"

Are the extra-curricular activities of colleges (in which the Greek letter fraternities always lead) really a better school for "practical" life than the preparation the course itself provides? Read what MAX McCONN thinks in *Tired Business Men of the Campus*, in The NOVEMBER NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

What is the REAL GENE TUNNEY Like?
Will the AIR Solve Traffic Problems?
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Do DIET FADS Make DYSPEPTICS?
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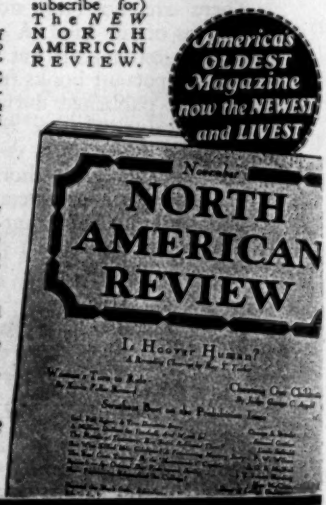
IN the words of the NEW YORK EVENING POST, editorially speaking, THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW "has enlarged and vitalized itself." In its new character, THE REVIEW will penetrate even farther "behind the scenes" of politics, diplomacy, commerce, education, and every other department of national activity —and will print its findings without reservations or fear. If you want to know the *causes* behind the *effects* chronicled in the daily press, we predict that you will continue to buy (and subscribe for) The *NEW* NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.



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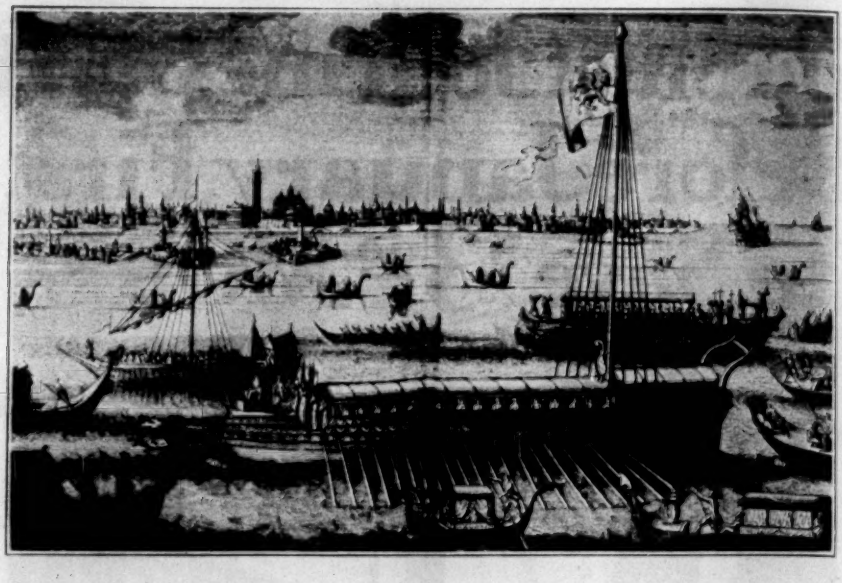

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They knew why Venice was great—the Doge and the people of Venice in the year 1450!

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The great wealth of Venice, then the richest city in the world, it owed to the sea. And when the sea dwindled in importance, when the bulk of the world's trade was diverted elsewhere, Venice dwindled too.

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The old engraving reproduced above is witness that the Doge and the people of Venice held the prestige of their city and the bounty of their sea to be secure. Are you as sure as they?

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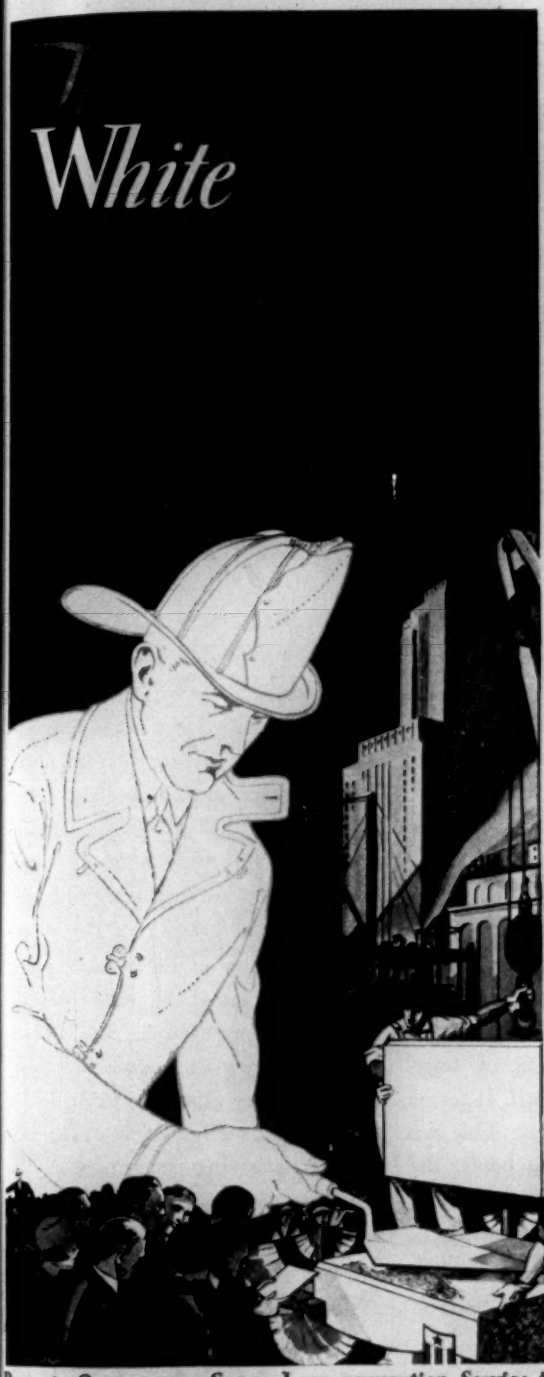

IN a city's fire-prevention program the building code is a cornerstone. In his efforts to effect the adoption of safer building laws, the White Fireman has given his whole-hearted co-operation to city officials, members of council and municipal engineers.

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Codes which compel proper utilization of modern, fire-resisting construction principles save lives and property, if properly enforced. And, frequently, the adoption of such codes gives property owners the benefit of lower insurance rates.

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DIE WALKÜRE

"Ho,yo,to,ho! Ho,yo,to,ho!" . . . They ride like demon women through the skies. Thunders roll from the hoofs madly coursing, and lightnings trace the passage of their shields. . . . Swifter than wind they ride, their pale hair streaming, and their cries ring wildly from the flying clouds. . . . *"Ho,yo,to,ho! Hei-aha! Ho,yo!"*

The orchestral prelude known as "The Ride of the Valkyries," with which Wagner introduced the third act of "Die Walküre," is one of the most extraordinary feats of tone-painting ever accomplished. It teems with rhythm and color. . . . One can hear the drum of racing hoofs, the neighing of horses, the shriek of wind, the sky-maidens' savage shouts. . . . One sees their spears and winged helmets, their flashing eyes. . . .

Not only "The Ride of the Valkyries," but virtually the entire opera is now available on Red Seal Records, specially recorded in Europe by leading Wagnerian artists, with full operatic choruses and orchestras. This set, contained in two albums, enables music-lovers for the first time to hear "Die Walküre" in their homes exactly as they would hear it on the stage.

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"Die Walküre" is the third of the four music-dramas which constitute Richard Wagner's gigantic "Ring of the Nibelungs"—a cycle of operas based upon ancient Teutonic mythology. In these great works Wagner embodied his revolutionary theory that music, poetry, painting, sculpture, and architecture had run their course as separate arts, and that the art-work of the future would be a combination of them all. For the first time the action, the setting, and the music became one indissoluble unit. The effect was epic—more moving, more beautiful and impressive than anything that had ever before been seen. . . . The above interpretative painting of "The Ride of the Valkyries" is by Eduard Buk Ulreich.

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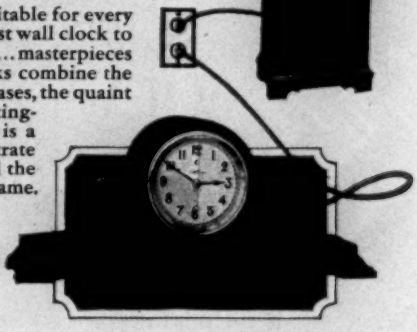

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"BREEZY POINT", an etching by Levon West. Size 8¼" x 12¾". $30.00. Postpaid. Courtesy of Kennedy and Company.

"TWO DOVES", an etching by Margery Ryerson. Size 8½" x 8½". $18.25. Postpaid. Courtesy of the Macbeth Gallery.

"THE SOWER", a woodcut in color, by Verpilleux. Size 25½" x 21¼" framed. $40.00. Express charges collect. Courtesy of Ferargil Galleries.

JANE LORING will be glad to help you in the selection of anything you may wish from the New York Art Galleries.

"POLO PLAYER NO. 2", a bronze by Gaston d'Illiers. Size 14" long x 10½" high. $90.00. Express charges collect. Courtesy of the C. W. Kraushaar Galleries.

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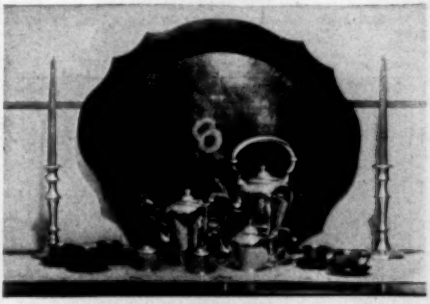

Tea and coffee service from which individual pieces may be selected

Silver, glass, pottery and other objects offer gifts that will become the treasures of the future.

The Society of Arts & Crafts

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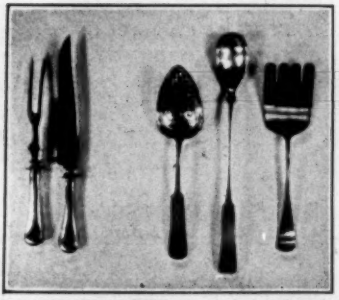
Gifts for the Home

ANY piece, however tiny, of Jensen silver, is certain to be received with joy and cherished with due appreciation. The minute detail of design and beauty of workmanship are apparent in two graceful tea strainers, priced at $15.00 each, and in a little lemon dish and fork, priced at $11.00 and $4.00 respectively. All postpaid.

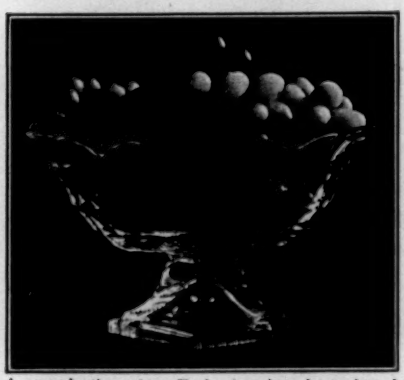
WE CAN never resist Wedgwood and we thought this tea pot, sugar bowl and cream pitcher in the blue and white Bas relief would make a beautiful present. It could be used with almost any cups, and is especially lovely with the white Wedgwood. And it is so sturdy and practical, too. The three pieces, $18.00. Express charges collect.

THIS pewter bowl is one of several Early American reproductions, made of an especially fine quality pewter which contains no lead, and with unusual attention to form and finish. For candy or nuts or any of the many uses to which one may put a small serving bowl, $6.25 each. In sets of six for grapefruit (it is just the right size for half a grapefruit) or finger bowls, $36.00. Postpaid.



HAND-WROUGHT silver, designed and created by an artist, is a possession to enjoy now and hand down proudly, for it is not only beautiful and valuable, but durable. Typical pieces of such silver are a steak or game set, 9½" size at $11.00, and 11" size at $13.00; a long handled pitcher spoon, 12½" long, priced at $9.00; an asparagus fork, 9⅝", $11.00; and a perforated vegetable serving spoon, priced at $11.50.

WE HAVE completely fallen in love with this Nove pottery from sunny Italy. With assorted flowers in natural colors on a rich cream ground bordered in delft blue, it is cheerful and glowing and altogether delightful. Plates in three sizes, 6", 7" and 8½" in diameter, are priced respectively at $10.00, $15.00 and $18.00 a dozen, and there is a packing charge of $1.00 a dozen. Express charges collect. There are also cups and saucers and bowls, etc., but the stock is uncertain. Jane Loring will gladly get you any pieces she can lay her hands on.



A reproduction of an Early American boat shaped crystal comport

A BOAT shaped crystal comport, for fruit or flowers, is lovely on sideboard, serving or dining table. This one is 12" long x 6½" high and is priced at $6.00. Express charges collect.

THIS fat little lamp was designed by a famous artist of the Wiener Werkstaette, and comes in either a jade green or a delft blue pottery. It is very firm, a good size, 14" high, and extremely good-looking. The conical parchment shade, in matching tones, was designed especially for this lamp-base by an American artist who makes exquisite shades. Complete, $22.25. Express charges collect.

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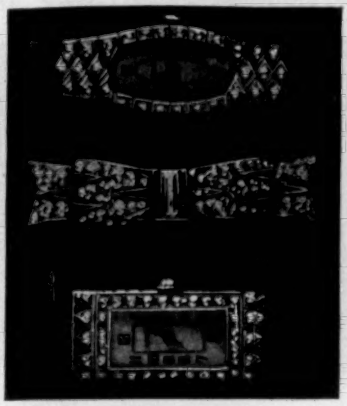

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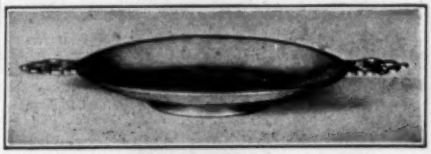

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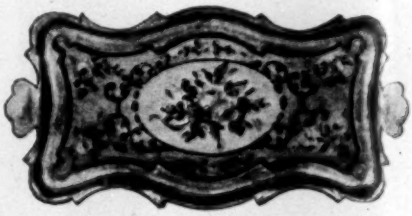
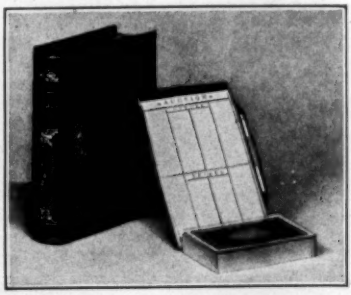
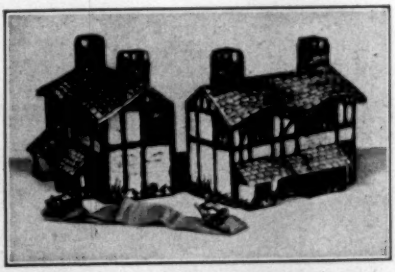


A TRAY is always useful, and a hand-painted Venetian one is most beautifully ornamental as well, and makes a lovely gift. In soft pastel colorings on a cream ground, size 8" x 15", $12.50; size 12" x 16", $15.00. Postpaid.



A BRIDGE set consisting of two packs of cards, a score pad and pencil, neatly contained in a silk lined, gold tooled leather case which looks like a finely bound book, makes a welcome gift for the card lover. In green, red or blue leather, 6" x 4½", $10.00. Postpaid.



QUITE the most unique book-ends we have seen are these carved of wood, and colored by hand to form a miniature Shakespeare's House, Old Curiosity Shop or Olde Forge at Gretna Green. They come from abroad, are really perfectly charming, and are priced at $10.00 a pair. Postpaid.

Brass dogs at either end of a crimson or light blue grosgrain ribbon will stand guard over your place in your book. An unusually smart and useful little gift, priced at $1.50. Postpaid.

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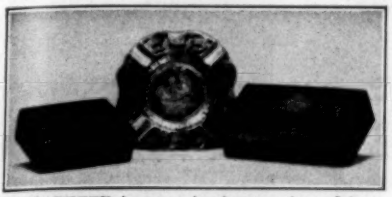
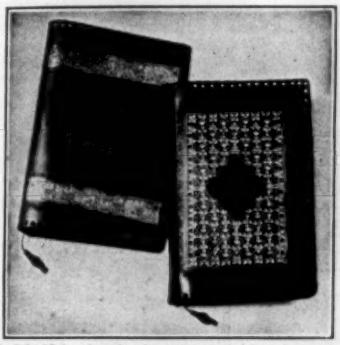
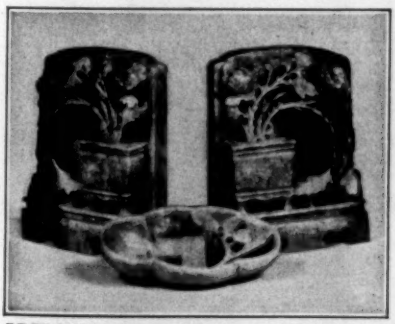
Gifts



CIGARETTE boxes and ash trays from Jaipur, finely engraved and enameled in black with touches of red on brass, are extremely good looking and unusual. The boxes have hinged covers, are cedar lined and come in two sizes, 4¾" x 3¼" x 1½", $6.50; 6¼" x 3¼" x 1½", $8.50. Trays, 5¾" in diameter, with 4 notched rests for cigarettes, $2.25. Postpaid.



ITALIAN leather book covers—the handsomest we have ever seen—from the importer we are so enthusiastic about and who lets us show you things at such exceptional prices. Hand sewn and hand tooled, with 22 kt. gold, of the finest leather without cardboard backing, each cover is lined with silk moire and provided with a bookmark. In brown, jade green, dark red, light and medium royal blue, in the two designs shown, reserved exclusively for Harper readers. $5.00 each. Postpaid.



WE HAVE often eyed these carved Chinese soapstone book ends covetously, but always imagined them terribly expensive. Now we discover beautiful ones the color of white jade, with the imperial flower jar design, 5½" high x 4¾" wide, for $10.50. Postpaid. The graceful soapstone ash tray bears a peach blossom design, meaning "Long Life", and is priced at $1.50. Postpaid.

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Christmas Greetings

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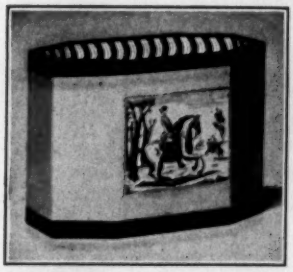
HERE is another assortment of cards, 12 of them, of various colors, designs and sizes, with fancy envelopes, all designed by a well known artist and all perfectly charming. Attractively boxed, $1.00. Postpaid.

FROM the Carolina mountains comes this wrought iron candle holder, graceful in design and in either black or a rusty iron finish. 7" high x 10" wide, $6.00. Postpaid east of Mississippi; 25 cents extra west.



AN OCTAGONAL letter box, very smart in jade green with a black border, lined with decorative paper and ornamented without by a French print, will look most charming on your desk, and will be found a great convenience. 8" long x 5½" high. $1.35. Postpaid.

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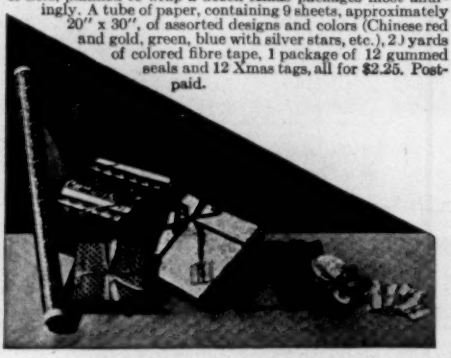
Jane Loring

AMY DREVENSTEDT'S decorative papers are so well known that we are sure you will welcome this assortment of hers, planned to wrap a dozen Xmas packages most alluringly. A tube of paper, containing 9 sheets, approximately 20" x 30", of assorted designs and colors (Chinese red and gold, green, blue with silver stars, etc.), 2) yards of colored fibre tape, 1 package of 12 gummed seals and 12 Xmas tags, all for $2.25. Postpaid.



A REPRODUCTION of your own picture, your children, your home, a favorite etching, what could make a more personal and individual card to carry your Xmas greetings? The Arteraft Co. of St. Paul will make up such cards, in various styles, with any message you choose, and with your signature in facsimile, if you will send them photographs or negatives. Prices average $6.00 for 25 cards and envelopes. Write them direct or ask Jane Loring for further information.

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Ideal Xmas Gifts

Exclusive Social Stationery

MONOGRAM BRIDGE CARDS

Exquisite

PERSONAL STATIONERY

EMBOSSED LIKE DIE ENGRAVING
Monogram or address
RIPPLE PAPER. CLUB SIZE 6¼ x 5½

100 Folded Sheets
100 Envelopes
$2

Linen Paper Social Size, $3
White, Grey or Buff Paper
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MONOGRAM BRIDGE CARDS

Two Decks finest quality gold edge Linen finish cards with monogram Pad and Pencil in genuine leather case $4.50
Same in tooled Gold Ecrase leather Case, $6.50
Tan, Blue or Green Case
Mention initial or Surname

Sent postpaid within a week. Enclose check or M.O. West of Miss. add 10% FOR EXTRA POSTAGE. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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Portfolio illustrated in beautiful colors showing Personal embossed stationery, Monogram Bridge cards and Personal X'mas cards mailed free.

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(*Made from your own photographs or negatives*)

Your friends will treasure these rich reproductions of your home, family group, or any other photograph or negative that you may wish to use. The sentiments are reproduced in either hand-made letters or in your own writing. Card or folder type. Prices range from sixteen to thirty-five cents each including envelopes.

Write today for samples, book of verses and simple directions for ordering

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It is a little Handbook of American Art

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$42.50 COVERED
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BOOK ENDS
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French
MOTOR MASCOTS

Stylized and Treated in the Modern Manner

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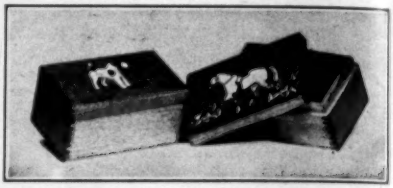
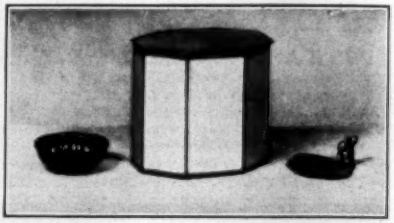
Send for Booklet

New Gifts for the Smoker



THE artist C. Gorainoff paints these cigarette boxes in oils for one of the New York Shops. Dogs of every breed, hunt and polo scenes, beautifully done on plain cedar wood boxes, they are strikingly original and good looking. The box holds 100 cigarettes and you may order a dog, hunt or polo one for $10.00. Your own special dog or horse will be painted for $15.00. Postpaid.



THE newest thing in cigarette boxes is an octagonal one of mirror glass that plays a tune when you remove the top. Inside are six removable cedar partitions for cigarettes, and it is very modern and decorative. 5½" high, $17.00. Express collect.

We are always tempted by ash trays, because they are something no house can have too many of, and they might as well be good to look at. Here are two rather novel little pewter ones; the fluted bowl is priced at $2.00 and the animal tray at $1.75. Postpaid.

CHROMIUM, the remarkable metal that looks like silver but does not tarnish or scratch, has been used to fashion two smart new lighters. We saw one that had been used for weeks, and it looked brand new! Delightfully flat and thin, the pocket lighter is 2½" high, priced at $8.50, and the table lighter 4" high, at $12.50.

We discovered these Chinese Cloisonné metal ash trays in stunning floral designs, for $2.00 apiece. Postpaid. You may order them with red, yellow, blue or green predominating, and we assure you they are all lovely.

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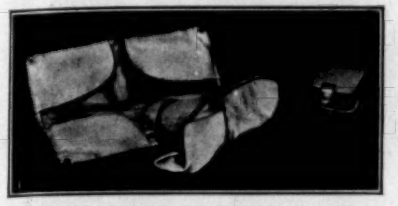
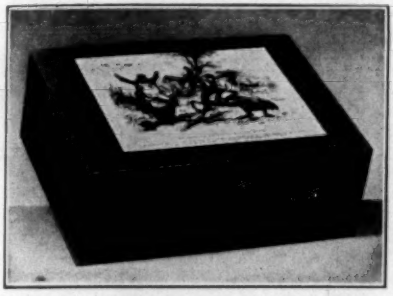
What to Give a Man

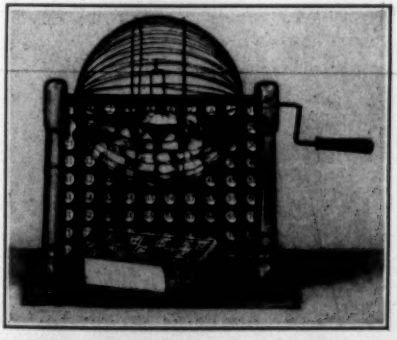


A FLAT folding case containing a pair of pullman slippers—both case and slippers of fine pigskin, lined with matching silk—should be a welcome gift for the man who travels. $11.00. Postpaid. Give shoe size in ordering.

A little square pigskin box for studs and pins is good looking and will be found very useful. $5.50. Postpaid.



THE firm which makes so many of the fascinating boxes women adore, is now showing this very nice masculine box for a man's accessories. Black or red, lined with dull gold and topped with old prints from *Punch*, it has compartments for collars and handkerchiefs. 3¾" x 8¼" x 11", $4.00. Postpaid.



"KENO" is a very popular game that has heretofore been extremely expensive. A set is now being offered for $30.00, and should prove very welcome. Good insurance for the success of any party, and certain of favor with any man who enjoys a little gambling in the home. Sent express collect.

Winthrop Reproductions of Early American Furniture

For your home—a Colonial Wing Chair. This is a well proportioned chair, all hair filled and denim covered, or customers may supply their own material. The hand carved ball-and-claw feet are of solid mahogany.

Size, 38" high, 23" deep, 27" wide. Price $49.50

No. 5609 Eighteenth Century Wing Chair

You may send $10.00 deposit with order, balance when delivery is made, or amount in full. Safe delivery is assured. Catalog P 118 showing Winthrop Reproductions of Early American Furniture in Maple and Mahogany, also Banjo clocks, will be sent on receipt of ten cents.

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No. 201 Jar
$9.00
Height 8"
Diam. 7"

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Kindly write Dept. K for portfolio of Plymouth Pewter pieces.

Gifts for Sportsmen

THE "V. L. & D." gun room is justly famous and is a mecca for sportsmen from all over the country. Guns of every size and kind, and everything for their proper use and care are here. Take the matter of gun cleaning equipment, for example: "V. L. & D." sets for rifles and shotguns contain, in neat japanned boxes, all the essential paraphernalia. Simply state the calibre of your rifle or the gauge of your shotgun. There is the set for rifles, priced at $4.50; the set for shotguns, at $4.75; a combination set for shotguns and rifles, at $8.00; and a "deluxe" set for shotguns and rifles, made up chiefly of imported materials, at $13.00. All postpaid. Consult us for further information.

VON LENGERKE & DETMOLD INC.
F.H. SCHAUFFLER, Pres. 349 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK
V.L.&D. HUNTING FISHING CAMPING

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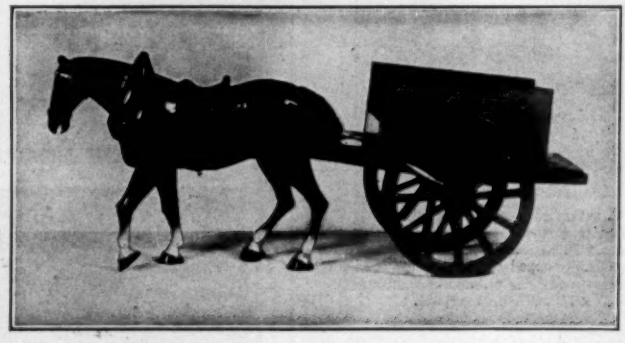
Christmas Playthings

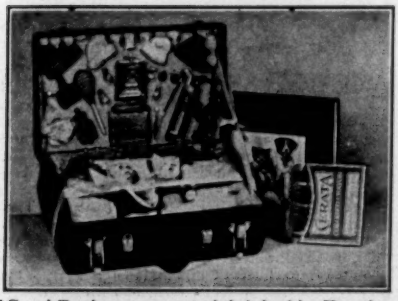
"THE Gingham Dog and the Calico Cat" have been removed from the pages of Eugene Field and brought to life in the form of lovely soft pillows that any child will simply adore. Covered in gingham and calico in various colors and stuffed with soft kapok, they make delightful playthings. We found them altogether irresistible and are sure you will, if you have any children on your Xmas list. 16" high, they are priced at $4.00 each. Postpaid.

THIS elegant old gentleman and his large following of ladies compose a quaint set of small wooden nine-pins, made by Russian peasants and painted in bright colors. Complete with colored ball, $2.50. Plus 20 cents for postage.

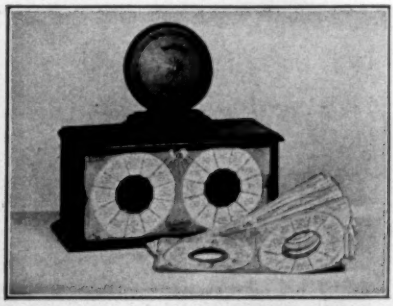
THE walking horse with cart is one of those marvelous Italian mechanical toys. Wind the horse up with the key and off he goes, pulling the cart, and employing the most perfect leg movement. The horse is brown metal, the cart wood, painted a nice blue. 9" high x 26" long, $12.50. Postpaid.



IT'S none too early to be thinking about Xmas. Certainly the toy stores are ready with an array of temptations and Jane Loring will send you any of the things on this page or anything else if you will send her your check or money order.



RAG and Tag have come out of their book! Here they are, little china animals with closing eyes, surrounded by a most complete and dapper wardrobe. Hats and coats, sweaters and suits, and the suitcase lid fitted with everything from golf clubs to a thimble! The case itself is very cunning, 12" x 7½", and to complete the set, there is a paint book with the story of Rag and Tag, and a box of crayons. Complete, $15.00. Postpaid.



HERE'S an up-to-date version of the question and answer game, a radio quiz for the modern child. The loud speaker is connected by wires to the back of the wooden box. A question and answer sheet (there are 12 double sheets with sets of questions on a wide range of subjects) is placed on the front over the dials, you turn one dial to a question, then turn the other until a buzz tells you to stop—at the correct answer! Lots of fun and very instructive. The box is 11" long and the set is priced at $4.00. Postpaid.

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The
Magic Mushroom
and a few of its brightly colored contents
$1.90 postpaid

RUSSIAN PEASANT
Toys, Bowls and Boxes of painted wood. Hand-wrought Pewter and Copper.

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at 28th Street
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SERVICES the Harper's Boys' and Girls' Book Shop offers:
THE ROUND TABLE — published every two months — a news sheet on the latest books.
A catalogue intelligently and carefully prepared — one that really helps.
Special lists for individual children — prepared by the director upon request.
For those in or near New York — during October an exhibit of the originals of illustrations from new Fall books will be held. Some of the artists are Kurt Wiese, Wanda Gag, Marie Lawson, John Bennett, Erick Berry.
HARPER'S BOYS' AND GIRLS' BOOK SHOP
460 Park Avenue, New York

A Pleasing Gift
This Hanging Shelf
A colorful and all hand-made Hanging Shelf for books or bric-a-brac. Size 8" wide and 32" high. In Chinese Red or Jade Green stippled with Black, or in solid Black lacquer finish. No. 965. Price **$5.00.** Express extra.
At Better Shops or Direct
The Treasure Chest
Asheville, N. C.

Playthings from *Mayfair*
Also Toys and Games . . . the most complete collection you can find anywhere . . . gathered from the mastercraft shops of the world . . . now on display here.

ROLMONICA

The Only Self-Playing Harmonica
Not a toy but a genuine musical instrument—and a great sensation everywhere! Plays with rolls just like a player piano. Simple and easy to operate, even by a small child. A great selection of popular and classical music rolls to select from. A complete list is packed with each Rolmonica.
Price, Complete with Four Rolls, $2.50

TROT-A-WAY

This Cart and Horse are propelled by the pedals, like a velocipede. The action of the exquisitely finished, solid wood horse is remarkably like that of a beautiful trotting horse. The cart is large enough for a child from 2 to 8 years. The whole outfit would please a little king or queen.
Price, Complete, $17.00

Our display includes Children's Books, Out-Door Playthings and Sporting Goods,—and everything for home entertainment of the children, the family and the guests. Fall Catalog, ready about October 30th, sent free to any responsible family.
Mail orders filled promptly
Mayfair Playthings Store
741 Fifth Ave., at 57th St., New York

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The perfect combination for sleep — the Simmons Beautyrest Mattress and Hale's Box Spring of a resiliency prescribed exactly for the user's individual weight. Both are covered in Hale's own imported jacquards, sateens and damasks.

HALE'S

Specialists in Sleeping Equipment

420 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK
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the leather heel

is so important a fashion that even the classic opera pump has adopted it. *black or wine calf*, $16.50.

fitting the narrow heel sizes 1–10, aaaa to d

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You Can Keep Your Shoes in Order

. . . with this ingenious, space-saving unit that slips right into your closet, bringing order out of chaos. 11" x 20" x 60". Mahogany, oak, or walnut finish.

hall LUGGAGE

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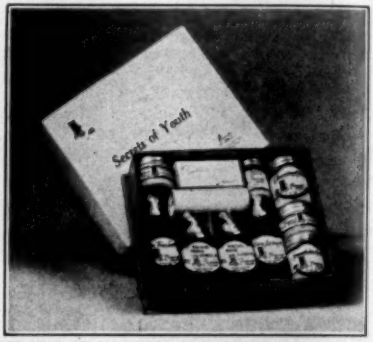
Of Feminine Interest

THE Zuni Indians of New Mexico made the white shell wampum of this necklace, patiently drilling holes in the tiny rondels and grinding them on a grooved stone to an even smoothness. The brooch is an example of Navajo silversmithing and is worn as a clasp in front or as a separate pin. The set, $13.50 Postpaid.



"SECRETS OF YOUTH" is the alluring name given by a famous New York Beauty Salon to its latest contribution to the cause of feminine beauty. An array of jars and bottles—creams, lotions, tissues, powder—small editions of eleven of their most important preparations, in a yellow and orange box. And all for $2.00. Postpaid.

THE ever-popular vanity box is always a happy gift for a girl and we have found a very nice one, of stout board covered in pastel paper, decorated with an old costume print, with mirror and partitions inside, for only $5.00. Sent parcel post charges collect.

Old fashioned hanging pin cushions, made by hand in the Kentucky mountains, are pretty as can be and a bit unusual too. Of velvet and satin, in rose, blue, yellow, green or orchid, $3.50. Sent parcel post charges collect.

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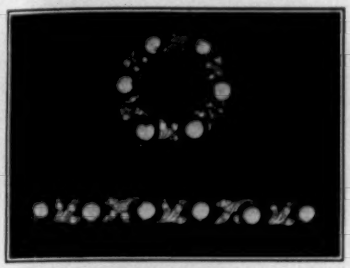
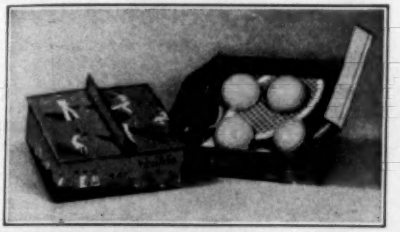
Gifts for Women



TWO very inexpensive pins that are extremely good-looking. Of a white metal, set with six soft creamy pearls and little brilliants, they are most effective and not at all cheap looking. $1.50 each, plus 10 cents for parcel post.



"TENNIS SOAP", the *dernier cri* from Paris! A jade green box, picturing around its sides the colorful throng of spectators at a match. On top, mixed doubles, a referee, and, when the lid comes down, a net between. Inside, four balls—round, white cakes of Biette soap! Every woman loves French soap, so this should enable you to cross off several names on your gift list as solved. $2.00. Postpaid.

HERE is a new version of the popular stocking box, a double tier box, made of stout board covered with English chintz paper well shellacked. One style is a two tier stocking box, affording compartments for 24 pairs of hose; the other is a combination box, the first tier holding 12 pairs of hose and the lower tier having compartments for gloves, handkerchiefs, etc. The height is kept under 5" so it will fit in practically any drawer and the boxes are lined in blue, green, rose, yellow or orchid. $3.75 each. Postpaid.

FASHION FOOTWEAR DELIVERED ON THE MINUTE

LARK
Patent Leather $18.50
Black or Brown Lizard $18.50

Shopping by mail is delightfully simple at this famous shop. Satisfaction is assured—and no matter where you live you may have Cousin's shoes as quickly as they appear on this fashionable street.

"The Subtle Art of Line" will permit you to anticipate what will be worn. Send for your copy.

Hand stitched and bench made shoes *exclusively*

J & T COUSINS 7 W. 57 ST NEW YORK

Shoe Box

Wooden shoe box covered with lovely crocus paper and lined with either green, orchid, yellow or rose. $9 each. Also boudoir boxes in matching colors; nest of three hat boxes $4; nest of three suit boxes $5; clothes hamper (lined in white) $13. Express collect.

Practical Stocking Box

New and attractive stocking box fits in your dresser drawer. In blue, green, pink or orchid, strongly built. $2 postpaid. A nest of 4 small boxes in matching papers is $2 postpaid.

Many other attractive gifts in my circular

FRANCIS JOYCE
109 Myrtle Avenue · Brooklyn, N. Y.

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THE finest French pastries are Sherry's! Many delicious examples of the art of pastry-making await your personal selection for your home table.

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Italian Antiques
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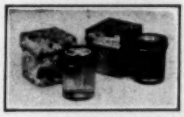
THE RALSTON JAM KITCHEN



Gift Boxes of delicious jams and jellies in individual hand-painted jars. Twelve, six and one jar (illustrated) boxes.

50c to $4.25

Patronage of exclusive shops solicited
856 Hoffman St., Elmira, N. Y.

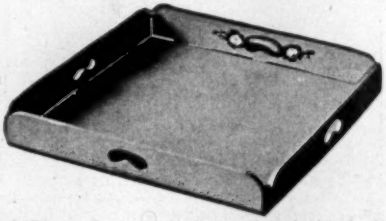
Old Family Recipe
FRUIT CAKE

Fragrant, rich, moist, delicious. Distinctively boxed. For the home table and for gifts.

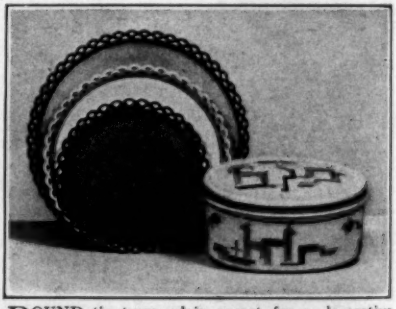
$1.50 *per pound. Postpaid.*
Maude Gay Benzinger
710 Evesham Ave. **Baltimore, Md.**

For the Hostess

A STONE jar, filled with old time Southern cookies, sealed air tight with colored paraffin and the lid tied with a colored cord and sealed to the jar with red sealing wax—doesn't that sound inviting? And sorghum molasses—the real old fashioned home made kind—in a quaint brown pottery jug—doesn't that temot you? You may order them both through Jane Loring, the cookies for $2.50 a jar, plus 35 cents for mailing; the molasses $1.35 per 1 qt. jug, plus 35 cents for mailing east of Mississippi, and 50 cents west. We think these make a nice gift for your hostess, and of course for Thanksgiving and Xmas are a wonderful idea.



ANY one who entertains frequently at bridge should welcome this most practical card table serving tray, which may be all set for tea and placed on the table without disturbing the cards. When the adjustable sides are released the tray is exactly the same size as the table, and there you are! In blue or red with decorative centre, $12.50. Express charges collect beyond 100 miles of New York City.



ROUND tin trays, plain except for a decorative border, and painted bright red, green or yellow, are very smart and endlessly useful about a house. In three sizes, 7½", 9½" and 11½" in diameter, $1.25, $1.50, and $2.00 each. Plus 20 cents for insured parcel post

Oval tin cookie boxes, from the same shop, in rose, green or yellow, with a painted design, are most attractive too. 8" long x 4" high, $2.75 each. Plus 25 cents for postage.

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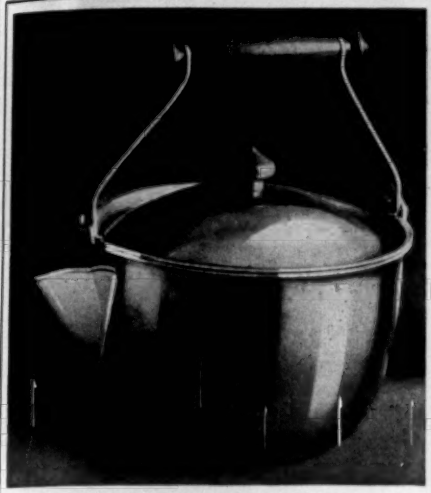

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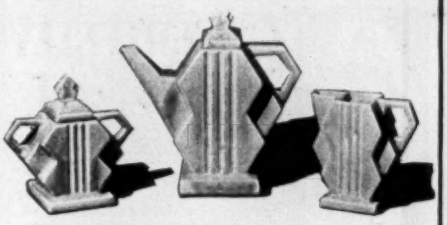

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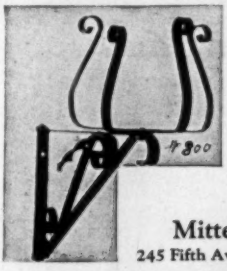

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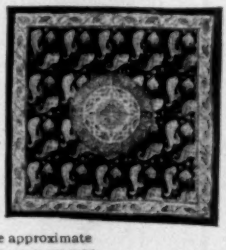

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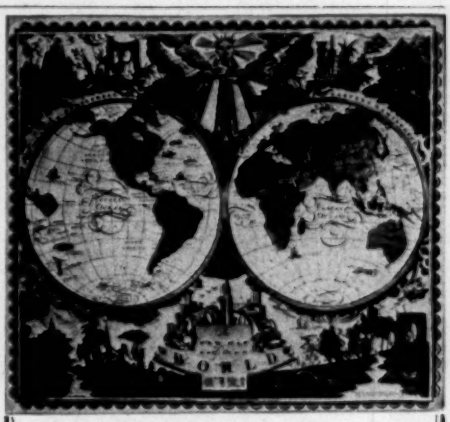

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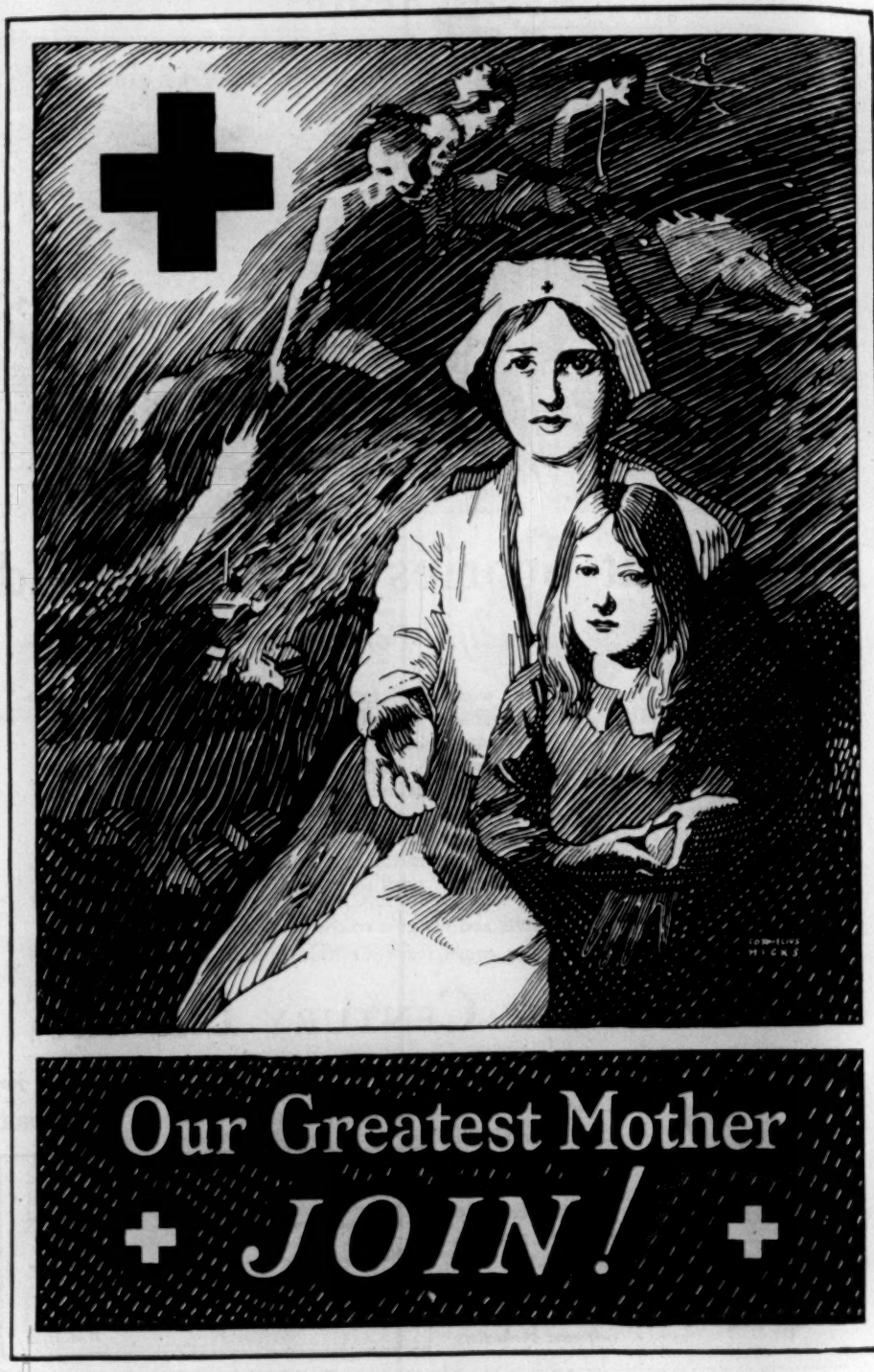
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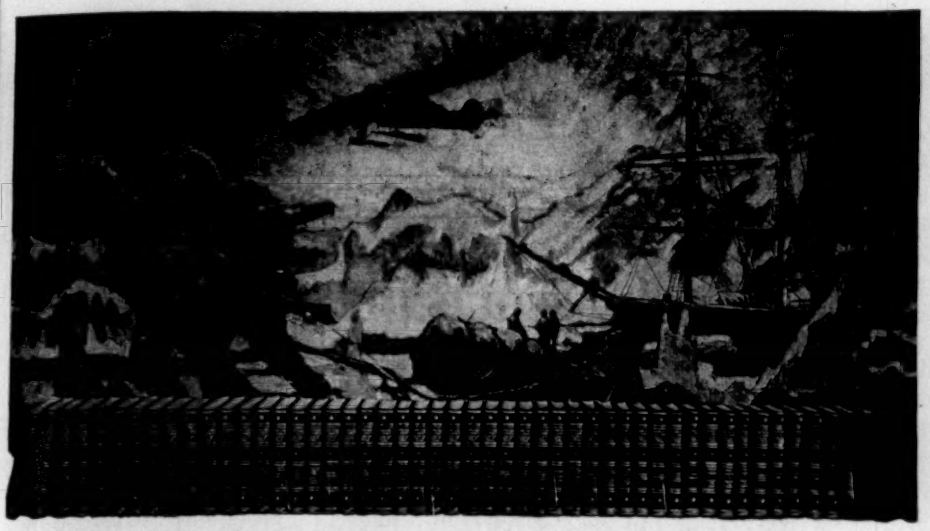

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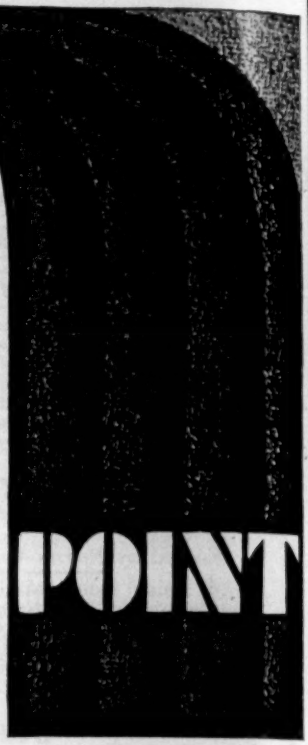

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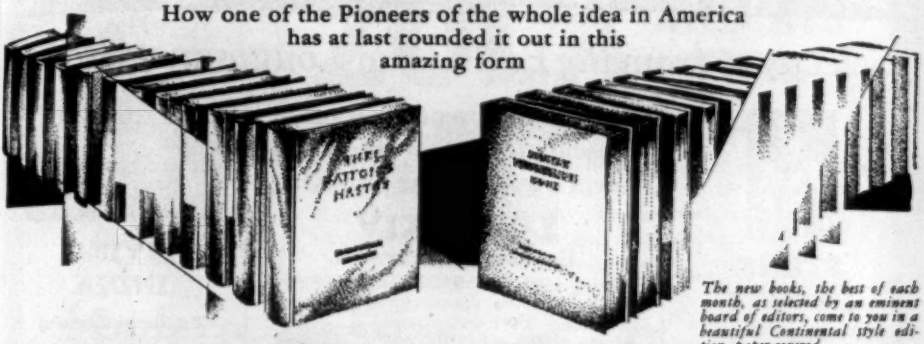

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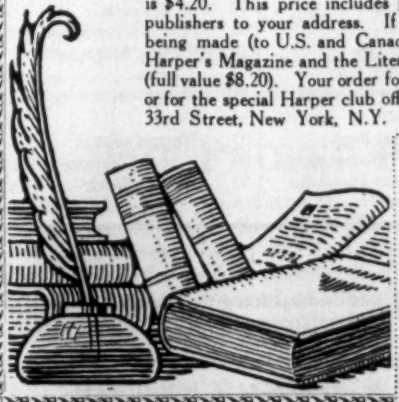

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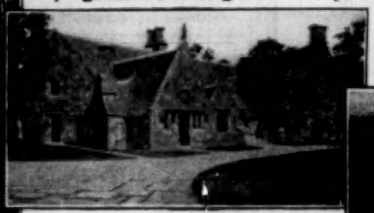

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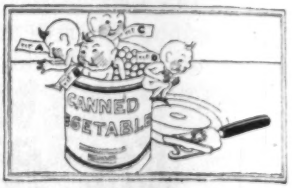

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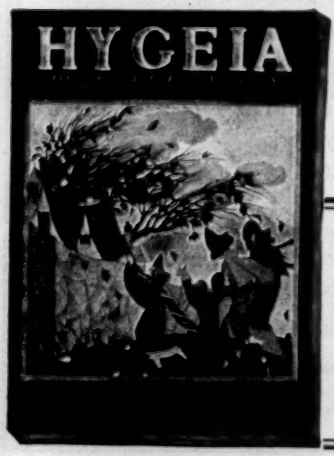

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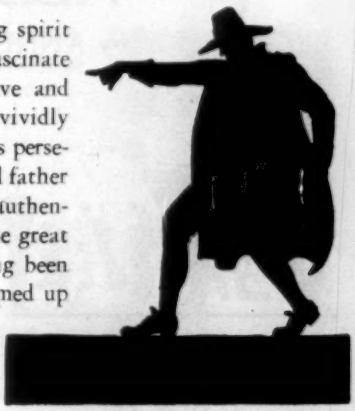

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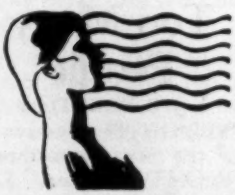

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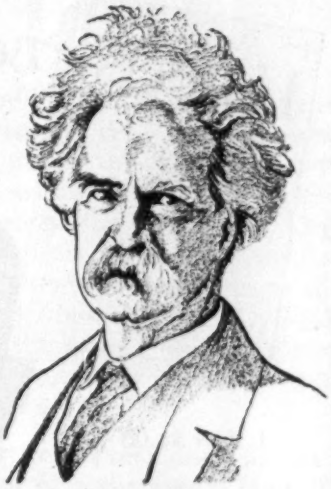

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America has faced many crises. She has made laws, amended laws, abolished laws. She has kept step with changing world conditions. But many old problems remain unsolved. New ones will arise. Your government will be as sound and wise as you and other Americans make it. You have great responsibility and great power. It is your duty to exercise that power. And the way to exercise it is through your vote. Do not neglect it.

By failing to vote, you offer encouragement to the political plunderer and other unscrupulous persons who are eager to profit by the opportunity you give them. Only by voting can the majority of Americans holding like opinions dictate their wishes and save themselves from the danger of being governed by a minority holding opposite opinions.

Your next President will not be a despot or a dictator. He will not make or unmake laws, but he has great power and influence and will go into office bound to use them to bring about the kind of government wanted by those who elected him.

Once in four years you are called upon to vote for a President and thereby help to solve great problems. Let no private affairs prevent you from doing your duty to your country on Election Day.

Be a good citizen. Go to the polls on November 6th and vote.

In 1920, 54,053,000 citizens of the United States were eligible to vote. Only 26,674,171 voted—approximately 49 percent. In 1924, out of a total of 56,215,000 men and women who should have voted, only 29,091,417 did—about 52 percent.

Most good Americans are willing to abide by the will of the majority. The trouble is that many of us are not sure that the will of the majority is being expressed.

When about one-half of the voters neglect their duty the country is governed not by a majority of the people — but merely by a majority of the minority.

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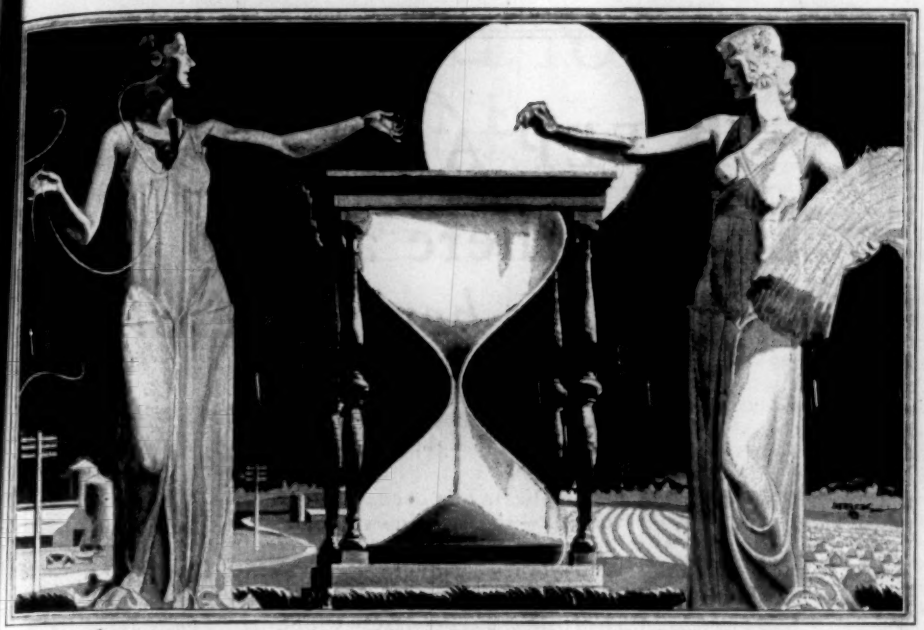

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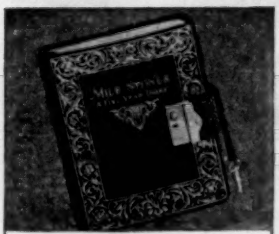

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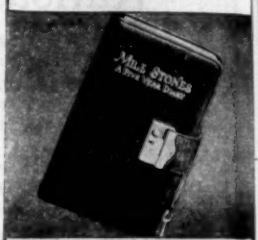

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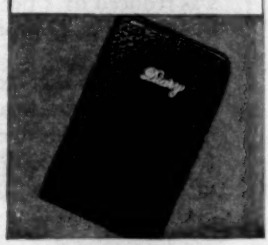

I DO NOT CARE TO SING ALONE

BY

Maria Jeritza

SOPRANO
METROPOLITAN OPERA
COMPANY

★

Photo by Setzer, Vienna

WE THINK of singing as a complete art. Yet to me the human voice, divine as it is, is not sufficient unto itself. In grand opera, flute or piano trill cadenzas with the coloratura; the full orchestra thunders the chords of a chorus. Opera stars do not sing alone.

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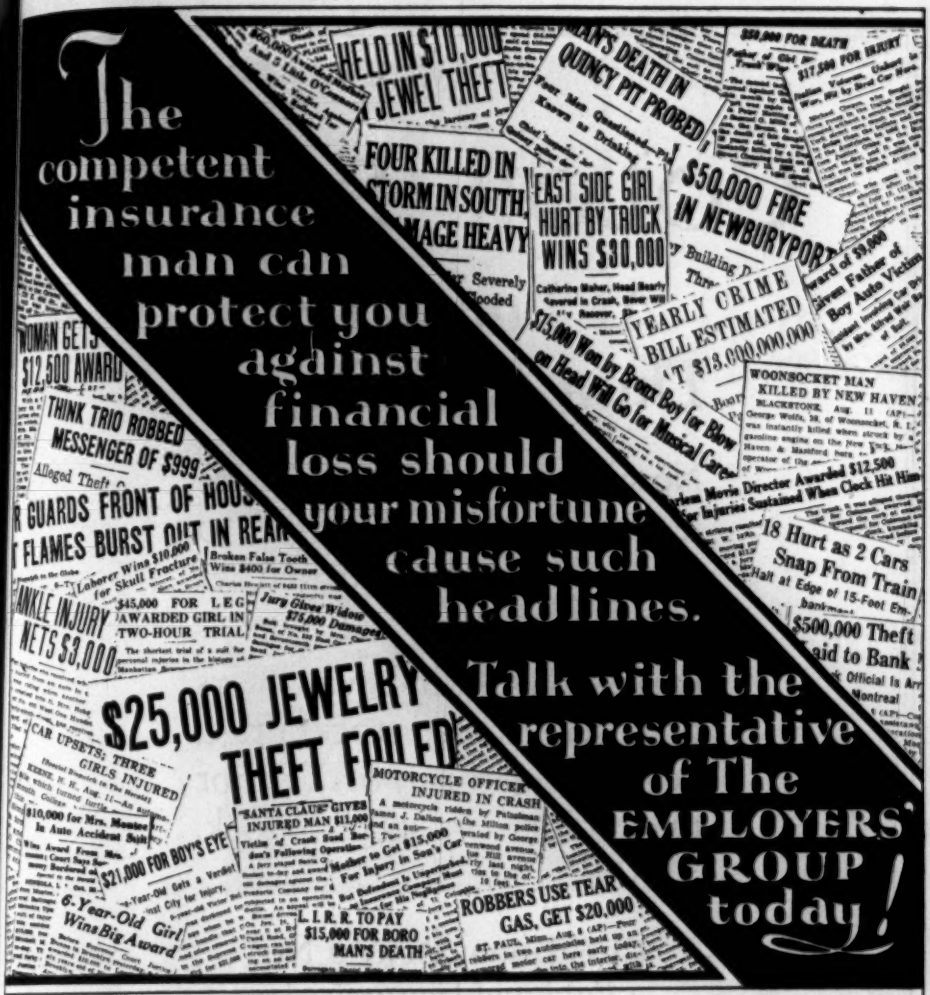
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It is no longer to be regarded merely as a device for popular entertainment but also as a real power in the formation of national tastes, beliefs and standards. Evidences of this are not lacking and will become increasingly apparent.

In this connection an interesting experiment in the field of music is the plan to bring symphonic music to the school children of the United States under the able direction of Walter Damrosch.

For months he has been hard at work on the series of 48 concerts to be broadcast beginning October 26 over a great network of stations.

The concerts are to be in four series, graded according to mental development from the third grade through high school and college. One series is for those in the third and fourth grades, a second for the fifth and sixth grades, a third for the seventh grade and junior high school and the fourth for the high schools and colleges.

In the development of these plans Mr. Damrosch is following the system so successfully used during thirty years of children's concerts at Carnegie Hall and the programs are made up entirely of the works of the great masters.

In the programs for the older boys and girls will be taken up to a limited extent the various forms which the great composers used. The whole purpose of the series is to develop a real love and appreciation of music. They are intended to supplement the musical work which many of the schools of the country are already carrying on.

* * *

Television, in connection with the radio, has already received so much discussion and been the subject of so many predictions that many have been misled into thinking it will soon be available for home use everywhere.

The scientists and research men, however, who are devoting themselves to the study of television believe that many months must intervene before difficulties can be so far overcome that television sets can be sold, as radio sets are now sold, to the general public.

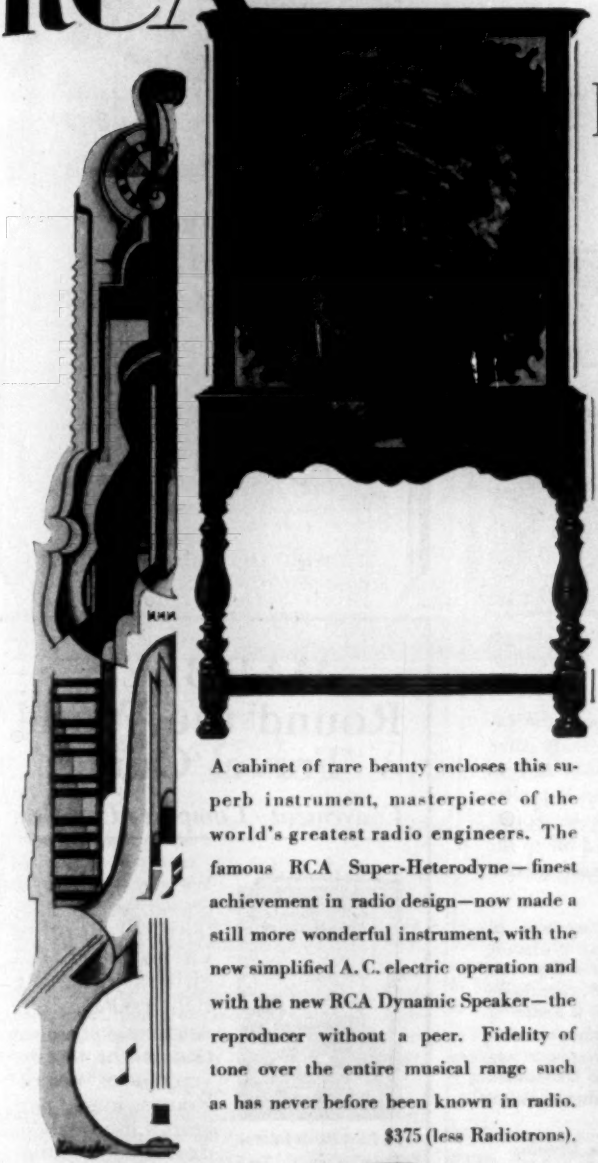
Just now, television is in the early stages of infancy. Every art has to go through its stages of development during which a great deal of information must be gathered and the keenest minds in the art concentrated on its problems.

The public at large should know that television at the present time is purely an experimental art though full of great promise for the future. Also that when television does come for household use it will not modify present radio receiver construction.

If and when the dreams for television materialize, the projector for home use will be an accessory attachable to any receiver that gives satisfactory tonal reception.

This is a point of direct interest to those who already have installed radio receivers of such character and to those who have become convinced they should no longer forego the many home pleasures and benefits that any well constructed receiver now insures.

RCA



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62

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$375 (less Radiotrons).

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RCA LOUDSPEAKER 103 —*De luxe model of the famous 100A. The new design and tapestry covering make it highly decorative.* $37.50.

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RCA RADIOLA 60—*Beautifully designed table model of new Radiola Super-Heterodyne with A. C. electric operation. Single control with illuminated dial. Two-toned walnut veneered cabinet. An instrument of wonderful musical range and tone fidelity.* $175 (less Radiotrons).

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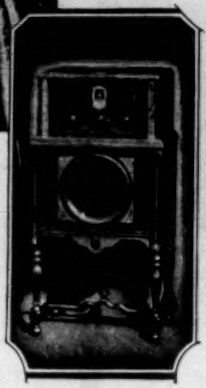

Be there with her

FOOTBALL!—again it occupies the stage as America's classic illustration of co-ordination. And how the enthusiasts do love it!

All credit to radio for bringing the excitement and thrills of this stirring game to our very hearths. And how it adds to our enjoyment if the reception is perfect—a reception so vivid that we forget the instrument and are carried off to the field with an interest as intense as that which rocks the stadium.

Such an instrument is Arborphone with its famous Loftin-White circuit. Like a winning team, it is irresistible. Accentuating this remarkable performance is a beauty of cabinet craftsmanship that is putting Arborphone into more fastidious homes than any loud shouting of claims could do.

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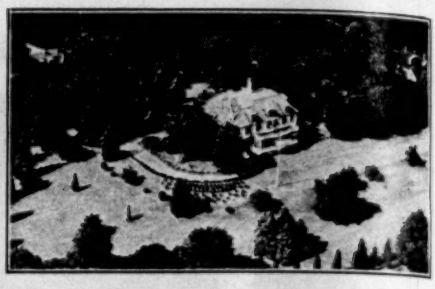

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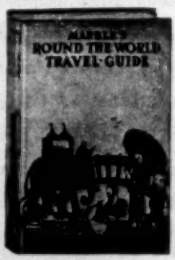

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Wild Turkeys Browned and Golden

and venison and purple grapes for these *we offer thanks*

FROST came with the nights. The corn stalks withered and the hills were fire and scarlet. Partridge drummed and a fox barked behind the ridge. The stockade gates were shut. Out of New Hampshire rose the Harvest Moon.

"For these we offer thanks." A voice in the wilderness raised in thanksgiving . . . spreads and becomes the voice of a continent. A settlement grows and becomes a nation. Each year the nation offers thanks for the harvest. Each year the harvest is richer . . . in happiness . . . in material prosperity . . . in the joy of living.

* * * *

A great part of the harvest of America today is the harvest of industry. Endless research and experiment, a divine curiosity, the open mind, these have brought new products and a new and better way of living. And part of the march of progress, contributing to a safer, happier life, is Frigidaire, the automatic refrigerator . . . now providing priceless health protection in over 500,000 successful installations.

And now, after 16 years of constant experiment, twelve years of practical experience in production, comes the New Frigidaire . . . beautiful, powerful, convenient, incredibly quiet . . . an entirely new conception of automatic refrigeration. The New Frigidaire has reserves of power for *every* emergency. Its cabinets are built to harmonize in line and color with the modern kitchen. It is incredibly quiet in operation.

The New Frigidaire safeguards health. It prevents food spoilage. It freezes ice. It saves time and work and money. It provides safe, dependable, care-free refrigeration . . . under all conditions.

* * * *

Wild turkeys, browned and golden and venison and purple grapes. For this material evidence of a successful harvest the Pilgrims offered thanks. The harvest of 1928 is nearly in. And already in thousands of homes the New Frigidaire has begun its work . . . quietly, surely protecting the health of the family . . . contributing to a safer, happier life. Frigidaire Corporation, Dayton, Ohio.

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PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

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Refresh your body and mind under Southern California's healing semi-tropic Sunshine!

Snow-capped peaks guard vast golden-fruited orange groves in the smiling valleys below.—Painted by Orin White, Pasadena, Calif.

EVERY good reason your physician, business associates and friends can find to draft you for a Southern California vacation this winter will be answered one hundred per cent by better health and a fresher mind when you return home next spring! Persuade yourself to come to this land where flowers bloom gorgeously, birds sing and oranges ripen a mile beneath snow-capped peaks!

Wide boulevards lead along the placid blue Pacific to Old Spanish Missions and to every other interest spot. Sixty-five ever-green golf courses are within easy distance.

And, the winter desert! Here may prove your greatest thrill. Drive through Owens Valley in summer-like sunshine and see a blizzard batter itself against bleak Mt. Whitney (14,501 ft.) Over a safe road lies Death Valley! Palm Springs is an easy motor trip.

Metropolis of the Pacific Coast, Los Angeles, offers all the thrills of a great modern city. Los Angeles County's agricultural products annually approximate $95,000,000; oil fields are valued at a billion dollars!

Mail the coupon for "Southern California Through the Camera," a new and *authentic photographic book* that pictures winter and summer Southern California.

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LARGE or small; new, or mellowed by use; your house deserves a roof which will look well now, and which will defy the storms and sun of many years. The appearance of a roof bespeaks the taste and standing of the family that lives beneath it. So you are quite right in demanding first of all that your roof be colorful, substantial and thoroughly good to look at.

This all-important beauty is obvious in the first glance at Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles. But of equal importance, these shingles are fireproof and cannot wear out. They are made of asbestos fibres and cement, united under tremendous pressure into rigid, monolithic "stone" shingles. They are not flexible.

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200,000,000 germs die in 15 seconds

that's why LISTERINE full strength is effective against SORE THROAT

Have you tried the new LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM?

Cools your skin while you shave and keeps it cool afterwards. An outstanding shaving cream in every respect.

LISTERINE'S success against ordinary sore throat and colds is based entirely on the germicidal action of a formula unchanged in 47 years.

You may find it hard to believe that Listerine with its pleasant flavor, its gentle action, its healing effect used full strength is so amazingly powerful against germs. Nevertheless, it is true. Countless tests prove it.

Witness its destruction of germs used by the United States Government to test antiseptics.

The stubborn B. Typhosus (typhoid) germ, for example. Listerine, full strength, destroys 200,000,000 of them in 15 seconds. Think of it. And the obnoxious M. Aureus (pus) germ is rendered harmless in the same time.

Recognizing Listerine's power against germs, you can readily understand why it checks colds and sore throat which are caused by germs.

At the first sign of either, gargle with Listerine full strength. Keep this treatment up. Remember it is safe to use this way in any body cavity. You will be delighted to find how quickly you get relief. In case you do not, consult your physician, as your trouble may be a symptom of a more deep-seated disease requiring expert attention. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Prevent a cold this way? Certainly!

Millions of ordinary colds start when germs carried by the hands to the mouth on food attack the mucous membrane. Being very delicate it allows germs foothold where they develop quickly unless steps are taken to render them harmless.

You can accomplish this by rinsing your hands with Listerine, as many physicians do, before each meal. Listerine, as shown above, is powerful against germs.

Use only a little Listerine for this purpose—and let it dry on the hands. This simple act may spare you a nasty siege with a mean cold.

It is particularly important that mothers preparing food for children remember this precaution.

Your Boy and his Dog

How wonderful to have a permanent *living* record of their frolics together!

DON'T you love to watch them together, so full of action, so vibrant with life?

Doesn't it "get you" a little to see such true friends, such willing playmates?

Here is your boy at his best, affection for his pet showing in his every move, all self-consciousness gone as he becomes his happy, care-free self.

What a glorious opportunity for you!

What a thrill to record for all time his unposed and characteristic expressions, gestures and movements.

And the dog—sitting up and begging, jumping over hedges, retrieving balls; his eyes so warm and kindly, his sensitive ears pricking up, his tail wagging with friendship, his head cocked to one side so knowingly.

What fun to show such a film with both boy and dog for audience!

How your boy will appreciate it. His love for the dog is a feeling that you are anxious to encourage and this film certainly fosters it.

Later, when the beloved "dumb pal" is only a memory, what a treasured possession those movies will become.

Yet they are so easy to make. With the Ciné-Kodak, home movies are as easy to take as snapshots. You press the button and you're taking pictures—living pictures. You send the film to us and we do the rest. Your film is developed and returned to you at once . . . and the cost of this service is included in the price of the film.

Then, with the Kodascope, you project the pictures on your own silver screen. You are overjoyed to see how well they turn out, and that is the common experience of Ciné-Kodak users. Unbiased by the precedents and prejudices of professional cinema camera design, the men who made still photography so easy have now made home movie making equally simple for you.

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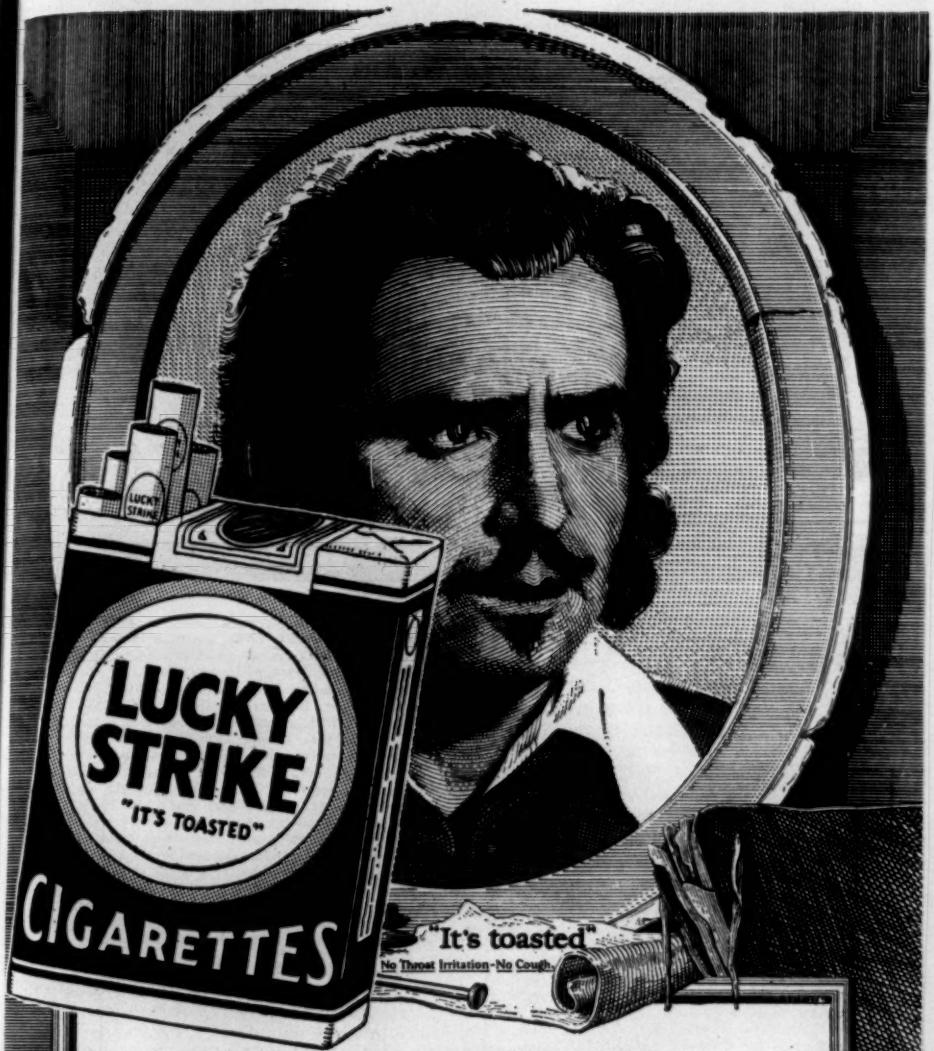

Douglas Fairbanks

America's Motion Picture Favorite, as he will appear in his forthcoming production "The Iron Mask" *says*—

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Douglas Fairbanks

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The Kiowa Raid

In June 1900, the nation's press rang with the account of how one Mrs. Carrie A. Nation, embattled W. C. T. U. jail evangelist of Medicine Lodge, Kansas, had single-handed wrecked a saloon in the neighboring town of Kiowa, operated in disregard of state laws, unenforced because of public officials' venality. As TIME would have told the story, had TIME been issued June 18, 1900:

. . . Her arms stacked high with bricks and stones, a sharp hatchet beneath her arm, Mrs. Nation then walked boldly into Dobson's back-room saloon. Barflies and roustabouts stared, open-mouthed. Eyeing Owner Dobson who stood serene among his cronies, she bawled in a loud voice: "I told you last spring to close this place and you didn't do it. Now I have come down with another remonstrance. Get out of the way. I don't want to strike you, but I am going to break this place up!" Then, striding to the bar, behind which stared one Hank O'Brien, she cried: "Young man, come from behind that bar. Your mother did not raise you for such a place." As Hank O'Brien stupidly gazed, she threw a brick against the heavy mirror—which did not break. Then, warming to her task, she hurled bricks and stones right & left. Bottles, decanters, glasses, lewd pictures crashed to the floor. The bar-flies scattered, blaspheming loudly. The mirror remained intact. Seeing a lone billiard ball on the table, she seized it with a fervent "Thank God!" and shattered the mirror. Owner Dobson cursed; Bartender O'Brien crouched monkey-like behind his bar. A crowd was gathering before the door. Finally, ammunition exhausted, Carrie A. Nation bounded for the bar, hatchet upraised. Again and again she hacked the mahogany as whiskey and rum coursed to the sawdust.

At last, invincible, with the strength of ten, she pushed away the irate Dobson and strode to the street, announcing in firm tones: "I have destroyed your place of business and if I have broken a statute of Kansas, put me in jail. If I am not a law-breaker your mayor and councilmen all are. You must arrest one of us, for if I am not a criminal, you are." . . .

So too would TIME have noted Carrie A. Nation's claim to divine guidance. Nor would TIME have neglected to report her sensational raids in many another city, her numerous incarcerations in local bastilles, her way of addressing judges as "Your Dishonor."

Cultivated Americans, impatient with cheap sensationalism and windy bias, turn increasingly to publications edited in the historical spirit. These publications, fair-dealing, vigorously impartial, devote themselves to the public weal in the sense that they report what they see, serve no masters, fear no groups.

TIME

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NEW YORK CHICAGO

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Use ABSORBINE, JR., full strength, as a preventive in minor cuts or bruises—wherever the skin is broken. It is cooling, soothing and antiseptic.
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Regardless of your condition of deafness—be it mild or severe—this new discovery offers you unbelievable relief—hearing aid so closely approaching restored, normal hearing as to render deafness no more of an impairment than weakened eyesight.

New European Discovery Gives Amazing Relief In Severest Cases

So tiny its use is scarcely noticeable (see photo) yet so powerful that even the severely deafened can hear both near and distant sounds in full volume, and with natural, undistorted purity of tone. So light, so comfortable, and so humanly natural in tone that users almost forget their deafness. These are but a few of the features of this remarkable new invention. Write today for complete description and details of our special home trial offer. Write department 711.

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School Information Bureau
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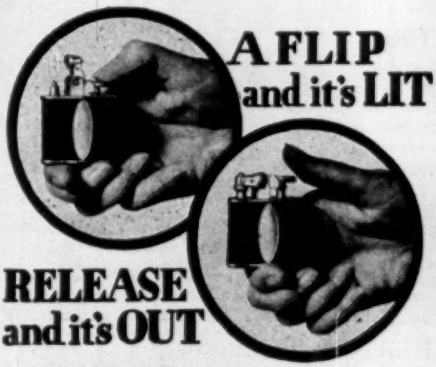

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FIVE DOLLARS AND UP

Art Metal Works, Inc.
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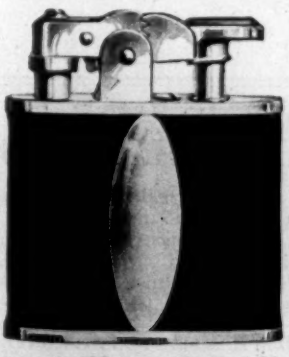

Ronson standard Men's model in black Morocco Leather with Monogram for engraving.

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THERE are available many interesting booklets issued by various Communities and Industrial Centers. A list of these booklets is given below. Harpers Magazine offers, through its Community and Industrial Department, to send without charge any or all of these booklets. The coupon below is for your convenience.

1. THE KEY TO ATLANTA. Industrial Bureau, Atlanta (Ga.) Chamber of Commerce.
2. WHY ST. LOUIS GROWS. St. Louis (Mo.) Chamber of Commerce.
4. PORT OF NEWARK. Port Newark (N. J.) Development.
8. POWER AND INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENTS (Hydro-Electro). U.G.I. Contracting Co.
9. SACRAMENTO — CALIFORNIA'S INLAND INDUSTRIAL CENTER. Sacramento (Calif.)
12. GENERAL INDUSTRIAL REPORT OF LOS ANGELES, CALIF. Los Angeles (Calif.) Chamber of Commerce.
14. KNOW NORFOLK — PORTSMOUTH — SOUTH NORFOLK. Norfolk-Portsmouth (Va.) Chamber of Commerce.
15. NEW ORLEANS IS GROWING. New Orleans (La.) Chamber of Commerce.
19. SALT LAKE CITY AND UTAH. Salt Lake City Chamber of Commerce.
20. INDUSTRIAL REPORT OF PORTLAND, OREGON, AND THE COLUMBIA COUNTRY. Portland (Ore.) Chamber of Commerce.
21. ASHEVILLE, LOGICAL DISTRIBUTING CENTER FOR EASTERN AMERICA. Asheville (N. C.) Chamber of Commerce.
23. WINNING HEALTH. Welcome Club of Colorado Springs (Colo.).
24. THE SOUTHWEST AND DALLAS. Dallas (Texas) Chamber of Commerce.
35. INDUSTRIAL BRIEF, ROANOKE, VIRGINIA. Chamber of Commerce.
37. THE WORLD'S GREATEST WORKSHOP. Philadelphia (Pa.) Chamber of Commerce.
42. ON THE GULF COAST. Biloxi (Mississippi) Chamber of Commerce.
43. ECONOMIC SURVEY OF DENVER. Colorado Chamber of Commerce.
45. IN VIRGINIA. For Tourists. State Conservation and Development Commission, Richmond, Virginia.
46. SPOKANE, WASHINGTON. Spokane (Wash.) Chamber of Commerce.
47. SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA VACATIONS. All Year Club of Southern California, Department 2 W, Chamber of Commerce Building, Los Angeles, California.
48. JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA. Believers in Jacksonville, Jacksonville, Florida.
49. HAWAII. Hawaii Tourist Bureau, 234 McCann Building, San Francisco, California.
50. UTICA — a City of Industrial Opportunity. Utica (N. Y.) Chamber of Commerce.
51. BALTIMORE THE SEVENTH CITY — SPEAKING OF BALTIMORE — PORT OF BALTIMORE. Three booklets available through the Balt more Trust Co., Baltimore, Md.

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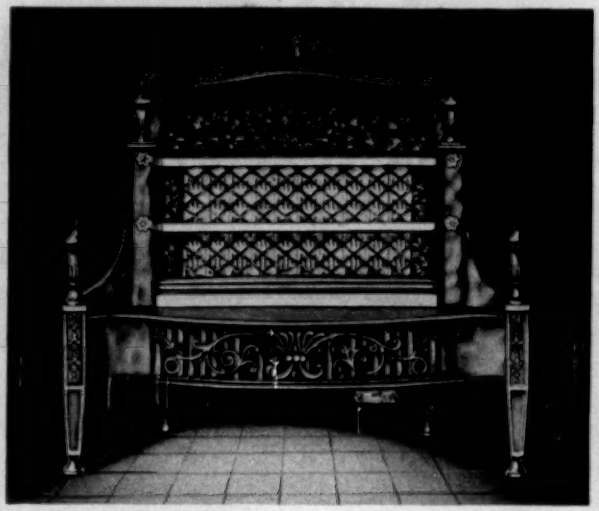

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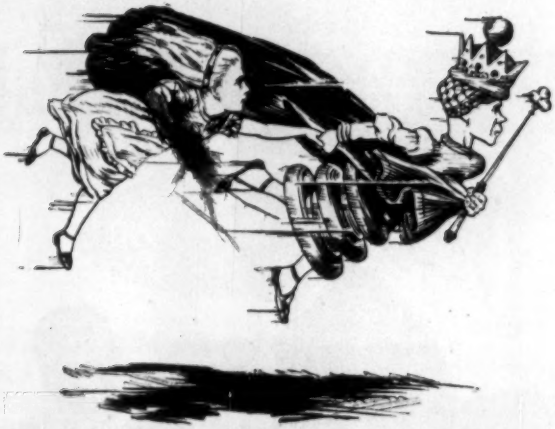

Courtesy of the Macmillan Co.

"Here," said the Red Queen, *"it takes all the running you can do to keep in the same place"*

IN the old industrial centers of America, industry has reached that situation. You work and drive and push. But at the end of the year you are just where you were.

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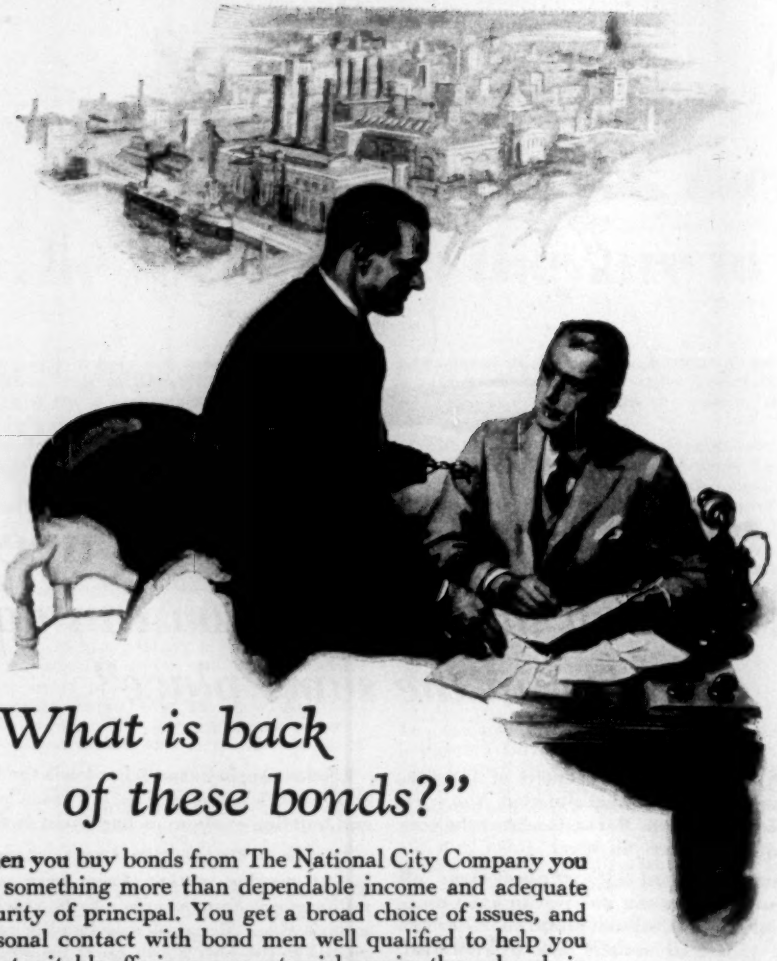

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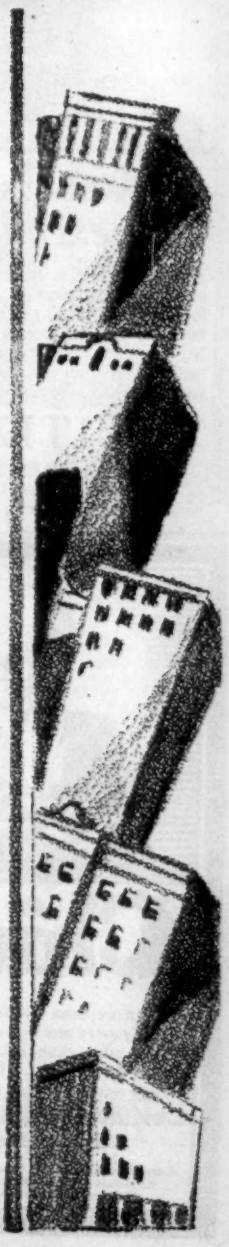

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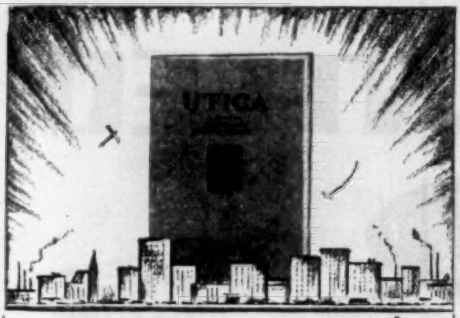

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A LIST of informative booklets issued by reputable investment houses is given below and may be obtained upon request from them or from Harper's Magazine.

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FOREIGN DOLLAR BONDS: A booklet containing valuable suggestions for bond buyers and presenting the record of foreign loans in American markets. Offered by National City Company, 55 Wall Street, New York City.

HOW MUCH SHOULD I SAVE?: This much-asked question is answered and a solution given in a booklet which bears that title. Offered by the Old Colony Trust Co., Boston, Mass.

GUARANTY SERVICE: A booklet that describes briefly the work of the various departments of the Company and, at the same time, outlines the facilities available to customers through these departments. Guaranty Trust Company of New York, 140 Broadway, New York City.

WHY A NATIONAL UNION FOR SAFETY: A booklet describing National Union Mortgage Bonds and showing how securities are safeguarded through insurance of principal and interest by outside surety companies. Offered by the National Union Mortgage Company, 111 E. Redwood Street, Baltimore, Md.

PRINCIPLES OF INVESTMENT: A booklet describing a well varied program of security buying is offered by Peabody, Houghteling & Company, 10 So. La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.

A VALUABLE AID TO BANKS AND INVESTORS: A booklet describing how the Department of Economics and Survey serves investors by furnishing investment counsel, free, to individuals and institutions. Offered by A. C. Allyn & Company, 67 W. Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill.

WATER, THE INDISPENSABLE UTILITY: An interesting booklet, giving a detailed description of a water company's plant and operations, with special reference to the investment qualities of securities of water companies. Offered by G. L. Ohrstrom & Co., 44 Wall St., New York City.

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300,000 PEOPLE OWN SECURITIES IN THIS $660,000,000 ORGANIZATION: An illustrated booklet telling about the Cities Service organization, and its fiscal agents. Offered by Henry L. Doherty & Company, 60 Wall Street, New York City.

UNITED BONDS: A name given to the real estate bonds secured by high-grade properties in Detroit, and issued by the United States Mortgage Bond Company, Detroit, Mich. Interesting booklets on request.

(Continued on second page following)

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Investment Information

(Continued from second preceding page)

SERVICE IN FOREIGN SECURITIES: This booklet describes an unusual service. It offers information, quotations, and statistical summaries covering investment securities listed on the principal exchanges of Europe, and elaborates on the service which can be furnished to American investors who are holders of, or wish to own, securities of foreign countries. Offered by de Saint Phalle & Company, 11 Wall Street, New York City.

NEW YEAR BOOK: Offered by Commonwealth Edison Co., Chicago, Ill.

WATER SERVICE—THE ARISTOCRAT OF UTILITIES, is an interesting booklet describing water bonds as a sound form of investment offered by P. W. Chapman & Company, Inc., 170 West Monroe Street, Chicago, or 42 Cedar Street, New York City.

SECURITY BONDS: Secured by real estate first mortgages that bear a $40,000,000 guarantee, are described in a circular which J. A. W. Iglehart & Company, 102 St. Paul Street, Baltimore, Md., will be pleased to send to you upon request.

INVESTING FOR SAFETY: The newest publication of S. W. Straus & Co., 565 Fifth Ave., New York City, describes in detail the methods followed by this organization in underwriting first mortgage real estate bond issues.

STOCK AND BOND REGISTER: A record showing the important features of each security which is held by investors. Offered by Otis & Company, 216 Superior St., N. E., Cleveland, Ohio.

NEW BOOK "Investment Guide in 1927": This booklet describes First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds recommended by one of the oldest Real Estate Bond Houses. Greenebaum Sons Investment Co., La Salle & Madison Streets, Chicago, Ill.

INTERESTING FACTS: A booklet giving information concerning facilities and Securities of the Associated Gas and Electric Company. For copy address, Associated Gas and Electric Securities Company, Inc., 61 Broadway, New York City.

CHAIN STORE SECURITIES: A booklet containing a thorough discussion of chain store systems explaining why they furnish an excellent basis for investment securities. Offered by George H. Burr & Company, 57 William Street, New York City.

CANADIAN INVESTMENT OPPORTUNITIES: Definite investment recommendations offered by Cochran Hay & Co., Ltd., Dominion Bank Bldg., Toronto, Canada.

THE CURRENT INVESTMENT SITUATION contains a rather interesting comment on the present investment situation. Offered by the First National Corp. of Boston, Boston, Mass.

AN INDUSTRY THAT NEVER SHUTS DOWN: A Review of Recently Published Institutional Advertisements of the American Water Works and Electric Company, Inc., 50 Broad Street, New York City. Copies will be mailed upon request.

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THE AMPICO CORPORATION, *584 Fifth Ave., N. Y.*

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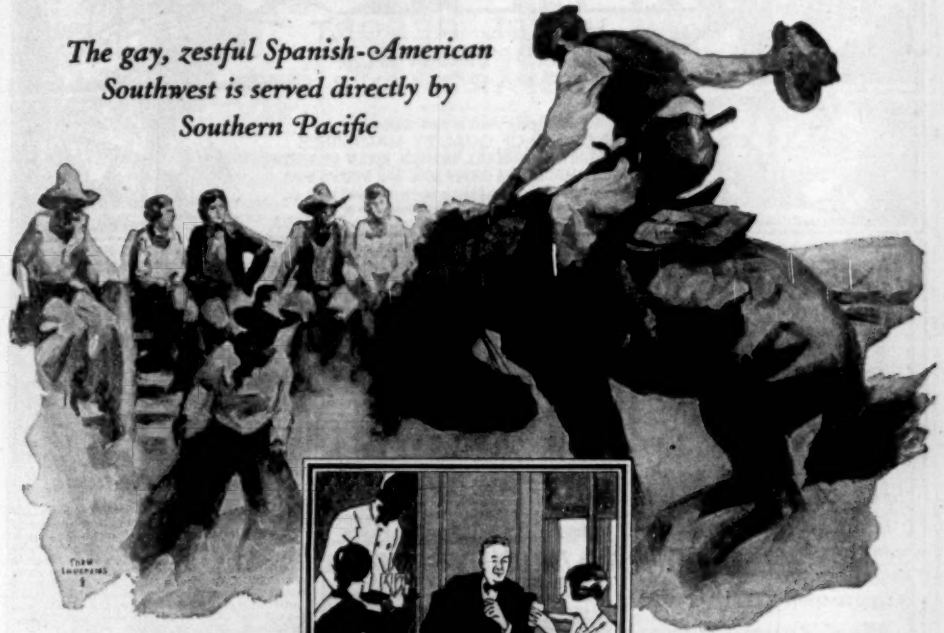

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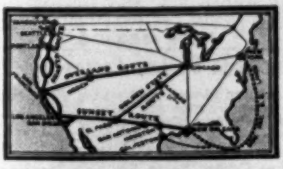

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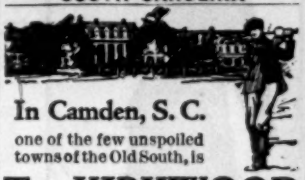

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ALGONQUIN		Oct. 30

Cosulich Line — **17 Battery Place, N. Y.**
N. Y. and Boston to Azores, Lisbon, Palermo, Naples, Patras and Trieste

SATURNIA	Nov. 6	Dec. 11
PRESIDENTE WILSON	Nov. 13	Dec. 27

Cunard Line — **25 Broadway, N. Y.**
N. Y. to Cherbourg and Southampton

BERENGARIA	Oct. 31	Nov. 21
MAURETANIA	Nov. 7	Nov. 28
AQUITANIA	Nov. 14	Dec. 5

N. Y. to Plymouth-Havre and London

*CARONIA		Oct. 26
*TUSCANIA	Nov. 2	Dec. 8
*CARMANIA	Nov. 9	Jan. 26

N. Y. to Queenstown, Liverpool

*LACONIA	Oct. 27	Nov. 24
*SCYTHIA		Nov. 10
SAMARIA		Nov. 3

Montreal to Plymouth, Cherbourg, and London

ASCANIA	Oct. 26	Nov. 23

Montreal to Glasgow, Belfast and Liverpool

ANDANIA	Oct. 26	Nov. 23

Montreal to Belfast, Liverpool and Glasgow

ATHENIA	Nov. 2	Jan. 26

Dollar Steamship Line — **604 Fifth Ave., N. Y.**
N. Y. to California via Panama, Around the World
Fortnightly Service from New York sailing Thursdays

PRES. WILSON		Nov. 8
PRES. VAN BUREN		Nov. 22

Eastern S. S. Lines — **Pier 25, No. River, N. Y.**
Old Dominion Line, New York to Norfolk, Va.
Regular Sailings
Tuesdays, Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays
Boston & Yarmouth S.S. Co. (India Wharf, Boston)
Boston to Yarmouth
Regular Sailings ..... Mondays and Thursdays

French Line — **19 State St., N. Y.**
N. Y. to Plymouth-Havre-Paris

FRANCE	Oct. 27	Jan. 3
PARIS	Nov. 3	Dec. 1
ILE DE FRANCE	Nov. 17	Dec. 8

N. Y. to Havre-Paris

*ROCHAMBEAU	Nov. 14	Dec. 19
*DE GRASSE	Nov. 28	Jan. 3

New York-Vigo-Bordeaux

*ROUSSILLON	Nov. 15	Dec. 27
*LA BOURDONNAIS		Nov. 29
*CHICAGO		†Dec. 10

†To Havre via Vigo

Furness Bermuda Line — **Whitehall St., N. Y.**
N. Y. to Bermuda
Regular Sailings ..... Wednesdays and Saturdays

Grace Line — **10 Hanover Sq., N. Y.**
N. Y. to Canal Zone and West Coast, South America via Havana
Fortnightly Service ..... Sailing Thursdays

Hamburg-American Line, 39 Broadway, N. Y.
N. Y. to Cherbourg-Southampton-Hamburg

DEUTSCHLAND	Oct. 27	Dec. 11 — Jan. 12
HAMBURG	Nov. 10	Dec. 15
ALBERT BALLIN	Nov. 17	Dec. 29
NEW YORK	Nov. 24	Jan. 5

N. Y. to Cobh, Hamburg

CLEVELAND	Nov. 3	Dec. 8
*WESTPHALIA	Nov. 8	Dec. 20
*THURINGIA	Dec. 1	Jan. 10

Holland-America Line — **24 State St., N. Y.**
N. Y. to Plymouth-Boulogne-sur-Mer, Rotterdam

VOLENDAM	Oct. 27	Dec. 8
VEENDAM		Nov. 3
ROTTERDAM		Nov. 17
NEW AMSTERDAM		Nov. 24

Italian Line (N. G. I.) — **1 State St., N. Y.**
N. Y. to Naples and Genoa

ROMA	Nov. 8	Dec. 12
AUGUSTUS	Nov. 24	Jan. 3

Lloyd Sabaudo Line — **3 State St., N. Y.**
New York to Gibraltar, Naples and Genoa

CONTE BIANCAMANO	Nov. 3	Dec. 8
CONTE GRANDE	Nov. 17	Jan. 5

Lamport & Holt Line — **26 Broadway, N. Y.**
N. Y. to Rio de Janeiro-Montevideo-Buenos Aires

VANDYCK	†Oct. 27	Jan. 5
VESTRIS	†Nov. 10	Jan. 19
VOLTAIRE	†Nov. 24	Feb. 2
VAUBAN	†Dec. 8	Feb. 16

†Calls at Barbados

Mallory Line
New York to Key West and Galveston

H. R. MALLORY		Oct. 30

Munson S. S. Lines — **67 Wall St., N. Y.**
New York to Rio de Janeiro-Santos-Montevideo Buenos Aires
Fortnightly Service ..... Sailing Saturdays
New York to Nassau, Bahamas
Weekly Service ..... Sailing Fridays

New York and Porto Rico S. S. Co.
N. Y. to San Juan and Santo Domingo

SAN LORENZO		Nov. 1
COAMO		Nov. 8

North German Lloyd — **32 Broadway, N. Y.**
N. Y. to Cobh-Plymouth-Cherbourg-Bremen

COLUMBUS	Nov. 1	Nov. 28
*KARLSRUHE		Nov. 3
*MUENCHEN	Nov. 8	Dec. 6
*STUTTGART		Nov. 15
BERLIN		Nov. 16
*DRESDEN		Nov. 22

Norwegian-America Line — **22 W'hall St., N. Y.**
N. Y. to Norway-Sweden-Denmark-Finland and the Continent

BERGENSFJORD		Nov. 20
STAVANGERFJORD		Dec. 8

Pacific Line — **26 Broadway, N. Y.**
N. Y. to Havana-Panama-Callao-Valparaiso
Regular Sailings ..... Every Four Weeks

*One class cabin steamers

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

STEAMSHIP SAILINGS (Continued)

Panama Mail S. S. Co. 10 Hanover Sq., N. Y. C. 2 Pine St., San Francisco
N. Y. to San Francisco and return via Panama Canal and Spanish Americas

From New York		From San Francisco	
VENEZUELA	Nov. 1	COLOMBIA	Nov. 8
GUATEMALA	Nov. 15	ECUADOR	Nov. 22
COLOMBIA	Dec. 13	GUATEMALA	Dec. 20

Panama-Pacific Line 1 Broadway, N. Y.
New York to California via Panama

MONGOLIA	Nov. 3
CALIFORNIA	Nov. 17
MANCHURIA	Dec. 3

Red Star Line 1 Broadway, N. Y.
N. Y. to Plymouth-Cherbourg-Antwerp

BELGENLAND	Oct. 27
PENNLAND	Nov. 3
LAPLAND	Nov. 10
ARABIC	Nov. 17

Swedish American Line 21 State St., N. Y.
N. Y. to Sweden, Norway, Denmark Finland and Baltic States

GRIPSHOLM	Nov. 3	Dec. 3	Jan. 12
*DROTTNINGHOLM	Nov. 17	Dec. 29	Jan. 26
KUNGSHOLM		Dec. 8	

United States Lines 45 Broadway, N. Y.
N. Y. to Cherbourg and Southampton

LEVIATHAN	Nov. 14	Dec. 5

N. Y. to Plymouth-Cherbourg-Bremen

PRES. HARDING	Oct. 31	Nov. 28
PRES. ROOSEVELT	Nov. 7	Dec. 8
GEORGE WASHINGTON	Nov. 17	Dec. 12
AMERICA	Nov. 21	Dec. 27

Ward Line
New York to Havana

SIBONEY	Oct. 27
MONTEREY	Nov. 1
ORIZABA	Nov. 3

White Star Line 1 Broadway, N. Y.
N. Y. to Cherbourg-Southampton

MAJESTIC	Oct. 27
OLYMPIC	Nov. 3
HOMERIC	Nov. 10

N. Y. to Cobh (Queenstown) Liverpool

ADRIATIC	Oct. 27
CELTIC	Nov. 3
BALTIC	Nov. 10
CEDRIC	Nov. 17

American Mail Line
Seattle and Victoria to Yokohama, Kobe, Shanghai, Hongkong and Manila. Fortnightly Service from Seattle and Victoria sailing Mondays

PRES. LINCOLN	Nov. 3
PRES. MADISON	Nov. 17

Canadian Pacific
Vancouver and Victoria to Yokohama, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, Hongkong and Manila

EMPRESS OF CANADA	†Nov. 1	†Dec. 22
EMPRESS OF RUSSIA	Nov. 17	Jan. 26
EMPRESS OF ASIA	Dec. 1	Feb. 9

†Omits Nagasaki

Dollar Steamship Line
San Francisco to Honolulu, Yokohama, Kobe, Shanghai, Hongkong, Manila and Around the World. Weekly Sailings from Los Angeles on Mondays; San Francisco on Fridays

PRES. HARRISON	Nov. 2
PRES. CLEVELAND	Nov. 9
PRES. MONROE	Nov. 16

Los Angeles S. S. Co.
Los Angeles to Honolulu

CALAWAII	Oct. 27	Nov. 24	Dec. 22
CITY OF HONOLULU	Nov. 17	Dec. 15	Jan. 12
CITY OF LOS ANGELES	Dec. 29	Jan. 26	Feb. 23

Matson Line
San Francisco to Hawaii, Samoa, Fiji, Australia San Francisco to Honolulu Service

MANOA	Oct. 31	Nov. 28
MAUI	Nov. 7	Dec. 5
SIERRA	Nov. 8	Jan. 10
WILHELMINA	Nov. 14	Dec. 12
MATSONIA	Nov. 21	Dec. 19
SONOMA	Nov. 29	Dec. 5
VENTURA	Dec. 20	Feb. 21

Seattle to Honolulu

LURLINE	Nov. 3

Nippon Yusen Kaisha — (N. Y. K. Line)
Seattle and Victoria to Yokohama, Kobe, Nagasaki, and Shanghai

IYO MARU	Nov. 3
SHIDZUOKA MARU	Nov. 27
YOKOHAMA MARU	Dec. 15

San Francisco via Honolulu to Yokohama, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, Keelung and Hongkong

SIBERIA MARU	Nov. 7
TAIYO MARU	Nov. 21
TENYO MARU	Dec. 5

Union S. S. Co. of N. Z.
San Francisco to Papeete, Rarotonga, Wellington and Sydney

MAUNGANUI	Oct. 31
MAKURA	Nov. 28
TAHITI	Dec. 26

*One class cabin steamers

Tours & Cruises

Mediterranean

James Boring's Travel Service
S.S. Calgaric ..... Feb. 14, 1929

Canadian Pacific
Empress of Scotland .. Feb. 4, 1929

Cunard Line
S.S. Samaria ..... Dec. 5, 1928
S.S. Mauretania ..... Feb. 16, 1929

Frank C. Clark
S.S. Transylvania .... Jan. 30, 1929

Thos. Cook & Son
S.S. Homeric ..... Jan. 26, 1929

Frank Tourist Co.
S.S. Scythia ..... Jan. 29, 1929

Holland-America Line
S.S. Rotterdam ..... Feb. 7, 1929

Raymond-Whitcomb
S.S. Samaria ..... Jan. 22, 1929
S.S. Carinthia ..... Apr. 8, 1929

White Star Line
S.S. Adriatic . Jan. 10, Feb. 28, 1929
S.S. Laurentic . Jan. 19, Mar. 9, 1929

Round the World

Canadian Pacific
Empress of Australia . Dec. 1, 1928

Hamburg-American Line
S.S. Resolute ..... Jan. 7, 1929

Red Star Line
S.S. Belgenland ..... Dec. 17, 1928

Thos. Cook & Son
S.S. Franconia ..... Jan. 15, 1929

West Indies

James Boring's Travel Service
S.S. Calgaric ..... Jan. 23, 1929

Canadian Pacific
Duchess of Bedford
Dec. 22, 1928, Jan. 10, Feb. 11, 1929

Cunard Line
S.S. Franconia . Dec. 1, Dec. 20, 1928
S.S. Carinthia ..... Dec. 19, 1928

Furness Bermuda
S.S. Dominica ..... Nov. 8, 1928

Hamburg-American Line
S.S. Reliance . Dec. 18, Jan. 5, 1929

Holland-America Line
S.S. Volendam
Jan. 26, Feb. 16, Mar. 9, 1929
S.S. Veendam ..... Feb. 12, 1929

Raymond-Whitcomb
S.S. Columbus Jan. 30, Feb. 26, 1929

Red Star Line
S.S. Lapland ..... Jan. 31, Feb. 25, Mar. 16, Apr. 6, 1929

Round Africa

Raymond-Whitcomb
S.S. Carinthia ..... Jan. 12, 1929

South America—Africa

Canadian Pacific
Duchess of Atholl .... Jan. 22, 1929

North Cape—Norway

Raymond-Whitcomb
S.S. Carinthia ..... June 26, 1929

Mediterranean—Orient

Hamburg-American Line
M.S. St. Louis ..... Jan. 31, 1929

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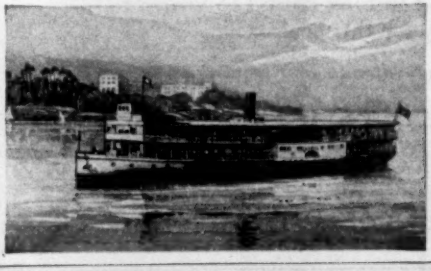

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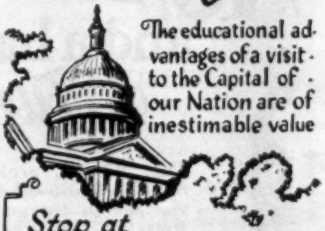

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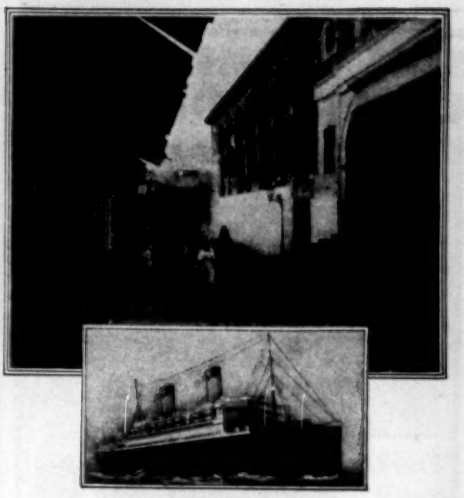

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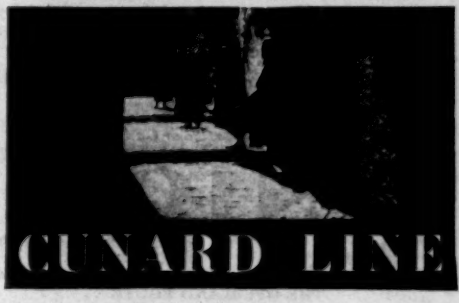

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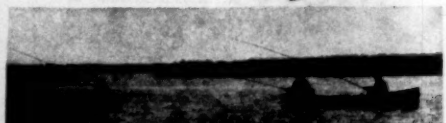

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